

BRITANNIA

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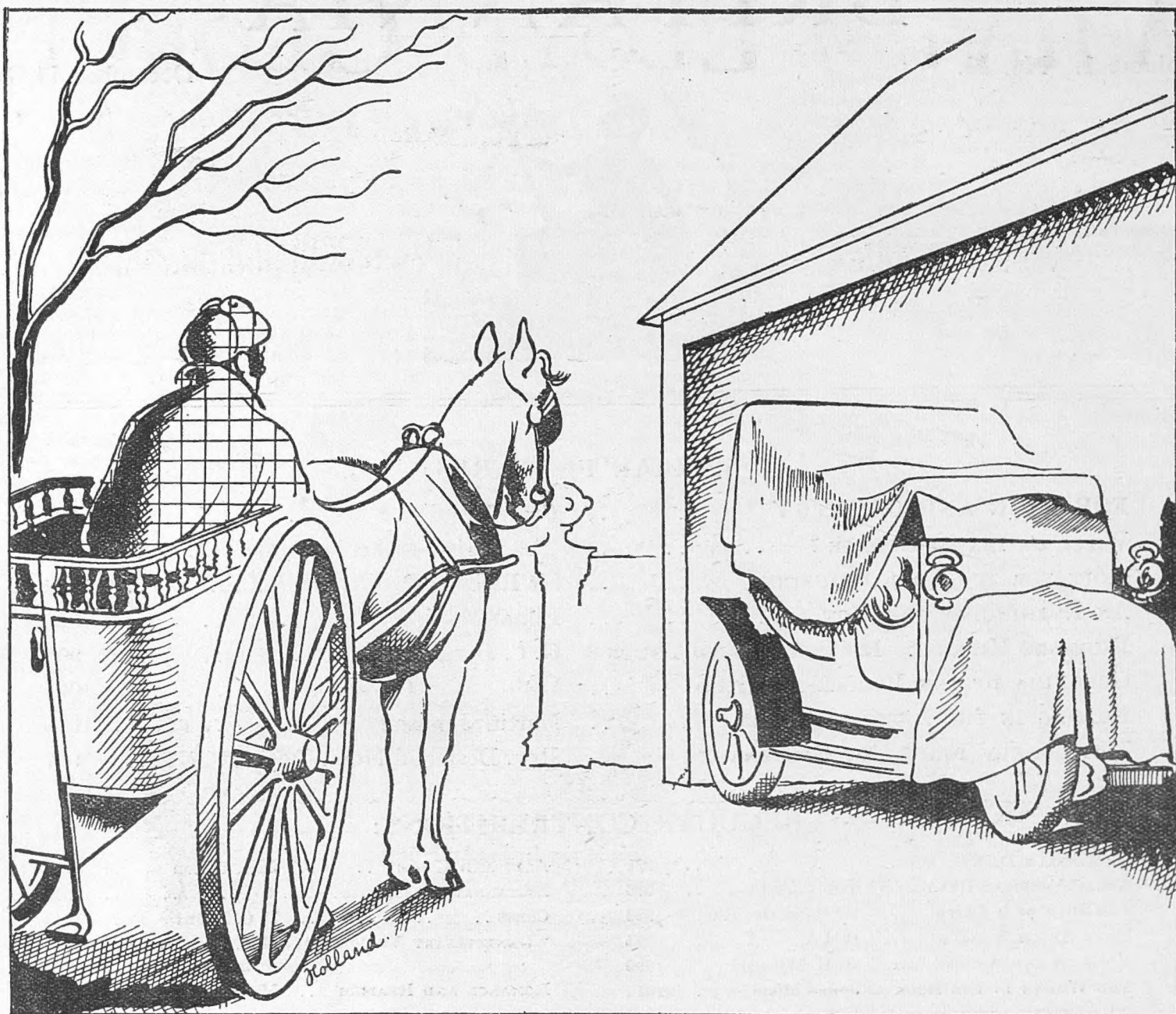
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WHAT of LLOYD GEORGE?

By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.

IT must indeed be a long time since a Minister who has held so dazzling a position as Mr. Lloyd George has found himself in so difficult and embarrassing a situation.

Thirteen years ago he became the head and the principal driving force of the Government which was destined to carry the war to a victorious conclusion. He carried out his task with dazzling resolution.

Three years later we find him flushed with a legitimate triumph sitting side by side with President Wilson and Clemenceau, not the least influential, if not actually the best informed of the three.

At the present moment he is the parliamentary head, by a title grudgingly conceded, of a handful of men. The resentful and contemptuous hostility of the Oxford-Grey section is not even faintly dissembled. The ablest Liberal in the House of Commons other than himself, Sir John Simon, exhibits no particular enthusiasm for his nominal leader. Mr. and Mrs. Runciman are openly defiant and hostile.

A Glance at the Past.

IT is interesting to attempt a very short historical analysis of the events which have led to so singular a situation. The unalterable enmity of the former followers of Lord Oxford is intelligible enough. They saw their leader and themselves expelled from office in a crisis of the war upon openly expressed accusations of slackness and inefficiency.

And what made it worse in their eyes was that many of them who were expelled had from the first been honestly and rightly convinced that the honour of this country required that we should take part in the war; whereas he who expelled them at a later stage in the interests of its more vigorous prosecution, would certainly never have consented to our taking the field had it not been for the invasion of Belgium. In other words, he would have permitted Germany to over-run France, seizing and of course retaining the Channel ports, had he at that moment been the decisive arbiter of the destiny of the people of this country.

To be deposed with public contumely is always bitter; what an aggravation of the bitterness when the extrusion from office is carried out by so recent a convert to the true faith! The next most decisive element in the causation of the matter is, of course, historically to be found in the Coupon election. It is certainly not for Conservative colleagues of Mr. Lloyd George, who benefited by the circumstances in which it was held, to criticise a tactic to which their leaders were contributory, and which produced so great a majority. The purpose of these observations is neither to praise nor to blame. It is rather to attempt a cool analysis of the effect of that which was done. It may be moderately stated that Mr. Lloyd George with one swift surgical stroke severed the jugular vein of the Liberal Party. Until the moment of that letter, the Liberals were, it is true, divided. They had been so divided since the day when Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister: the Maurice Division in the House of Commons exasperated these differences still further.

A Fundamental Blow.

BUT nevertheless there existed in each Beamp a nucleus of moderate men who believed that at one time or another a reconciliation ought to come and must come. These

feelings did not and could not survive the despatch of many letters signed by Mr. Lloyd George and addressed to Liberals in the constituencies, urging them to support Conservative candidates against Liberal members who had grown grey in the service of the Party. Political history shows few instances of the infliction of a blow so terrible upon the fundamental organism of a Party. I know of no case in which the cohesion of a Party has been effectively restored after an injury even a quarter as shocking.

An Atmosphere of Hatred.

MUCH, of course, may be said on Mr. Lloyd George's behalf in this matter. At a grievous and most anxious period he had been subjected to constant pin-prickings, and his very acute sensibility taught him that he was surrounded in the ranks of his old comrades by an atmosphere of almost uncontrollable hatred. No doubt, too, it seemed to him at that time, as it had to myself and to others,

conceivable that he might repeat the career of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, founding himself upon the admiration then universal in the Conservative Party for his extraordinary exertions in the war.

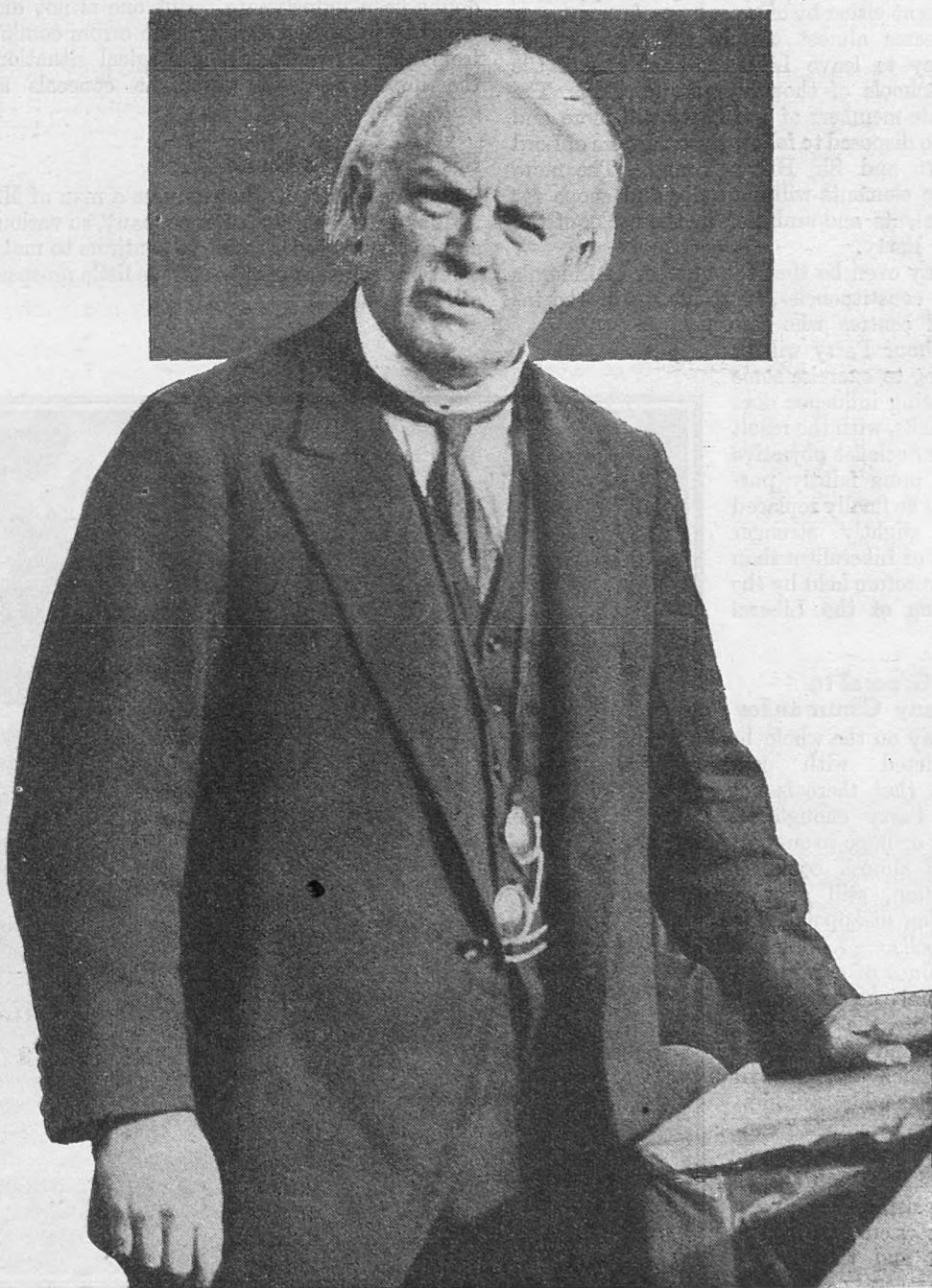
But the letter went. Everywhere ex-Liberal ministers lost their seats, and the disappearance of the ordinary Liberal member was so general as to recall the casualty lists of the war.

"We are snowed under," cried Sir John Simon, "but after all snow melts."

To this the answer was apparent enough. The arctic winter is long and bleak enough, is too long and bleak for the buried victims of its snows to derive much comfort from the reflection that after many months they may be dissipated by the sun.

The winter of Liberalism has not been mitigated by a single ray of lasting or dependable sunshine since Sir John Simon attempted a gallant consolation.

Still a further circumstance must be remembered in the analysis. In the old two-party



A characteristic pose of Mr. Lloyd George. A recent snapshot.

days, action was followed by reaction; so that if the Liberals were in power for most of one decade, it was reasonably certain that the Tories would get their chance in the next. But at the very moment when Liberalism has been shaken to its very base by irremediable disruptions, it has had to meet the formidable opposition of a rapidly strengthening Labour Party. Sir Austen Chamberlain in this connection made a very true observation in the House of Commons on the day when Liberal votes placed the Socialists in power:—

"This vote," he said, "sounds the knell of the Liberal Party. Hereafter, if the country wants a Conservative policy it will vote Conservative; if it wants a Socialist policy it will vote Socialist."

Future of the Liberal Party.

WHAT then of the future? That man will indeed be sanguine who discerns the slightest prospect of the Liberal Party ever returning to the House of Commons in sufficient numbers to form an independent government. I have not myself met one Liberal who in private conversation either holds or professes to hold this opinion. But if, as it seems we must, we exclude this possibility, certain other consequences must be noted, very discouraging to the future of the Party. Able men do not readily over long periods of time make sacrifices and sustain labours on behalf of a Party which can offer no reasonable prospect that it will ever be in a position to offer repayment either by office or by preferment.

It seems almost certain that the present tendency to leave Liberalism for one of the other schools of thought must develop. The moderate members of the Party will more and more be disposed to follow the examples of Lord Melchett and Sir Hilton Young. The more extreme elements will naturally find scope for their talents and ambition in the ranks of the Labour Party.

It may even be that the number of Liberals in the constituencies, particularly in the industrial centres who join the Labour Party will be sufficient to exercise some moderating influence over its councils, with the result that its Socialist objective will be more faintly pursued, to be finally replaced by a slightly stronger vintage of Liberalism than that heretofore held by the left wing of the Liberal Party.

From General to Company Commander

IT may on the whole be predicted with confidence, that there is not in the Party enough resiliency or hope to support without almost complete destruction, still another shattering disappointment at the polls.

A tribute of admiration must surely be paid to the high spirits, the gaiety, the resource and the courage with which Mr. Lloyd George has addressed himself to the attempt to consolidate his followers and to sustain the courage of the despairing. The contrast between his present position and that which he so recently held is almost as if one who had commanded a great



An impression by Brien.

group of armies found himself, in the vicissitudes of war, relegated to the command of a company.

He has no doubt made some mistakes in the last four years. His articles and letters on the general strike, on our Chinese intervention, and on some aspects of European politics, have no doubt been unfortunate. But one is not disposed to judge too harshly such errors coming from one in a hopeless strategical situation, the hopelessness of which he conceals so gallantly.

His Love of the Game.

IT may be asked, what induces a man of Mr. Lloyd George's age, after so many, so various and so exhausting labours, to continue to make exertions which appear to offer so little prospect of future success.

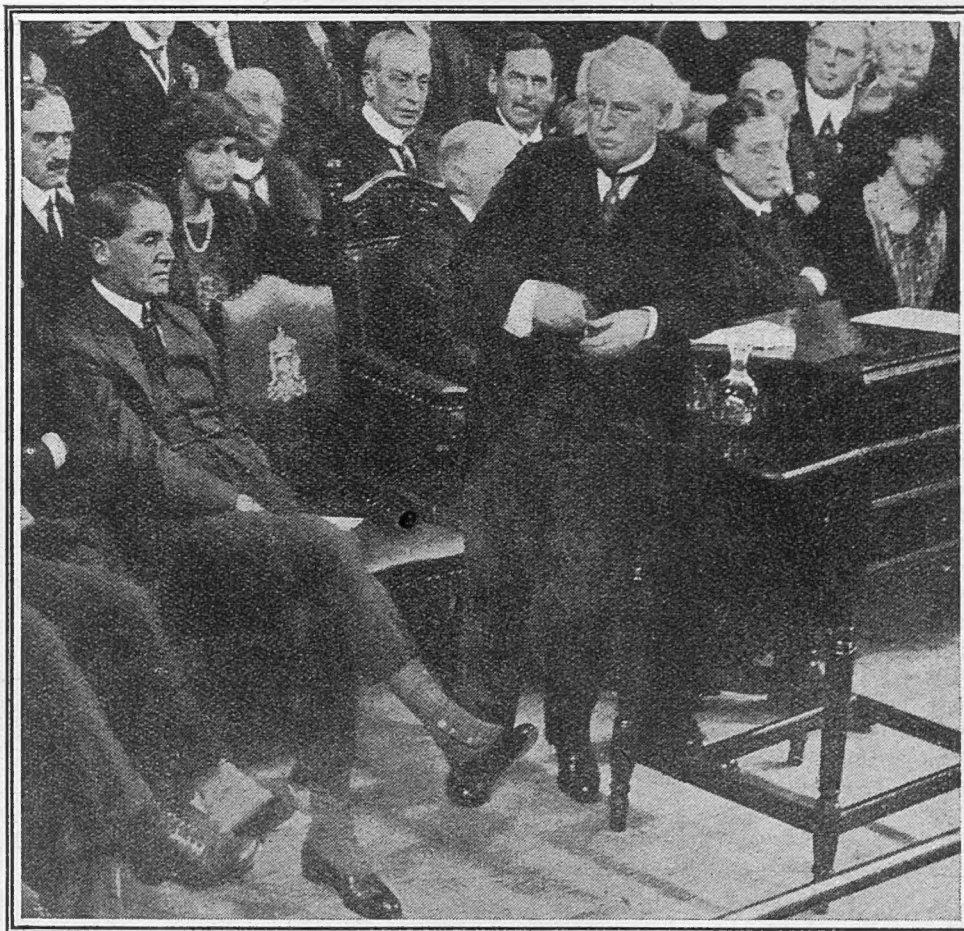
To many it must have occurred that sometimes at the end of a discouraging day or a fatiguing week, the thought must have flashed across that quick-witted mind: "Why do I continue these labours and these exertions? What have I or anyone else gained from them? Is the struggle worth continuing? Shall I not at last find and enjoy repose?"

Those who ask those questions know in fact nothing of the mentality of Mr. Lloyd George. He goes on from sheer love of the game; because the political struggle is the very life blood which flows through his veins. I suspect myself that even a month of his beautiful country house at Churt, undiverted by any form of political reflection or calculation, would leave Mr. Lloyd George the most bored man in Europe. He actually lives in politics and for politics, and naturally a further explanation must not be altogether neglected.

No one has ever disputed Mr. Lloyd George's resourcefulness or his political imagination. It is quite certain that the conclusions tentatively indicated in this article, have been carefully considered in his mind, and either accepted or rejected. It may certainly be assumed that he is not merely drifting. It seems then a necessary inference from the situation that he cherishes the hope, perhaps with sixty Liberal members on whom he can rely behind him, of controlling a Government equally matched in numbers by the opposition. Such a situation, if it arose, would undoubtedly, for a time at least, place him in a position of importance. But England is not really patient for a long period of time with the activities of such an uncomfortable element in the House. Nor would the country for long be tolerant of an unstable system of government.

Coalition the only Hope.

IHAVE, therefore, a strong suspicion that Mr. Lloyd George contemplates another situation. The King's Government must in any event be carried on, and one cannot go on having elections for ever. Supposing, therefore, the Labour Party urgently required the fifty or sixty votes controlled on this hypothesis by Mr. Lloyd George, and offered to him a certain number of places in the Government? Would such a step be tolerated by their own followers or be acceptable to the Liberal Party? I am well aware that both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have publicly and rather ostentatiously repudiated any such prospect. Nor has Mr. Lloyd George been more encouraging. But the leaders of parties, with an election in early prospect, while any hope remains of an independent majority do not lend much encouragement to the prospects of coalition. And yet it is to coalition and to coalition alone, with one party or the other, that Mr. Lloyd George must look. He has many admirers who will not vote for him. They do not agree with his present outlook upon politics, but they cannot withhold a tribute of admiration for so much energy, so much optimism, and so much combativeness.



Two great fighters of the political world—Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead on same platform recently at Glasgow.

BRITANNIA'S WEEKLY DIARY



THE KING'S CRITICAL ILLNESS.
RELATIONS OF CHURCH AND STATE
STABILISING EXPENDITURE.

THE LITERARY MAN'S "EXPERIENCE."
EXPENSIVE PROHIBITION.
FAIR AND SYMPATHETIC NEWS.

THERE has been nothing in the official bulletins to lessen the anxiety over the King's illness. The danger of a crisis is perhaps less than it was, but with great wisdom those responsible have made no attempt to deny the really serious nature of the infection, and the medical press has been able to publish a very full account of the clinical history of the illness. That this should have been done is significant of the intimate quality of the nation's loyalty, a loyalty which has grown so immeasurably with the growth of democracy, that to-day we take it for granted and fail to realise how remarkable a testimony it affords to the personal qualities of the reigning house.

A Paradox Resolved.

IT is one of the paradoxes of English history that until comparatively recently the English have combined the utmost fidelity to the institution of monarchy with the minimum of personal affection for their sovereigns. The long reign of Victoria saw the beginning of a great change, and if to-day you could find (which I doubt) among the millions of the King's subjects, half a dozen convinced republicans, they would be examining the bulletins with as much anxiety as the rest of us. The change is significant, for it is the monarchy and not the House of Parliament which binds together the British Commonwealth.

Church and State.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has lost no time in stating his conviction that the relation of Church and State must be changed, and that at the same time the Church, if it frees itself from the authority of Parliament in matters of dogma and ritual, must accept "some effective principle of authority



Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, poses for his photograph before the Cabinet Meeting.



Sir Austen Chamberlain arriving for a Cabinet Meeting, the first he has attended since his illness.

within itself." These are wise but grave words. The House of Commons is unlikely, without guarantees, to surrender the powers it has deliberately chosen to exercise in a way directly challenging to the spiritual authority of the Bishops. But for the unthinkable possibility of the secularisation of the cathedrals and their endowments, disestablishment would provide a way out. As things are the solution is not easy, because the doctrinal differences between, say, the Bishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of London, are over fundamentals, and the

ritual and disciplinary points on which their disagreement is apparent are much more significant than they appear.

Extremes Which Do Not Meet.

AFURTHER difficulty is that the strength of the Church lies in its extremes. The Evangelicals and the Anglo-Catholics have, if not the largest, at least the most enthusiastic followings. When they unite against a compromise, as in the London Diocesan Synod, they are in a strong majority. A solution satisfactory to the Evangelicals would please Parliament, carry a majority of the clergy, and split the Church. A solution satisfactory to the Anglo-Catholics would rouse Parliamentary opposition. Meanwhile the Bishops have published their book with a note that its publication does not authorise its use in churches. St. Augustine may be forgiven a smile.

The Week in Parliament.

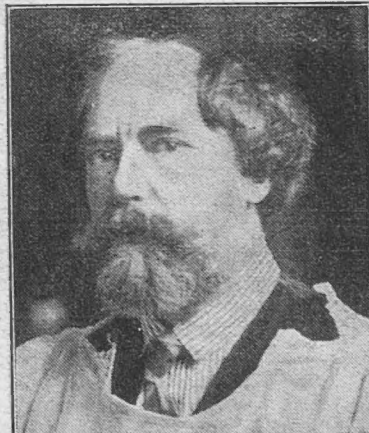
THE opposition to the Government's de-rating proposals and to their more important Local Government Reform Bill has broken down. That is the most significant thing in politics to-day. The opposition was merely fatuous. The pretence that a vast subsidy to ratepayers would lead to higher rates was bound to wear thin. As for the reform of the poor law, all parties were more or less committed to this years ago, and no single constructive suggestion was made by the opposition. The claim to except prosperous industries from the benefits of de-rating was made ridiculous once it was shown that this involved putting back the rates on every subsidised industry directly it began to show a profit, and so putting a premium not merely on present but on continued inefficiency.



Viscount Furneaux whose coming-of-age dinner was given by his father, Earl of Birkenhead in Gray's Inn Hall. Viscount Furneaux is a student of the Inn.



Mr. Reid Dick, the newly-elected R.A., the distinguished sculptor, who designed the Kitchener memorial and the Lion on the Menin Gate.



Mr. Augustus John, who once denounced the Royal Academy, its works and ways. The famous artist, has now become an R.A.



Marshal Lyautey, who received the medal of the African Society in London recently. He was Governor of French Morocco for 13 years.

Sayings of the week by D'Egville



A Mistake in Tactics.

THE only mistake made by the Government was the lip service paid by their spokesmen to the sacred cause of increased expenditure. It is time to say more openly that the limit of public assistance has been reached. The great merit of the Government Bill is that it will, wherever it is reasonably possible, stabilise expenditure as well as placing it on the shoulders best able to bear it. Why conceal this important fact? It is false psychology to suppose that even the poorest of Peters like being robbed to pay Paul.

More Fat Boys!

AT a recent meeting of the League of Nations, the nerves of old women of both sexes were rent by prophecies of the annihila-

tion of the civilian population in any future war. Unfortunately, however, the murder of civilians has nothing to do with the question of war, and if war were abolished to-morrow, the risks of wholesale murder would remain exactly the same.

If Ruritania wishes to annihilate a million innocent people in Cisalpania, she will not declare war, and she will not use an army, a navy or an air force. A few unobtrusive commercial travellers with cholera germs and lethal gases will be able to do all that is required in an hour.

Being old-fashioned enough to believe that men have souls and consciences, I am content to trust for protection against this madness to the inherent sanity of mankind. A materialist could, perhaps, trust with equal confidence

to the fact that wholesale murder is perfectly useless for any of the purposes for which wars are waged. But whatever the merits of either argument, one thing is crystal clear, and that is that given the will to annihilate millions of civilians, no armaments are needed for the purpose, and no restriction of armaments can be of the slightest use in defending ourselves against it.

More Waste.

TO make prohibition effective, says Mr. James Doran, Commissioner of Prohibition in the United States, an expenditure of £60,000,000 a year is required. From which I infer that if the battles of peace, as Tennyson said, are no less renowned than those of war, neither are they less expensive. The casualties, it is only fair to say, are fewer. Only 189 people have been actually killed in the failure to enforce the dry laws. But, perhaps, Mr. Doran is not like the distinguished general who told a brigade in Gallipoli that personally he was not afraid of casualties. And perhaps Mr. Doran's fear of casualties explains why you can still get a drink in America. If so, it would almost persuade me to be a pacifist. But not quite, because I remain convinced that whatever Mr. Doran did would be equally ineffective.

Marshal Lyautey.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY, who was entertained in London last week, is one of the greatest colonial administrators of to-day. History may rank him above Clive, and probably (because his problem was more difficult) above Cecil Rhodes. Clive laid the foundations of an empire not essentially different from that of Alexander, and it has lasted barely a century and a half. He brought gifts at the point of a sword which to-day is grown blunt. Rhodes laid the stronger foundations of a white South Africa.

Marshal Lyautey succeeded in the impossible task of creating a civilisation which ignored the colour bar and yet remained a civilisation. When the history of the twentieth century is written it will be the French perhaps as much as the British colonial administration which will excite the wonder, if not the unqualified admiration, of students. A history and survey of French colonial institutions is badly needed. Here is a chance for a publisher to render a service to the cause of history which is also the cause of our European culture.



Mr. Stephen Bone putting finishing touches to his picture for the new Piccadilly Tube Station. It is believed to be the largest oil painting in the world.

The Whirligig, by D'Egville



The Feminist's Place.

THE first Bill to be sponsored entirely by women has been introduced into the House of Commons. It deals with the provision of boots for poor children. Male legislators have been occupying themselves exclusively for a whole generation in providing benefits for a majority of voters at the expense of the majority of the people.

It is pleasing to masculine vanity to find women following suit. It is, however, another example of the old saying that feminism is really hominism. That no doubt explains why the feminist's place is always in somebody else's home.

A Vision of the Future.

THE new Piccadilly Circus station is a great engineering achievement but rather a depressing one. It is becoming obvious that, whatever we think of the air menace, the motor-car menace must in time drive half the traffic and all the casual coming and going of people underground. Shops will be entered from below the street level, and by the time London is finally clear of smoke and fog Londoners will have ceased to own the sky.

But by that time, if Mr. Maxton has his way, they will have ceased to own anything, so perhaps they will live contentedly in their burrows while the Rolls-Royces of officials glide in an endless procession over the rubber-paved streets.

A New Shrine for Anglo-Saxons.

THE house in which Mr. John D. Rockefeller was born is being presented to the American nation as an "inspiration."

What will Stratford-on-Avon have to say about this? It looks as if the birthplace of the great English dramatist is to have a dangerous rival. Perhaps, however, there will be a little reciprocity in hero-worship. An English pilgrimage to Coney Island (where the new shrine is being transplanted), led by a representative selection of Coalition peers and baronets, might mark a new era in Anglo-American relations. Some of them might even settle overthere. We have an exportable surplus.

Trotsky and Stalin.

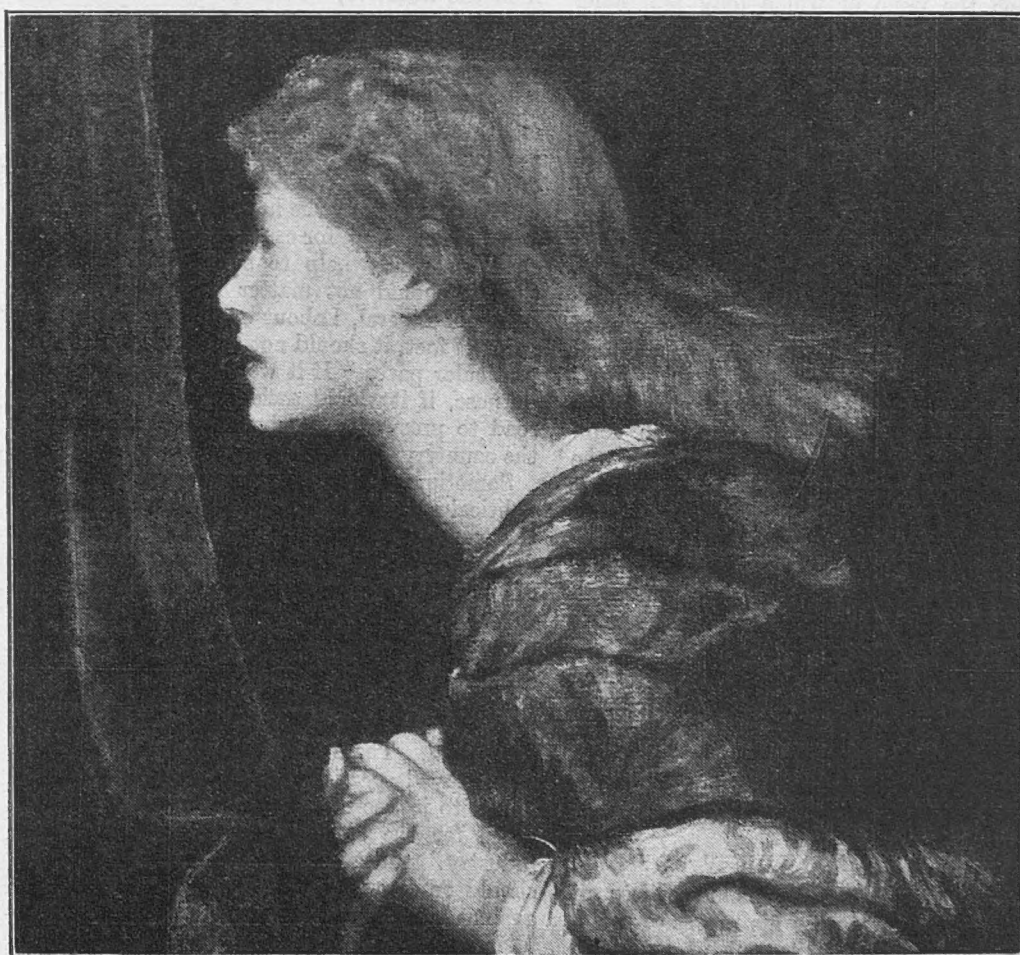
THE situation in Russia remains interesting. Trotsky, in his new book *The True Situation in Russia*, published in Berlin, attacks the present regime for its failure to organise agriculture on the basis of large scale production, and for encouraging in its stead a process of primitive and jealous accumulation of capital by the peasantry.

It is clear from this that Trotsky remains an unrepentant extremist. The revolution has failed, in his view, because it has not gone far enough. There is also at the same time a right wing opposition to Stalin's regime which holds that the taxation of the wealthy peasants, by stimulating the subdivision of land-holdings, is ruining output. Both the right and the left therefore agree on the disease but they differ as to the remedy. Meanwhile, the urban proletariat who stole the land are near to starvation in Petrograd and the land-owners from whom they stole it would be equally near to starvation in Paris if it were not that they have learnt to work while their fellow countrymen in Russia have been forgetting that rather important art. But the aristocrats have an unfair advantage. They are allowed to keep what they earn.

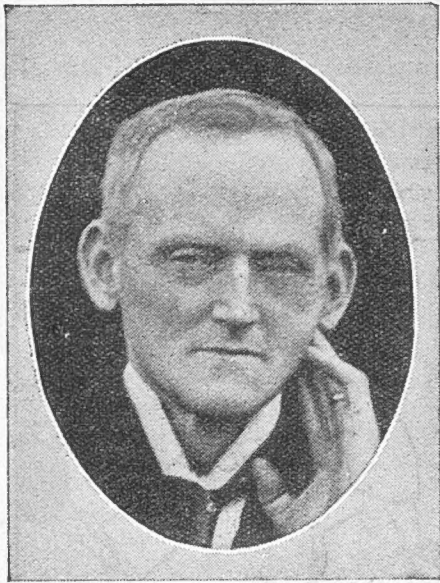
Educational Fallacies.

I AM amused at the horror with which education enthusiasts have discovered that whereas an average of 1s. 8d. per pupil per year is spent on books in England, the equivalent figure for Scotland is 5s. What in the world have books got to do with education? Children go to school to be taught to think and not to acquire a mass of facts.

As for the plea of *The Times* that children should be taught the habit of using books as sources of information, that is precisely how school books have been used for generations. The information is spilt out by the bucket and no one bothers to explain why. By all means let us give our children more books, but before we do so let us be sure that their taste for reading is not going to be ruined for ever by being taught to regard books as Encyclopedias.



A portrait of Ellen Terry by her husband, the late G. F. Watts, R.A., to be sold at Christie's.



Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., who stands firm for Free Trade.

AS we write, the attention of the nation is concentrated with tender anxiety on Buckingham Palace, where a beloved Monarch lies patiently struggling against the ravages of unkindly Nature. There is but one thought, one prayer, in all our minds—that by God's mercy he may be granted a speedy recovery and spared for many years to continue his inspired and beneficent rule.

Meantime, a great sadness pervades the land, wherein the prating of our politicians as they bandy words and cross the swords the parliamentary controversy strikes an incongruous note. To-day we think of the King. Is it too much to hope that to-morrow, when solicitude for the Royal invalid shall no longer pre-occupy our thoughts, we shall think not of party, but of country?

FACED as we are by a General Election, upon the issue of which may well hang the future prosperity of the land, it behoves every voter to consider the stern realities of the political and economic situation and decide in which direction he (or she) will cast his suffrage.

Many there are, we know, who deliberately set party before policy. They support, and will continue to support, any and every nostrum that emanates from the headquarters to which they own allegiance. With them we have no quarrel. They have their own organs in superfluity, pledged to grind out pæans in praise of any programme, be it fish, fowl, or political red-herring.

The danger—and in this particular epoch it is a very real danger—is that such complacency tends inevitably to gloss over the shortcomings of government. It is content with palliatives, platitudes and slogans, and has little thought above the unblushing bribery of the electorate. It can never produce that bold and comprehensive leadership without which national regeneration must remain an unattainable mirage.

The need to-day is rather for men and women who are prepared to set patriotism before party, whose ideals lie beyond the vista of the machine, who are prepared to think and act, not “just as their leaders tell ‘em to,” but in what, without regard to labels, they regard as the best interests of the country.

FOR such it is no argument to jeer at Mr. Baldwin's pigs or his pipes, to ask if any good thing can come out of Criccieth, or to dig up a past that Mr. MacDonald would, perchance, most willingly forget. All must

FOR KING and COUNTRY

A Statement of Editorial Policy

By CRAWFURD PRICE

strive for the common goal if the battle against adversity is to be won.

The Prime Minister may yet repent his lost opportunities and contribute to an economic revival; the man who did more than any other man to win the war may yet help us to profit from the peace; the apostle of “Socialism in some other time” may yet—who knows?—achieve the miraculous and produce the golden rabbits from his hat.

OUR own part in the coming conflict will be to listen patiently to our politicians and set their views before our readers in a fashion as fair as it is frank and fearless.

We acknowledge no programme save the betterment of mankind and the welfare of Great Britain and the Empire. With these definite principles to guide our progress, we have no hidebound policy to fetter our steps, no old political drum to beat, night and morning, be it in tune or out of tune. Thus we propose to examine every project, carefully and sympathetically, submitting it to the one crucial test:

Is it Good for King and Country?

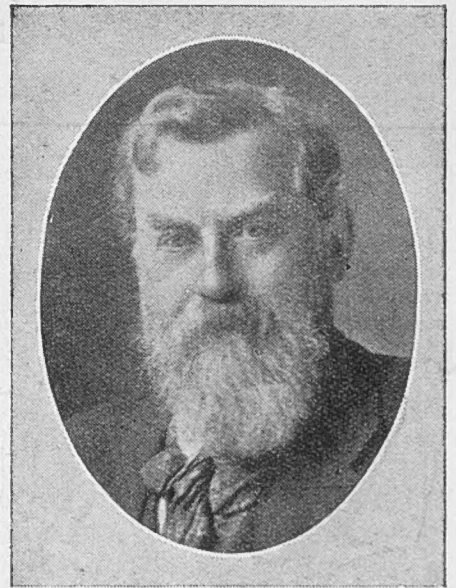
IF the result be in the affirmative, we shall welcome and support it, whether it be the offspring of Liberal, Labour or Conservative; if in the negative, we shall damn it with no uncertain voice, irrespective of its origin.

THERE is only one fundamental issue before the electorate to-day—Unemployment—and if Mr. Baldwin and his henchmen are cast into outer darkness, it will be solely on account of their failure to solve a problem which is fast eating the heart of the nation.

If Safeguarding, for example, would solve, or even materially help to solve, this problem, then it should not matter whether it is the policy of Liberal, Labour or Conservative. In point of fact, it should not be the policy of any particular party. If it would serve any useful purpose, if it would assist us along the hard road to prosperity, it should be the policy of the country.

Sometimes, to be sure, we can play the old political game with impunity—nobody is much the worse when it is won and lost. But it is deliberately inviting disaster for the members of one group, with their mass-production minds, to oppose a possible remedy for a national malady simply because it conflicts with a mummified principle or forms a plank in the political platform of a rival group. And what is absurd in the party becomes ridiculous in the individual. There is no logical reason why an unemployed partisan of Labour should be forced to jettison his political convictions if he votes for the safeguarding of his particular industry. Indeed, it is morally wrong that he should be compelled to choose between voting against his party, and condemning himself to idleness and his family to starvation.

Already there are signs, notably in the Labour ranks, that the electors are beginning to think



Mr. Ben Turner who has committed the Union of Textile Workers to the policy of Safeguarding.

for themselves, beginning to consider their own and the national interest rather than follow blindly threadbare emblems embroidered with political catchwords. Oblivious to the writing on the wall, Mr. Philip Snowden stands firm in his doctrinal devotion to Free Trade; but Mr. Ben Turner, gazing out on a horizon darkened with idle factories, has boldly committed his Trade Union to a policy of Safeguarding.

THAT, if we may say so, is the spirit which should permeate the country at this juncture. We are faced by a crisis of appalling magnitude, and a question of such vital importance as Safeguarding—and there are others—should be rescued at once from the sordid welter of party politics. It is not fit meat for our politicians. They do not understand it; they seek to make of it but another shuttlecock of verbose controversy.

It is pre-eminently a question on which we should concentrate the best business brains of the community, for they alone can fathom its intricacies and decide whether or not it points the way to political salvation.

As Mr. William Harrison recently declared to the members of the British Wood Pulp Association:—

“It should be a question to be decided by a Committee of business men set up by the Prime Minister with the least possible delay, and at the head of that committee, representative of all political parties, there should be, with a view to sifting and weighing and putting the evidence in its proper place, a distinguished judge of the High Courts.”

WE take Safeguarding, therefore, as an example of the creed that shall henceforth govern the policy of BRITANNIA. In this, as in the case of other problems, we propose to search the facts and marshal the arguments with no other object save the welfare of King and Country.

While we recognise the critical nature of the outlook, we are not to be counted among the croakers. Given a bold and comprehensive programme, coupled with a mere average amount of sincerity, common-sense and determination, a resolute band of statesmen could capture the imagination of the electorate and set us well on the high road to achievement.

Under virile statesmanship national prosperity would revive, and from the ashes of post-war legislative failures there would arise an even greater Britain than the majestic Empire which is our noble birthright. We should ill reward our sires were we to sell that glorious heritage for a mess of political pottage.

A NATION'S VIGIL:

Scenes before Buckingham Palace during the critical hours.



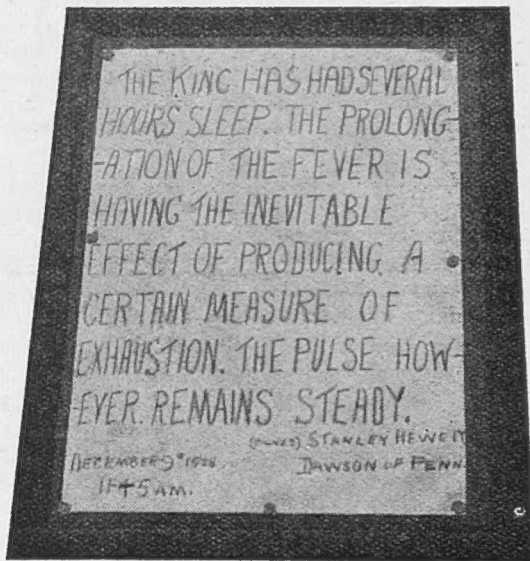
The Silent Guard.

The whole nation waits with intense anxiety for news of the King's condition.

Buckingham Palace has become a shrine where crowds of people of all classes congregate by day and night to read the bulletins and to offer unspoken prayers for His Majesty's recovery.



Anxiously scanning the latest bulletin.



An eagerly awaited bulletin.



Outside the gates of Buckingham Palace a crowd of loyal subjects wait for good news of the King.



ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

A Special Cable from WILLIS J. ABBOT

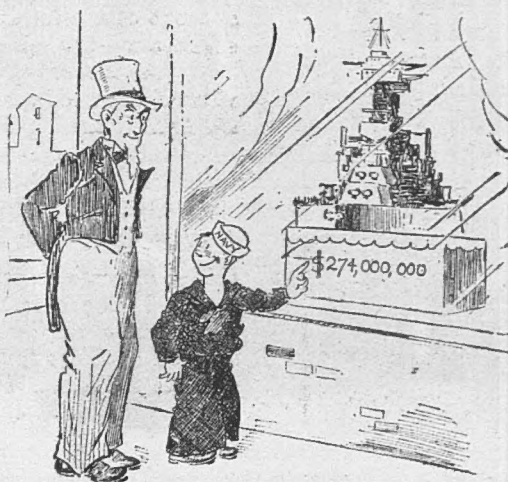
THE speech made by Sir Austen Chamberlain at the dinner of the Pilgrims last week attracted much attention here, not only because of the friendly feeling toward the United States enunciated by the Foreign Minister, but largely because of his specific statement of the duty of the Press in matters bearing upon international relations. More than a year ago a movement was initiated in this country to bring pressure to bear upon newspapers at home and abroad to refrain from the publication of merely irritating and provocative news from other countries. It is urged that the constant interchange of pin-pricks in newspapers tends to build up a feeling of antagonism and hostility to foreign peoples. Time was that the American travelling abroad found nothing in the European papers from home except stories of crimes, lynchings, riots, etc. Conditions are now greatly improved, but there is still a tendency in the Press of all countries to report only abnormal and usually discreditable happenings from foreign lands. When Sir Austen Chamberlain said that readers of newspapers "should demand information, good news, fair news, and sympathetic news from other countries," he expressed almost literally the contention which your correspondent, representing an American peace organisation, urged upon American correspondents in foreign lands, and owners of British newspapers at a conference a year ago.

The subject is given a certain pertinence now by the controversy growing out of Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech. A large element here deplores that speech, but as there is a come-back from England and rejoinders in your Press, there is a tendency on the part of those who criticised at home to defend their President. It is a natural aversion to having other people mix up in family controversies. But, prior to the British rejoinders, reaction against the President's attitude was so general in the United States that one can but ascribe to it his later tendency to depart from the militant note of the Armistice utterance.

Pacific Utterances.

There is the greatest significance, for example, in the fact that in his message to Congress, the President, in dealing with the question of the fifteen cruisers, had asked that the Bill be passed with the time clause eliminated. It will be interesting to observe whether the foreign Press will harp as much upon this distinctly pacific utterance as it did upon President Coolidge's militant speeches, for it is obvious that the mere authorisation by Congress for the building of fifteen battleships with no proviso as to time when the construction shall be either begun or completed amounts simply to saying to the President, "You shall have authority to build these ships when they may be needed." Even at that, Congress has to proceed with a special appropriation for each ship as construction is begun.

President Coolidge is a man who keeps his own counsel. There are few who attempt to explore the innermost recesses of his mind, but it seems reasonable to conjecture that he adopted this attitude, having in mind an early conference for the limitation of naval armaments, and desiring to have something with which to trade about the Council board. In such a conference American representatives would be able to proffer the abandonment of this shipbuilding programme in exchange for equal concessions on the part of other nations. It seems probable that this was in the President's mind and, recurring to the plea of Sir Austen that newspapers should discuss the harmonising rather than the irritating news, it seems reasonable to express the hope that as much currency will be given in foreign papers to this recession from a big naval programme as was given to the possibly provocative utterances of the President on Armistice Day.



Doing his Christmas shopping early.

Election Aftermaths.

Some repercussions of the recent election are perhaps of international interest.

I note a tendency on the part of the defeated party to decry the measure of Mr. Hoover's victory. The assertion is truly made that Governor Smith polled the largest popular vote in the history of the country except that of his adversary, and that a change of five per cent. in certain States would have given him victory. The change of much less than five per cent. in certain States would have left Governor Smith with not one single State to his credit in the Electoral College, a fact which seems a fair offset for the other side; but indeed it has always been the practice here of the defeated party to seek consolation in a *post mortem* jugglery with figures of this character. Mr. Bryan was emphatically defeated in 1896, and remained beaten thereafter, but as his friends were in control of the Democratic organisation they constantly harped upon the fact, that something in the neighbourhood of 30,000 votes

properly distributed would have given him the victory; that he had, in fact, a majority of popular votes, and that he had rolled up the largest popular vote ever given to a Democratic candidate. With these arguments wherewith to support their hero worship, they kept the control of the Democratic party for many years, re-nominating Mr. Bryan twice, and going gallantly to defeat with him.

Present indications are that the same policy is to be pursued by the Smith faction in the Democratic party, although a re-nomination of Governor Smith himself is less probable than that of some man selected by him, possibly Franklin Roosevelt, who will succeed him as Governor of New York.

Another feature of the aftermath of the election which may interest Englishmen is that the defeated party is left with an indebtedness of \$1,600,000. Over here, when we read of Mr. Lloyd George heading a party out of office and being the proud possessor of a party chest of such affluence that (I only recall) it runs above £1,000,000, it seems incomprehensible. Our party committees always wind up a campaign in a state of virtual bankruptcy. The victor usually is able to raise enough money to clean the slate, although after the Harding election the methods adopted brought upon the Republicans scandals that might well have told heavily against them in the election.

The Democrats helped to clear off their party debt by selling their convention to Mr. Houston, of Texas, for something more than \$250,000. Correspondents who have to go to these quadrennial gatherings are wondering how far the party will have to go with the next convention from the centre of the population in order to make up a deficit of \$1,000,000.

The Kellogg-Briand Treaty.

The discussion of the Kellogg-Briand treaty is well under way in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. The few remaining members of the so-called "Battalion of Death," who applied the garrote to the League of Nations Convention, are making a spectacular oratorical attack upon it, but an overwhelming majority of the Committee favour it, and its report is assured.

I know of no one who seriously doubts its ratification by the Senate, and the cry of its friends is to get the treaty out of the Senate by Christmas as a gift to humanity. This will probably be accomplished. It is unfortunate, however, that certain Senators are likely to seize the occasion to make acrimonious attacks on the treaty and to use language which can only arouse antagonisms abroad. The American people as a whole are overwhelmingly for it, and the White House and the State Department report that the volume of letters pleading for swift and favourable action exceeds anything of the sort in the history of political propaganda at Washington.

The LONELY FIGURE of CANTERBURY

By the REV. DESMOND MORSE-BOYCOTT

THERE is a story about the new Archbishop of Canterbury which, if not true, is at any rate parabolic. It is said that when he was at Balliol, he was set the task of writing a philosophical essay. No hard task for him. But, like most young men, he sometimes got behindhand. The sands of time ran out. The essay was asked for, and young Cosmo stood to read it. Read it he did, and with consummate ease. It was a fine essay. The tutor was pleased. He asked him to re-read a sentence. And then the game was up. He had been reading from blank sheets of paper!

I watched Dr. Lang's Enthronement as 95th Archbishop of Canterbury. Though he wore no ancient vestments to enhance his dignity, and the customary cathedral cope was missing, the mitre too, save from the imprint of primatial arms upon the programme, he was a picture. Two delightful boys, in scarlet cassocks, white surplices and ruffs, carried his train behind him. There was no hitch, no awkward moment in the gorgeous ceremony. It was as if the centre of it all could have read it off from a blank sheet of paper. His message to the Church and world, couched in matchless diction, struck the same note of assurance. He knew where he was, and what he was. The Prince was greater than the person.

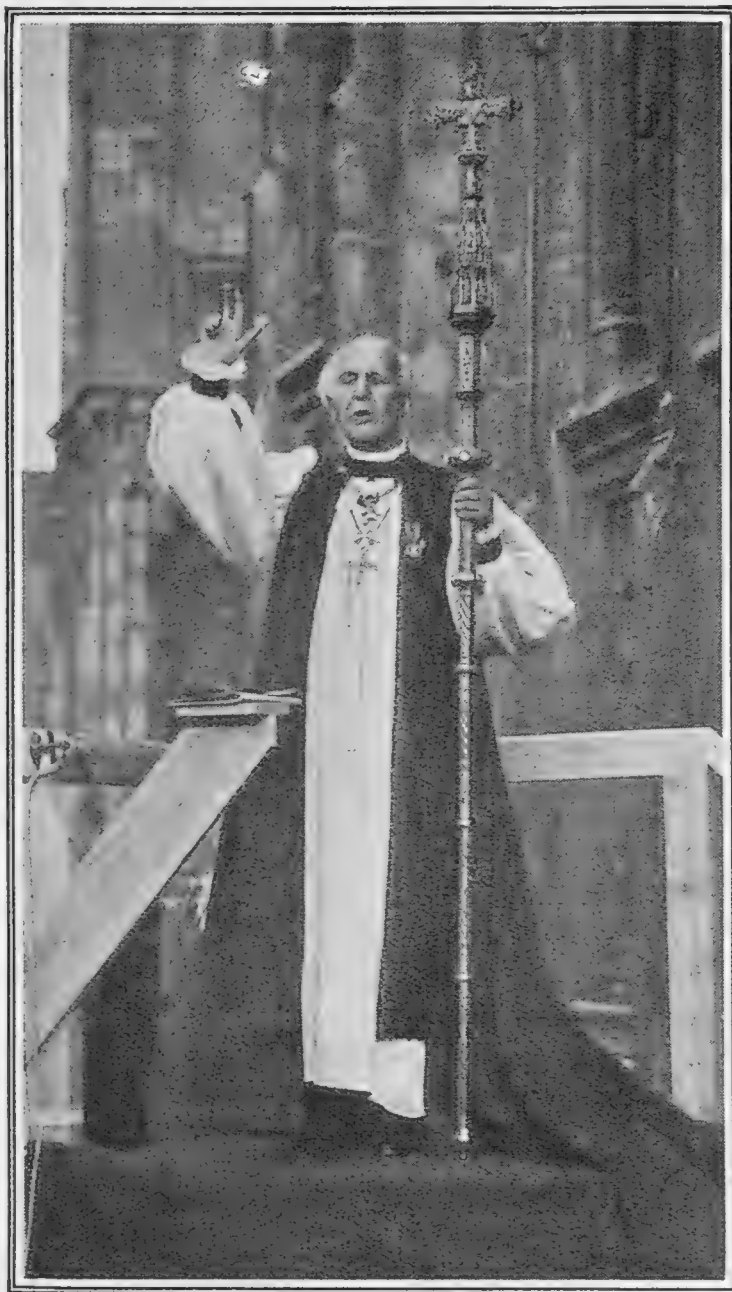
Care of all the Churches.

THE new Archbishop takes up his parable when that unity is broken; when men and women have work to do and lives to live, and not much time for religion; and not much desire for it, save as an interesting topic of debate in the popular papers. *Ecclesia Anglicana* is a very composite, chaotic body. Could anyone lead it and not feel lonely? Dr. Lang seemed very lonely. When he knelt upon the faldstool, in silent prayer in an utter silence, was he murmuring the burden of St. Paul "... besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily... the care of all the churches"?

Twice over he has been called to assume the task of retiring Archbishops. It was so at York. It is so at Canterbury. He stepped from the honourable, but very secondary, bishopric of Stepney to the pomp and princedom of the archiepiscopal throne of York.

The Threefold Enthronement.

ICAN imagine no more representative gathering than that surrounding the lonely figure. Men and women whose names are famous in every rôle of life, in politics, art, literature, or the obscure circles of Church work; dignitaries of every rank; monks and nuns in habit; eastern prelates clothed in magnificent robes; sober-clad ministers of dissenting denominations; Mayors and Wardens... who can tell their number, who describe their pomp? But, for myself, my eyes were most often upon the roof, where from every available gallery



The new Archbishop of Canterbury gives the Benediction outside the Cathedral.

eager boys peeped down. It was a charming thought to place them up above.

The service itself was a new one, though based upon old rites. I cannot discover upon what authority there was innovation, but at least the order was well done. The enthronement was threefold. First the Archbishop was led to the Throne in the quire; and there seated, where the Mandate was executed; then to the Dean's stall, where again he sat; and finally to the marble chair of St. Augustine.

Here the most impressive of the Enthronings took place. The patriarchal chair is made out of three pieces of Purbeck marble. According to tradition, it was given by King Ethelbert to St. Augustine, from whom it has descended to all Archbishops of Canterbury. It is supposed to have been used for the enthronement of the old kings of Kent. Higher critics, in their tiresome way, dispute this legend, but at least they assign to it a date as early as the close of the twelfth century.

The music was a little disappointing... there seemed to be so many silent moments; but an incomparable *Te Deum*, specially

composed for the occasion by Dr. Vaughan Williams, was rendered beautifully. The trumpet sounded a note of joy, and then came the Primate's sermon. Perhaps the most pregnant portion of it was that in which he stressed the fact that the relationship between Church and State must be fully and fearlessly reviewed.

A Career of Shaped Course.

IBEGAN this picture of the ceremony with a story about Dr. Lang; I would close it with a survey of his training. It would seem as if a special Providence has shaped his course. He is the son of a former Moderator of the Kirk, and was brought up a strict Presbyterian. He was educated at Glasgow and Balliol. He began to study law. Unaccountably threw it up, with brilliant prospects before him. Joined the Church of England. Was ordained to Leeds Parish Church. Learnt there the tragic difficulties of slum and factory people. Became Dean of Magdalen and Vicar of Newman's Church, St. Mary's. Cast on one side the peaceful and attractive life of the University. Became Vicar of the hardest parish church in England, Portsea, which is like a small diocese, with many clergy and daughter churches. Was made Bishop of Stepney, there to grapple with East End problems. And from thence, as we have seen, went straight to York. He has had splendid training. He is a great scholar, but not only a scholar. A great parish priest, but not only such. A great legal power, but not merely such. He has played every part in the field, and always with distinction.

What Were the Lonely Thoughts?

OF what did he, with his historical apperception, dream during the moments of Enthronement? Did he hear the distant chanting of Augustine's monks, adventuring into the darkness? Was his mind upon Theodore of Tarsus, who built up *Ecclesia Anglicana*? Or upon Dunstan, Alphege, Lanfranc, Anselm and Becket? Did his mind range over that amazing scene in the cathedral when the death-blows fell upon the irascible ex-chancellor who chose, imperiously, to put Church before King; to live magnificently, and yet, unknown until his death, wear next his skin a verminous hair-shirt? Did he wonder how the people of Canterbury would welcome him, and recall, peradventure, how an Archbishop, in the early eighteenth century, had a dead cat thrown through his carriage window in the streets of the ancient city, and gave thanks that it wasn't a live one? Well, who knoweth the thoughts of a new Archbishop?

Next issue will contain a special Illustrated Article entitled "Christmas in Bethlehem," by CLAIRE PRICE.

AT THE THEATRE

THE JOYS OF A CRITIC

A DRAMATIC TOUR DE FORCE

By Maitland Davidson



An impression of Sir Gerald du Maurier, by Kapp.

CRITICS are often popularly painted as curmudgeonly dogs continually looking out for bones to pick, as you might say, with the theatre and all that therein is. Gazing from under beetling brows with a ferociously inspissated gloom, and angrily folded arms, they coldly survey (it seems) the laughing, chattering crowd before them in the stalls or circle, sweep a malevolent glance over the cheaper parts of the house, and cry "Ha!" like the war-horse of the Psalms. "I'll learn these one-eyed boobies to enjoy themselves."

But I would assure you that there is no one who more heartily and warm-bloodedly welcomes anything outstandingly excellent in the theatre than your much-criticised critic.

A Play of Two People.

"Jealousy." By Louis Verneuil. (Fortune.)

Hence it is a most particularly poignant joy for an oarsman in this *galère* to be able to say with hand on heart that among the last new plays he has seen one or two things that have roused him to real enthusiasm. The first among which was encountered at the little Fortune Theatre, that for some considerable time belied its name, but has now become associated with productions of quality.

Here there is rather a surprising phenomenon, in the way of a full-size play containing only two characters—I thought this was a record, but the pundits of the theatre inform me that it has been done before. Some considerable time ago, though, and the present manifestation arrived with all the shock of apparent novelty. But it is an incursion into the unusual that more than justifies itself. This most difficult *tour de force*, with a hundred apparent opportunities for tedium, suffers from not the least suspicion of languor.

Skilful Dialogue.

Partly this is due to the dramatists' exceptional artifice—M. Louis Verneuil was the original author and the translator is Mr. Eugene Walters, whom one suspects of being American from very occasional internal evidence, such as the sentence, "I've never seen you looking so badly." Anyway, as we hear it in this theatre, all the dialogue is most skilfully contrived to hold, with quite ordinary phrasology, the maximum of significance. Part of the impression of vivid activity is obtained by plunging at once into the midst of an emotional situation.

Maurice and Valerie are in the Paris studio, which she has prepared for her young artist lover on their wedding night. She has been his mistress and they contemplate the new relation. They discuss their happiness and their life; she with a feminine absorption in their love for each other; he with a more practical and dangerous analysis of actual circumstance. Gradually you are made aware of a suspicion forming in his mind; since they are on this matter, what is her precise relation to a M. Lambertier, an elderly financier whom she calls her guardian, and who launched her in the shop which she successfully runs?

Passion—and Murder.

On this point the whole plot turns. Valerie, cross-questioned, explains and evades with an infinite plausibility; so complete are her defences that Maurice is beaten back to a mere intuition, though for the audience the secret is revealed by a telephone talk with the unseen Lambertier in the last moments of the first act—which is as it should be, for no audience must ever be kept too long in the dark. In the next act, two months later, Valerie comes in at breakfast time after sitting with a sick sister to find Maurice in a menacing mood. Where has she been? With her sister. Oh, yes. Then comes news that Lambertier has been murdered during the night. Valerie shows great emotion. Through the telephone again we learn that she did not reach her sister's bedside till 11.30, though she left home at 9.

Maurice once more assails her with questions and she confesses—to sordid truth and a heroic lie. She has been Lambertier's mistress; she even went on being his mistress after her marriage, because of his tyranny and threats. "He was Sadistic in every way." But last night, yes, it was she who killed him—and Maurice strikes her in the face for the lie, for he knows it to be a lie, seeing that it was he himself who strangled the unpleasant gentleman.

These French Trials.

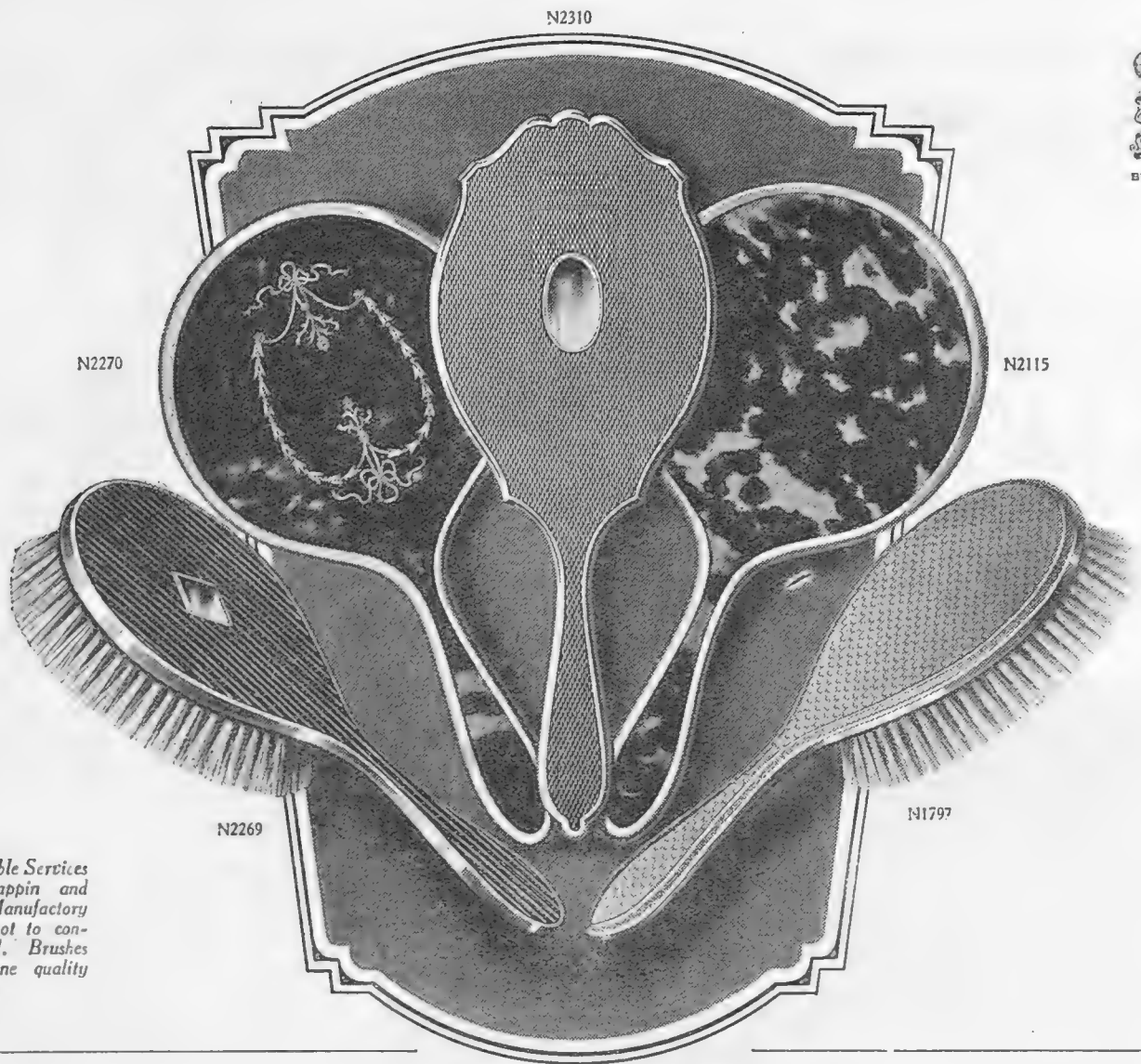
Valerie is intensely grateful. "You have freed me—now we can live." But another man is suspected and seems certain to be condemned, especially as Valerie, fearing for her man's safety, gives some damning testimony against the other. So Maurice conscientiously confesses to the murder—a little unfortunately, since the suspect turns out to have a complete and convincing *alibi*.

But Maurice is not going to be executed—it was a *crime passionnel* and they manage these things better in France, as Mr. Sterne once observed. So he marches confidently into the hands of the police as the curtain falls, with the sure hope of a blessed reunion with his lady *sans peur* if not entirely *sans reproche*.

(Continued overleaf)

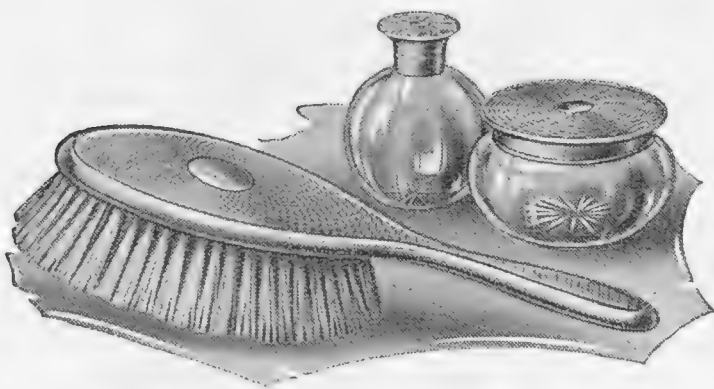


The girl who could not grow old; Miss Joan Barry as Mrs. Moonlight in the Kingsway play, with Mr. Leon Quartermaine as her husband.



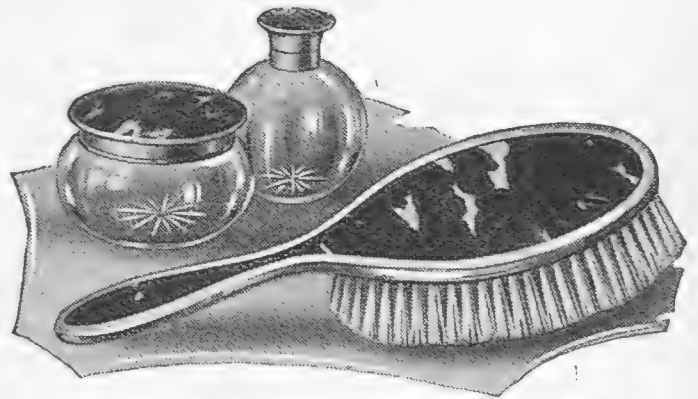
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NOTABLE ACTING IN SOME NEW PLAYS.

Of course, a two-part play like this needs to be superbly acted. It is. The big "discovery" of the occasion is Miss Mary Newcomb, an American actress, on her first visit here, tall, blonde and sinuously graceful, most worthily setting off some lovely clothes. But, above all, acting with electric intelligence and sympathy a far from easy part, and necessarily a very long one.

Her partner, Mr. Crane Wilbur, is equally efficient, with less charm: but here the character he has to portray is a substantial handicap.

Eternal Youth.

"Mrs. Moonlight." By Benn Levy. (Kingsway.)

Joy also springs to the heart of the supposedly cynical but really most eternally hopeful critic from a play such as "Mrs. Moonlight," which Mr. Benn Levy (also author of "This Woman Business") has called a "piece of pastiche," presumably because Sir James Barrie and others have played on the same

a pretended suicide. This sounds a bit thin, specially in a day when we have so many quite ordinary octogenarians to put Ninon de l'Enclos in the shade. But the truth is, plays of this sort simply don't bear analysis, so let us just stop, look, listen and enjoy, if we can.

We can. Once that wretched voice of reason is silenced, we can lean back in our seats and positively wallow in a luxuriance of sentiment, picturesqueness (such as ancient fashions provide, at a suitable distance of time) and good-humouredly simple wit. Above all, we can sob—oh, how spontaneously, unrestrainedly and enjoyably we can sob. This is undoubtedly the stuff for such purposes, especially as we go on getting on with the play, and the clock moves along from 1881 to 1898, and thence climactically to 1928, this very year of grace.

Down the Generations.

Darling Sarah, who left her beloved Tom for admittedly insufficient reasons, and is perpetually but vainly besieged thenceforth by

old man of the last act: and there are several others.

"Sir Gerald."

"The Play's the Thing." By Ferenc Molnar. Adapted by P. G. Wodehouse. (St. James's.)

Furthermore, Sir Gerald du Maurier has just produced and appeared in a new piece called "The Play's the Thing" at the St. James's. This was written by Mr. Ferenc Molnar, for some of whose work I have always had the greatest respect, though I have sometimes doubted his power to write a really effective full-length play. "Liliom," twice presented over here under different names, was a rather sad example.

Now this present play is described as having been "adapted by P. G. Wodehouse," so there remains a possibility that the somewhat emphatically obvious humour of one of our acknowledged humourists may have made considerable hay of the less Englishly open-hearted outpourings of the original. It may be so. But the finished and translated product as presented at the St. James's is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring.

Bedroom Echoes.

The plot? From a bedroom, the fanlight of which has been indiscreetly left open, there proceed significant sounds in two intonations, male and female.

From the top of your head to the soles of your feet you are a man.

Your old kiss, sweet and burning like hot punch.

Somehow somebody guesses that the lady and gentleman inside must have had, and even perhaps be still having, an affair. This is unfortunately true. Still more unfortunately, the lady's fiancé happens to be among the listeners, so the big man of the play (Sir Gerald, of course) promptly writes in the small hours a one-act drama that proves the com- promising words to have been merely part of a new piece which the accused parties happened to be rehearsing.

So far, so good (or bad). The young lover is convinced next day, but I'm afraid we aren't, altogether. Not so much of his ardency or of the plot, I mean, which is no doubt quite credible, but of any sort of merit for the play which (never at all exciting) moves to its end in a supremely dull rehearsal of a piece which someone in the management seems to have ingenuously supposed to be either funny or satirical. Miss Ursula Jeans is quite charming in this play; Mr. Edmund Breon displays the usual amiable comic genius; Mr. Henry Forbes-Robertson is a nice sort of melancholy Jaques. And Sir Gerald du Maurier is as smooth and suave as usual.

The Boo-ers.

On the first night there was some mild booing in the gallery, which seems to have made Sir Gerald very angry. But it is a little difficult to see why he should regard it as unjustifiable, however much he may, naturally, deplore it.



Actors in a two-part play: Miss Mary Newcomb and Mr. Crane Wilbur in a scene from "Jealousy" at the Fortune.

theme. But the label is a disarming gesture rather than a description.

Exquisite little Mrs. Moonlight is a quite new individuality, a much more human and therefore more lovable creature than the possibly over-rated and certainly less explained Mary Rose. Sarah Jones that was, in the 1870's, and that married Tom Moonlight (she declares) largely to get rid of that unromantic name, is not in the least fey or anything Highlandly mystical like that. She just happened one day, when she had her old nurse's "wishing-necklace" on, to wish she might never look older, so that she should always keep her husband's love—and the gods answered her prayer.

On Human Lines.

Here is the ancient theme, of course, of the gift of eternal youth and the lack of happiness it brings to its possessors, but the difference is that Mrs. Moonlight does really grow old in all but looks. Partly for which reason I find it much less difficult to swallow the magic than its outcome. For Mrs. Moonlight, having at 28 the outward semblance of 18, decides she will soon appear a freak, and rather than face that possibility, disappears under the veil of

an inevitable succession of suitors, visits her Lares and Penates seventeen years after, in the guise of a young niece, to find her daughter in danger of marrying the wrong man. At least so we are informed, though the right man successfully presents the illusion of being almost too dull to be true. Vanishing again, she does not return for another thirty years, just in time to say a last farewell to her now aged husband, and then die herself, still looking 18 but by the parish register certificated as 75.

As already remarked, there are so many pickable holes in this play that it would be like flogging a new-born babe to do it. But if we can keep some of our tiresome reasoning exits tightly closed, it is a jolly good entertainment (to which I should advise all the susceptible to bring at least two handkerchiefs). And the acting as well as the costume décor thereof is something really super. Miss Joan Barry, to begin with, in the part of Mrs. Moonlight, has caught the spirit of the affair to such a marvellous nicety that she is at one swoop planted from among the third to the first group of young actresses. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, by the way, is also better than I have ever seen him, especially as the marvellously made-up

POINTS ABOUT NEW PLAYS.

Only two characters in "Jealousy"—but strong dialogue and magnificent acting by Mary Newcomb (an American newcomer) make it a sensation of the moment.

Delightful Joan Barry gives an exquisite performance as the ever-young-and-pretty "Mrs. Moonlight," which is just the play for a thoroughly enjoyable cry.

Sir Gerald du Maurier is now appearing in "The Play's the Thing"—but it isn't.

“I’m a ‘Lucky Girl’ Jenkyn!”



*“No fattening
sweet things
for me”—says
Anita Elson*



*Miss Anita Elson
playing the leading
role in ‘Lucky
Girl’—at the
Shaftesbury Theatre.*

“You can’t dance unless you’re slender, Jenkyn. No fattening sweet things for me. If I didn’t light a Kensitas whenever I’m tempted by them, I should soon put on weight.”

“If I may say so, Miss Elson, it’s your slender figure that gives grace to your dancing—”

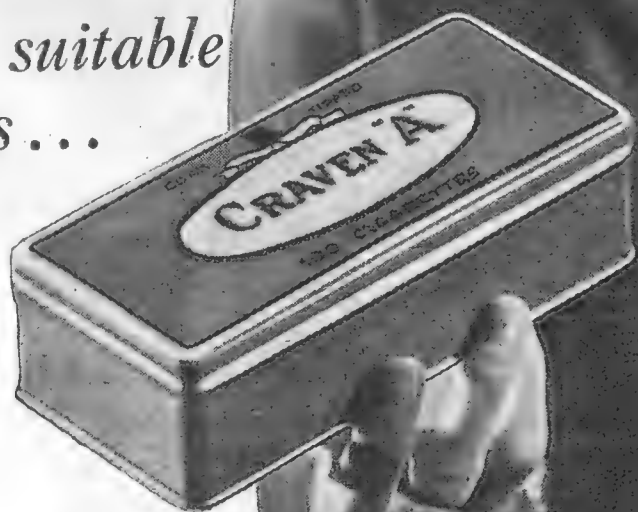
“Whenever my sweet-tooth calls, Jenkyn, I have a Kensitas instead. That’s how I keep slim and supple. A Kensitas satisfies my craving for sweet things, and it doesn’t spoil my figure.”

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By *ELINOR*
MORDAUNT

AN EVENING at the HOTEL

I ARRIVED at sunset, after a long and dust-stifling drive in a public motor bus, crowded with Cambodian peasants. And the first instant that I saw the man I was conscious of something threatening: not in the individual himself, morose, sulky and somehow resentful as he seemed, but in the atmosphere about him.

The hotel stood just over the river crossing by one of the new and ornate French bridges—a wide, still stream of pale, translucent gold—and the landlord was seated at the top of the steps in the centre of the verandah.

As I dragged myself and my belongings out from amidst the mass of humanity in the auto-bus he raised himself from his chair and came down the steps towards me, walking very slowly and deliberately with his short fat legs wide apart, and inquired, with an air of grievance, why I had not caught the French courier, which would have taken me all the way to the larger town that night in place of travelling by this of no account Chinese conveyance; "It is fortunate for you that I have

yet one room vacant," he went on grudgingly as he moved back to his hotel and laboriously reclinced the steps, with his short legs still perfectly stiff.

He said that, and yet it seemed to me that there were no other visitors whatever in the hotel, never had been, never could be any, so absolutely neglected and dismal was the whole air of the place.

I saw that in the room to which he showed me, amid the dust of ages, a long line of old shoes under the dressing-table, which was without any sort of cloth or covering, and on a shelf in the bathroom—where the shower was broken away and there was not even the usual earthenware jar of water—a dismal line of empty medicine bottles. But for all that I could not believe that they were left there by a visitor; for surely no visitor would have stayed long enough in such a place to drink so much medicine, tread down so many shoes.

Anyhow, there was no one at dinner apart from myself. Though when I was half-way through my meal—my first meal on French

He marched straight in, glanced sharply all round him with an elaborate air of looking for somebody.

territory with the usual blue and white check cloth, the glass support for the single knife and fork, the bottle of red wine—a woman came into the room, accompanied by a frog-like boy of about nine, in whom I distinguished a likeness to the frog-like owner of the place.

And yet, after all, it was not a frog but a chameleon that they were both like; with the cold resentful stare, the prominent eyes, the heavy pouched cheeks, the heavy ungainly movements of a chameleon.

THE boy sat down at a table with the woman. Then with an air of great importance he got up again and ranged round, examining everything, giving orders to the servants. He would not eat with his companion and it struck me that he was waiting for someone else, or even felt himself superior

(Continued overleaf.)



"If you take a step I'll shoot you, by God! Yes, I will shoot you both."

to the woman, though he addressed her as "Mama"; while her superiority to him, to the place and everything about it was little less than startling.

It had been evident that mine host was more than half Cambodian, and the boy seemed altogether his. For though the woman's hair was black, cut short and hanging in curved wings upon either side of her face, it was, somehow or other, of a European blackness. In addition to this she had a clearly cut, definitely European profile, with the moderate cheekbone of a European; a firmly folded red-lipped mouth, and blue eyes. At least, so far as I could see, they were blue, for she only raised them from her plate when she wished to give an order to the native boy who waited upon her.

I had intended to take my coffee upon the verandah. But I had it brought to me as I sat at table, feeling that it gave me an excuse to linger, fascinated by a curious conviction that something was about to happen.

And it did. There was a quick step upon the gravel path, up the steps, across the verandah—a step altogether different to the dragging step of most people in this country of exhausting heat—and a small fair Frenchman, apparently in the early thirties, entered the room.

He marched straight in, glanced sharply all round him with an elaborate air of looking for somebody: inquired of one of the boys whether Monsieur So and So—I could not catch the name—had yet arrived, then, receiving an answer in the negative, turned as sharply round and walked out again.

I could hear him move quickly across the verandah down the steps and along the crunching gravel—putting each foot down definitely, lifted it again cleanly—then he was gone.

As to what remained from this martial-like visit? Ah, that is the strange part of the whole thing. He had not spoken or bowed to the woman; had not, so far as I could see, allowed his eyes, for so much as a moment to rest upon her in his quick review of the room.

And yet, though I don't know why, I was perfectly convinced that he did not care ten cents for the "Monsieur Chose" whom he asked for, that he did not come there to see him at all—supposing he existed, which I doubted, but entered the hotel for no other reason than to let the woman know of his continued presence in the place; and, perhaps, in addition, make certain that she was still there. Anyhow, off he went without a word.

And as for her, she sat perfectly still for a moment or so, while I could see the blood flood up over her neck and face, receding and leaving her paler than ever. Then, with a quick decisive movement, she flung her napkin down upon the table, and rising hastily to her feet—for she was by no means so good an actress as he was an actor—she left the room: crossed the verandah, descended the steps, and moved along the path with her light woman's footfall leaving me perfectly convinced that she had gone to him: answering some call which was entirely without words. And in



But they did not even turn.

one respect alone I was wrong. For here I made certain that the whole exit and entrance of the man was a preconceived signal, while as a matter of fact it was nothing of the sort; the whole affair, with my own intuition regarding it, far more curious than I could have imagined.

AFTER a moment or two the boy—whom I had been maliciously delighted to realise as absent at the crucial moment, busied over some secret prying affair of his own—came back. Finding his charge fled—and, though she was his mother, I was perfectly certain that he had been left to guard her—he ran to the edge of the verandah with loud sharp cries of exasperation—Ach—a—a—ch! like some small, fierce wild animal: ran back again, questioning the native boys; and then, returning to the verandah, threw himself down the steps, across the gravel, and out at the gate; where I could see him running to and fro, looking this way and that, shaking his hands in the air.

At last—and I could see it all, having by now taken a chair in the verandah—the unmistakable squat figure of his father appeared round some turn in the dimly-lighted road, and the boy raced to meet him, flung himself upon him.

By the time they reached the steps of the hotel he must have told him all that there was to tell, for he was vehemently abusing the cause of his discomfiture; declaring that the whole affair was no fault of his, entreating his father to look at him, speak to him, frantic in his despair.

But the chameleon-like man made no response to his son's tale. Only as he climbed the verandah with stiff legs—the legs of a comic man-doll—I heard him give a deep sigh like a groan.

He went into the dining-room, moving heavily and slowly, and looked all round it. He even and in the extremity of his anguish he could scarcely have known what he was doing, raised an edge of the cloth of the table at which she had sat, and stooping down with his hands on his knees, peered under it. Then, emerging into the verandah, he stumped off to the right and left, looking into every bedroom, not more than six in all, then disappeared for awhile, seemingly visiting the back regions.

When he at length returned, he drew forward the chair in which I had first seen him, and seated himself at the top of the steps, with his hands folded across his stomach; while his son leant against one of the posts of the verandah motionless with bent head. Only as a skeleton of a cat attempted to creep past him, the boy aimed a savage kick at the unfortunate animal, throwing it backwards down the steps.

There was a long silence. Then, as though taking a sudden resolution, incapable of keeping the affair any longer to himself, the landlord flung round heavily on his creaking chair, in my direction.

"Ten years! ten years of perfect happiness!" he cried. "Though I never trusted her, mind you, never felt that confidence which a man ought to feel in his wife. And yet ten years of simply everything that a woman could desire. And now she forsakes me, forsakes me and our son—but, then, she was always an unnatural mother—goes off without a word, and with whom? I ask you?" his voice

rose to a scream. "With a nobody—with a stranger, with a man she has never so much as spoken to. Oh, I knew it; I knew it—all the while I knew it—knew that it must come. For she is that sort, and when a woman is that sort nothing will stop her. My God—my God! And to think of the money I have spent upon her, the luxuries I have surrounded her with—"

I HAD no desire to appear ironic—for the fellow was perfectly genuine, though he gave me personally, and heaven only knows how he affected his wife, what is known as "the creeps"—but I could not resist a glance around me: along the bare verandah where no single chair was perfect, into the dismal dining-room with its decoration of fly papers and advertisements of aperitifs; in the meantime, by remembering my own room it was not difficult to picture hers.

And this man, this boy: were they also to be counted as a part of the luxuries of life? I asked myself.

And yet for all that I was sorry for the

fellow; suggested that maybe his wife had merely only gone for a little walk.

"She never goes for a walk," he murmured morosely, his chin sunk forward on his chest, his underlip protruding, his prominent eyes fixed upon the ground. "Never! Never!"

"Still, for once. If you went a little way along the road you might meet her coming back."

"She will never come back. I am a very sensitive person. That is why people put upon me as they do, tread me under foot, even those for whom I have done most. Now, look here, Monsieur. For ten long years I've slaved for that woman whom I had made my wife, upon whom I conferred my name. And now see you, she has left me."

A week ago that fellow came to the town. He did not stay at my hotel, with all its modern comforts. No, no; he took a mean lodging, and that alone shows. But he must have seen my wife, and each day, two or three times each day, he has come here asking whether somebody, whom I am convinced does not exist"—and I was with him there—"has yet arrived."

"But your wife? Perhaps he is an old friend."

"She has never even spoken to him I tell you," answered the landlord impatiently. "She assured me of that. And, abandoned as she is, she is not a liar. So far as I can find out she never lies. It is the one thing for which she chastises our son there."

I threw a careless glance at the boy, whom I already realised as a born liar, and then burst out laughing.

"But this is too ridiculous!" I cried. "A man comes to your hotel to enquire for a friend . . . what, may I ask, do you keep a hotel for unless you wish people to come to it? And I may remind you, my friend, that you were by no means genial in your welcome of myself this evening. Well, this man comes and comes again—pheugh, what is it—a dozen times, perhaps less. He never so much as speaks to your wife, even you say that. Likely enough they have never even met in the street outside."

"You are right there," agreed the landlord heavily. "It is indeed impossible, for she never goes out."

"My God, what a life!" I exclaimed, and then remembering what I had seen of the squalid place—all dirt and Chinese and Cambodian peasants and goats—I wondered what, after all, there was for her to go out for, and added reassuringly: "Well, you see that's what comes of it all, you are so accustomed to your wife sticking at home, year in and year out, that when, for once, she does take a little after-dinner stroll—and, by Jove, it's like finding a bone in a filleted fish—you get it into your head that she has run away with a man whom, you, yourself, confess she has never so much as spoken to."

"And yet," groaned the innkeeper heavily, "I am convinced of it—to the very depth of my sensitive heart I am convinced of it."

And curiously enough, though I had no reason to believe that my heart is in any way particularly sensitive, I too was convinced, incredible as the whole affair might seem.

THE moon had risen, immense and clear and pale, cutting a wide path across the white road; while the whole remainder of the scene seemed to be done out in a clear, palish green, with sharp black shadows.

Quite suddenly I became aware that two people were crossing the road from the water's edge, with their shadows hurrying forward, in front of them.

It seemed that both the man and boy must have been immersed in a sort of dream. For neither of them appeared to notice anything until I exclaimed, with a gesture of my hand:

(Continued overleaf.)

"There, you see, it's as I said, they've come back!" When the boy gave vent to a phrase which one does not apply to any decent woman, let alone one's mother; and the man groaned again.

"Damn him" I thought, "he's actually disappointed to find himself in the wrong." Though it was I who was wrong then; for it was only in the unessentials of this transient return that he had been mistaken.

As the truants—and I shrugged my shoulders at the very idea of them as culprits, such a storm in a teapot!—came up the wide gravel path together, it seemed to me, that his step was firmer, more assured than ever, the step of a man who was in a hurry to get somewhere; or to get something over and done with. He held his head high and so did she; while there again, in the clear moonlight I was struck by the beauty of her, the way in which her neck was set upon her shoulders.

They reached the bottom step of the verandah, and the man placed one foot firmly upon it. But they did not attempt to ascend.

"We have come back," began the woman speaking in clear and liquid French, "to tell you, Adolphe . . . I am afraid it will give you pain, but. . . ."

She hesitated and the man took it up: "Yes, yes, that is it. We deeply regret giving you pain, Monsieur, but it cannot be helped." His voice was as brisk and decisive as his step. He spoke of pain, but there was no pretence of sympathy. All the same I liked him; liked the firm cut of his features, the eyes deep under the brows, the well-curved mouth beneath the small moustache, the jut of his fair beard, bespeaking a strong, maybe obstinate, chin; liked the determined way in which he held the woman's hand in his own.

The boy noticed that, too. He had moved to his father's side, stood pressed against him; pointing, hissing whispers in his ear, with side-long glances of hatred.

"We have come to tell you that we are going away together. That we love each other and intend throwing in our lives together. For better or worse . . . though it can never be for the worse," and at this, for the first time, his voice deepened with feeling. "For we understand each other. From the very first moment we understood each other, and what can any human being want more than that one person should understand him? Now if, Monsieur will allow, we wish—"

BUT he was interrupted there. For the landlord had risen to his feet, pushing back his chair which fell with a crash upon the verandah; pushing back his son, so that he too was near to falling:—"My God, my God!—Then that even—that too is gone!" he cried, with both hands at his head—"There was but one virtue which I allowed her. I said that she never lied—I told Monsieur here that she did not lie. And yet despite all she said, despite all my watchfulness she has been meeting you, laying her plans, protesting her love, discussing her husband . . . discussing me—me!—And doubtless with scorn—"

To my horror he turned to me. But happily he did not wait for an answer: flung round again towards the stranger.

"Oh, but your turn will come, too. I warn you, I warn you! Never you come back to me and say that I did not warn you."

He tore down one hand from his head and leaning forward shook his finger from side to side, almost in the stranger's face:—

"If there was ever any woman on the earth incapable of love—cruel, indifferent—cold as a fish, cold as ice, it is she," he cried.

"The husband, the poor silly cuckold of a husband!" went on the landlord furiously:—

"Oh, yes. Yes, a pretty subject that . . . My God, my God, a pretty subject for discussion. I, the husband . . . I here in my own hotel. The owner of the most select hotel in the whole of Cambodia, I—I—to be made a laughing stock of. To be discussed by—by—Ugh!"

He was moving to and fro as he spoke, throwing his short arms into the air, throwing out his thick legs in an angry sort of stamp.

I saw the stranger's one knee quiver a little as though he were flexing it more firmly, planting his foot more firmly upon the step, but otherwise he did not move.

"We have never discussed you," he said. And then he added, with great simplicity:—"To tell the truth we completely forgot you, until she said 'He must be told,' or something like that. 'We can't go away without telling him.' And then, of course, there are her things."

"Oh, there are her things, are there? That's what she came back for, is it?" His voice rose to a sort of screech, and then dropped. It was like one of those toy animals of thin rubber which one blows up and then allows to die. "Oh, yes, now, indeed, I understand, understand perfectly. I may be a fool, but I understand that. And what would she take, may I ask? The spoons and forks, eh? The bed I sleep on? My entire hotel, maybe? The hotel which I, myself, with my life's blood, have created."

"But as to discussing you," continued the stranger calmly, as though he had not heard him. "Why, until this evening we have not so much as spoken. I do not believe that she ever so much as raised her eyes to me."

"Oh! . . . Oh!"—The landlord was in a paroxysm at this, thrusting out his clenched fists—and even his fists were ridiculous, like puddings. And how terrible a thing that is, to remain ridiculous in the midst of the utmost tragedy, the devastation of one's whole life; still to remain ridiculous when one's heart is breaking. And yet there are people like this.

"And you ask me to believe that?" he cried: "What do you think I am, what sort of a fool? . . . Oh, monstrous, monstrous!"

"It's nothing to me whether you believe it or not. It's true. We did not need words. We knew. Twice every day I called at the hotel to let her understand that I was still waiting. In general she was sitting in the dining-room with her back to me. Once or twice I saw in the mirror across the room that she raised her eyes. But she did not turn her head. There was no need to, for there is nothing so sensitive as the human spine; above all the spine of a slender, fine-drawn woman. . . . But that's that. I told you because, maybe, you had a sort of right to know. And now . . ."

HE turned towards the woman and laughed, and she laughed back as though to say:—"And now we're free"; laughed not loudly, but lightly as though out of the sheer happiness of the heart; laughed there in the moonlight under the eyes of the to-be-outraged husband.

Dreadful? Heartless? Oh, yes, I suppose so. But then how naturally one does side with the young, the happy, the successful: "Why, I don't even know your name," said the man, in a sort of amazement. And then as she answered "Julie"—with her eyes still on his, her whole soul, as one could well see, melting into his—they both laughed again.

"Well, get your things now, just what you need, and we'll be off," he said.

She came up the steps at this, and I made sure that her husband was about to stop, maybe strike, her, for he flung round facing

her with both hands raised. The next moment, however, he had turned aside with a groan, dropping his hands heavily to his side, and she moved swiftly away down the verandah to the left, past my room.

The stranger removed his foot from the step and lit a cigarette.

The boy was clinging to his father's arm, whispering, with sharp, vindictive glances along the verandah in the direction in which his mother had disappeared.

But the landlord, who seemed to be taking no notice of him, threw him off suddenly, and stamped away in the opposite direction.

The next moment he appeared again with a gun in his hand. I had drawn my chair a little to one side and he stumped past without noticing me.

He planted himself at the top of the steps and, raising his gun, cried out to the stranger—the thin, high voice emerging so oddly from that solid block of a body—to begone.

But the man on the gravel did no more than stoop, and smack a mosquito off one ankle—and though I believe the action to have been perfectly involuntary, there could scarcely have been anything more insolent—and go on smoking as if he heard nothing, saw nothing apart from that translucent moon. Though for my part I felt that he was in reality transfixed; transfixed with love, a devouring and tender passion.

THE barrel of the gun wavered to and fro, so much so that for a moment I thought that I myself was about to provide the corpse in the drama, while the small boy at his father's side prompted and whispered.

But it all came to nothing. The landlord lowered his weapon, muttering something about waiting until *she* came. And the man on the gravel lit another cigarette, with a quick turn of his head in the direction in which the woman had vanished.

Then the woman came quickly along the verandah carrying a little wickerwork suit case, wearing a small hat and old-fashioned dust coat.

"Good bye, Adolphe," she said in a low voice. Then she added: "You are angry now, but you will be happier without me," and moved down the steps.

As she joined the man and he took the little case from her, drew her hand within his arm, the landlord raised his gun once more: "If you take a step I'll shoot you, by God! But yes, I will shoot you—shoot you both," he cried.

But they did not even turn, moved away with their heads a little inclined, one towards another; though I don't fancy that they spoke.

Anyhow, neither of them so much as glanced back, and once more the landlord lowered his weapon: "I can't, I can't . . ." he said, sobbed rather.

I TOOK the gun from him. He was waving his arms so wildly, and he sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands; while his shoulders heaved, and the tears ran down between his fingers.

"I knew how it would be," he murmured, "always knew how it would be . . . and everything, everything on earth that any woman could desire. This lovely hotel, and now—who knows?—maybe nothing more than the open road—the open road. A man who is a nobody—less than nobody—a man without identity; and sky, the stars above her! My God, what do women want? Tell me that, Monsieur—what do they want?"

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RUDYARD KIPLING

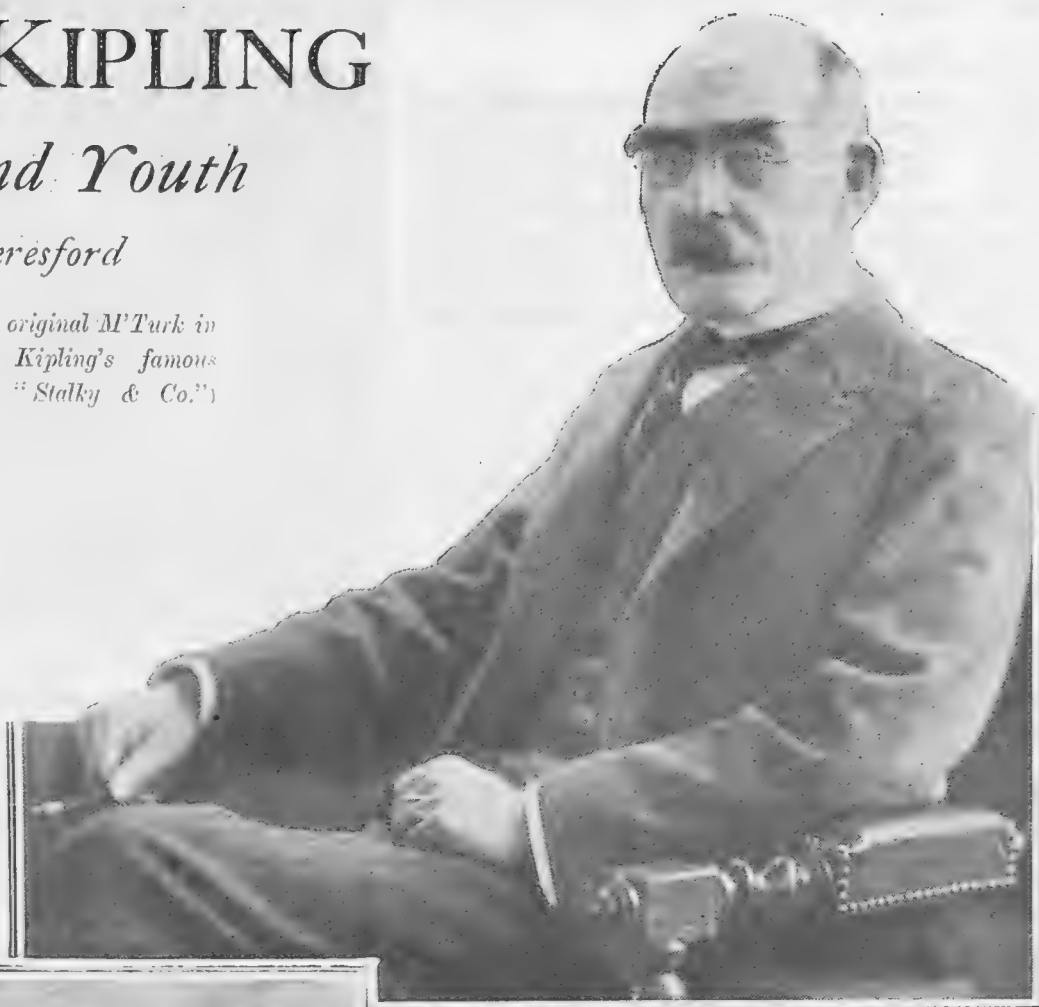
His School and Youth

By G. C. Beresford

I AM almost the only one who knows and remembers what Kipling's boyhood was like. The other schoolfellows of Rudyard Kipling had not the advantage of having him continuously under the microscope; their opportunities of observation were fleeting and occasional, and in most cases their memories would be, on that account, unretentive. Moreover, they would not remember what they did nor then consider significant; for few of them were really alive to the importance of what they had under their hands.

They were blind to the fact, which was in my mind from an early period, that the curious creature who was buzzing and bubbling about them was the most precocious boy of them all, and the most likely juvenile candidate for literary honours of his period—in short, that Rudyard Kipling had a great future.

(The original M'Turk in Mr. Kipling's famous book, "Stalky & Co.")



Photo

Elliot & Fry

Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His latest portrait.

often quoted at the school. Kipling's return of the compliment has been to rescue King—Mr. Crofts—from oblivion.

Problem of a Career.

OF course, the masters in a school have not the intimate opportunities of observation that are enjoyed by a boy's chums. They are apt to judge by class-work. In Victorian days they were shut off from a boy's non-class life; they were kept very much at arm's length, and pains were taken not to enlighten them. To mention other contemporaries of Kipling's boyhood days, we have his cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who has lately died, and Miss May Morris, of Kelmscott Manor; both of whom only saw him in his holiday times.

To deal again with the question of the obviousness, or the reverse, of Rudyard Kipling's future career while a boy, there was a discerning article in the first number of the *Kipling Journal* by Mr. Clive Rattigan, an editor of *The Pioneer*. This deals not with his Westward Ho! period, but the period in India immediately afterwards, and is thoroughly lively and amusing. It gives a strange and almost unbelievable vision of Kipling at the age of 17, with a clever father and sister and a very clever mother—to be referred to afterwards as "The Wittiest Woman in India"—and with one or two small publications already to his credit.

Yet we see his friends sitting down, cudgelling their brains, and at their wit's ends as to what walk of life to choose for him—whether to make him a station master or an indigo planter—and at last, by a happy thought, shunting him into a newspaper office, with a sigh of relief—at having been able to find at least a temporary solution of the problem

(Continued overleaf)



Bateman's, Burcosh. Mr. Kipling's home as it was 100 years ago.

Infidel Sentiments.

OF the masters at Westward Ho! only two were among the true believers; namely, the Head and the Padre; the others expressed infidel sentiments on many occasions. King, the great King (a good writer might fill a volume about King), was a very wonderful person, both in and out of the book (*Stalky & Co.*). In fact, King is the only true character study in *Stalky & Co.*; he is perfect.

Of the other characters, few are meant to be true character studies, and some are much magnified and glorified. Kipling has, however, lavished all his art on many occasions on King, and has returned to depict him again and again, being loth to desert him and leave him insufficiently dealt with.

Well, King's great historical pronouncement of Kipling's literary future was that our author and poet would "die in an attic, a scurrilous pamphleteer." This is mentioned in *Stalky & Co.*, in "Slaves of the Lamp," and is one of the comparatively few actual facts used in the stories. The saying was notorious, and was



Mr. G. C. Beresford.

of dealing with the future of the most precocious youth and the most obvious literary potentiality in the English-speaking world.

Sizzling Literary Impulse.

TO get back to *Westward Ho!* Kipling in his young days struck me as something very different and very strange. I had attended two other schools, and had been a year at the United Services College when he joined. I had never seen boys with his capacity for literary expression; they may have had a certain power of writing lame descriptions, of making halting verses in a hesitating manner and with single syllable and obvious rhymes, but here was sizzling, fizzling, literary impulse—with a small boy tacked on behind.

The College building was but a terrace of twelve large houses on an elevation, facing north towards the sea and a quarter of a mile from it. The ground rose again behind this terrace to a ridge three hundred feet high. The houses were adapted to the uses of the College by freely breaking through partitions and walls to create classrooms and the dormitories. A large hall with an open roof was built at the east end, and served as gymnasium and general schoolroom; and even Chapel.

The view from the bow windows looked north, to the estuary of the river, where Taw and Torridge poured their bright, commingled waters into the storm-tossed sea. More directly in front were the Northam Burrows, devoted to golf, a desolate, uninviting spot worthy of



Mr. Kipling's home as it is to-day.



The approach to the house,

Dickens's flattest prose written in his most depressing mood, with stagnant pools and scattered "bleak houses" all complete.

A Place of Inspiration.

LOOKING to the west, however, one heard the lyric strain of poesy—Lundy Island, subject of one of Byron's most inspired works, composed with his pen steeped in the romance of the Isles of Greece and their eternal summer; gilded and aflame, when the poet was in the vein, with the gold and purple splendours of incomparable sunsets.

Still more to the left, Keats and Swinburne collaborated to produce the rocky, broken line of cliffs, with—at their feet—the "lordly strand of Northumberland," or rather of Devon. Keats has sung into being the gentle wooded seaward-sloping coombes, and from his Grecian Urn has poured Clovelly; the little town is stepping down into one of Swinburne's untamed tumultuous seas. Poised over the waves are ravens and seamews; "their cries from windward clanging, make all the cliffs rejoice."

Far away jutting into the Atlantic are the faintly blue precipices of Hartland Point, classic and unattainable, a Circean headland above an Ionian sea. Over the hills, behind the college, lay all the opulent North Devon country, a land of meadows and orchards, with Bideford

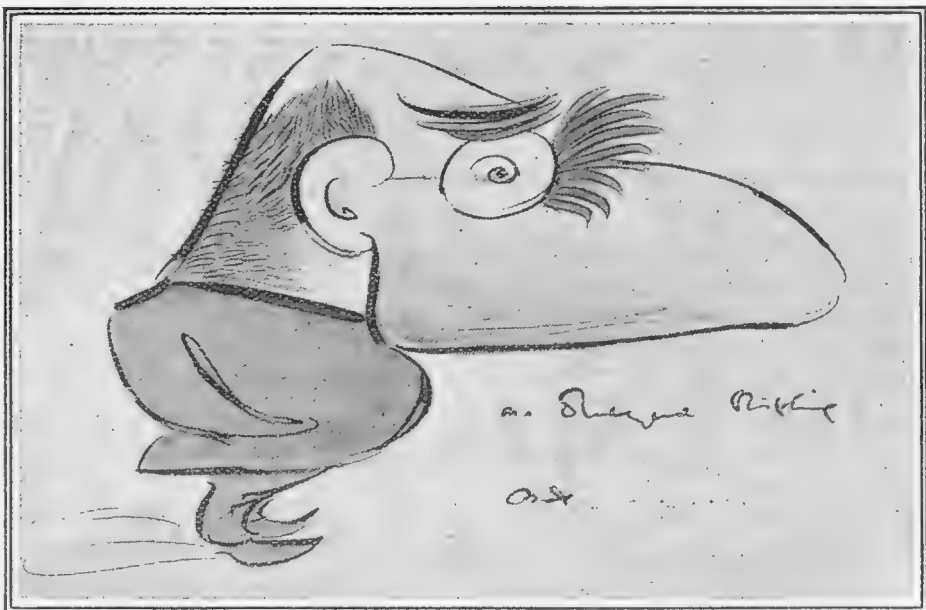
sleeping on its sheltered reach of the Torridge, the famous harbour of old.

The little port, mother and nurse of unremembered heroes! was still dreaming of galleons and caravels; through its streets had once flowed those human energies, now long departed, and coursing through other channels, south and north.

"Pure or Impure Fiction."

SUCH was the scene set for the production of the comedies of *Stalky & Co.*, and we come to the questions of the reality or actuality of the incidents and other matters in this seeming biography. I am afraid we can only take a small percentage of the narrative as true; the rest, as Kipling has said, is "pure or impure-fiction." The principal characters are framed on actual originals; almost all the masters are from actual life, modified as occasion required. They are glorified or depreciated according to their friendly or hostile attitude to the author.

[A concluding instalment of "*The Boyhood of Rudyard Kipling*" will appear in our next issue.]



A caricature of Rudyard Kipling, by Max Beerbohm. Exhibited at the Leicester Galleries. (Copyright strictly reserved.)

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HOPE for the COAL INDUSTRY



Winding gear at the pit head.

Exclusive pictures to BRITANNIA by E. O. Hoffel.

I CANNOT subscribe to the doctrine that British coal mining is a decaying industry, with nothing but progressively bad prospects and an end that is wrapt in a gloomy shroud.

Those who hold the view that the coal industry is a "wasting" one base their conclusions upon the present depressed conditions of the industry. They take the short view, and even then they lose sight of a number of very material facts.

The prosperity of 1913 was on the wane in 1914, and the war had the effect of retarding the depression that had already set in. The "boom" after the war was one of fictitious prosperity, and we now have not only a depression in the coal trade due to over-expansion but one interrupted by the war. Much the same conditions obtained from the period at the end of the Franco-Prussian War—a period of excited trade after the war followed by the great depression in the late '70's and early '80's, which was succeeded by an era of reasonable prosperity that lasted thirty years.

Increased Consumption.

BUT the world's consumption of coal is on the increase, in spite of the inroads on coal's preserves that oil and hydro-electricity have made.

These figures speak for themselves:—

In 1913 the world's consumption of coal was 1,300,200,000 tons, and in 1927 (the latest figures available) it had reached 1,475,000,000, an increase of 174,800,000 tons. These are impressive figures and offer a complete answer to those who state that coal is a factor of diminishing importance to the world.

But there are other figures to be considered, and they are not pleasant reading.

In 1913 Great Britain's proportion of the

By Sir Richard Redmayne, K.C.B.

Let us take in hand at once the threefold task of reorganising, modernising and selling; then the depression of to-day will yield place gradually to the prosperity of to-morrow, and the British coal trade will once again be the prosperous industry its inherent merits so amply justify.

world's total output of coal was 21·7 per cent. In 1927 the figure had fallen to 17 per cent. In 1913 the output of coal of saleable quality derived from British mines was 287,430,473 tons at an average pit-head selling price of 10s. 2d. a ton, with working cost of 8s. (estimated) a ton.

In 1927 the output was 251,232,000 tons at an average pit-head selling price of 14s. 7·34d. per ton, with a working cost of—note the figure—15s. 7·06d. per ton. In other words, approximately £12,561,600 was lost by British coal owners during the 12 months ending December 31, 1927.

A parlous position, it may be said, and one which might be regarded as holding out little hope for the future, in spite of the substantial increase in the world's consumption of coal.

Lower the Cost of Production.

IT all comes down to this: Coal is too dear and working costs are too high. Although both will be found to be lower this year than for 1927, the proportion that cost bears to selling price will, I fear, not be greatly altered. Costs of production must be lowered; but not at the expense of the miners, who are entitled to a living wage. If costs of production are to be lowered the output per unit of labour must be increased, which can only be achieved

by amalgamation of like with like and the wider application of labour: aiding appliances and machinery; amalgamation leading to concentration on the more easily worked seams of coal of labour-aiding machinery to the increased output per head at lower cost.

Then the critics go up in arms; they say that more coal will mean a glut of coal on the market and a consequent inability to market it.

I answer that the world consumption of coal is still on the upgrade, and will tend to increase materially within the next few years. The demand for a commodity such as coal is governed by the price at which it is available, and cheap coal will induce a world demand that previous figures have not attained.

Cheap Coal, Cheap Power.

IT is my considered view that there would, before very long, if the remedial measures I have indicated are carried into effect, be a revival of the coal trade that would necessitate the return to the industry of all the miners who are now unemployed, and I will give my reasons for this contention.

The consequence of cheap coal is cheap power, and wherever cheap power is available it brings in its wake coal-consuming industries. The cheapest manufacturing area in the whole world is said to be the north-east corner of England, where water power is unknown, but where coal reigns supreme. Even the Victoria Falls Power Company, with the immense volume of water from the Great Lakes, is run exclusively on coal, owing to its being cheaper to generate power by coal at the Rand than to engage a long distance transmission from the Falls to the Rand.

Under the most approved modern methods it is possible to generate electrical power with

coal, even at its present price, at a very low figure.

There is no shadow of doubt that cheaper coal means cheaper power and a wider use of power, and, consequently, an enormous increase in the world's consumption of coal.

Oil has entered into severe competition with coal as a means of propulsion in the British mercantile marine. But I venture to prophesy that inside ten years there will be scarcely a British merchant vessel using oil for generating motive power, owing to the fact that the value of high-pressure steam and the more perfect firing of coal are being realised in this branch of transport, added to which pulverised fuel will confer further advantages, so that vessels already equipped with oil-burning engines and vessels now using ordinary steam coal will be using pulverised fuel.

With steam coal at 23s. a ton and Diesel oil at 84s.—the 1927 figures—coal-fired engines have a higher commercial efficiency up to 14,100 nautical miles than oil-driven engines of the same power.

If the price of oil ever came down to 31s. a ton, the cost of operation in vessels would be approximately the same as with coal. But it is very doubtful whether the price of oil can ever be brought down below 40s. per ton in Great Britain. Already some 150,000,000 tons of pulverised fuel are being used each year throughout the world (120,000,000 of which are used in the U.S.A.) in different industries, so that it has assuredly passed out of the experimental stage.

These are two directions in which more and more coal will be used if the price is brought down to a figure that is economic from the user's point of view, and there is no reason why coal should not eventually be produced at such a figure as will permit of its coming into its own once again.

Co-operation in Selling.

THERE are three stages in the procedure of cheapening production of coal. First, the amalgamation of collieries must be carried much further, but amalgamation to be successful should be of like with like and the capitalisation of the concerns must be reasonable. That is to say, collieries producing the same type of coal should work for amalgamation, and neither should the "purchase" price be high nor the capital watered.

A logical corollary is the modernisation of colliery undertakings to permit of the production of coal on a basis of economical working, brought about by efficiency in management and machinery.

And last, but by no means least, there should be co-operation in selling coal on a national instead of a district basis. Every other commodity you can think of is sold and sold hard. Its merits and usages are set out and urged by advertisement, and the public is encouraged to take advantage of the virtues the commodity possesses.

So let it be with coal. Let the public understand what coal means, what particular coal is best suited to a particular purpose. Let coal be sold scientifically on an analytical basis. Let the public be educated as to what the national use of smokeless fuel would mean, and then the *sound processes* of low-temperature carbonisation will be developed.

It is high time that the internecine competition in the export coal trade be done away with, giving, as it does, an advantage to the foreigner which should not be countenanced in these days of stern commercial rivalry.

Hope for the Future.

WE need to make a thorough study of the world's coal requirements so that the amalgamated collieries may set about supplying each overseas consumer with the most efficient type of coal for the specific work involved.

It is only by such exhaustive inquiry and by studying the requirements of our prospective customers that we can hope to win back the 6 per cent. of our export trade we have lost

since 1913. And when these surveys have been completed, it will be very well worth while to expend good money on making known to the coal buyers of the world the great merits that British coals possess.

In a phrase, let us set out to manage the sales of coal just as other commercial men have sales-managed other commodities. We have the right goods to offer, goods that we can sell with complete confidence.

Let us take in hand at once the threefold task of reorganising, modernising and selling; and then the depression of to-day will yield place gradually to the prosperity of to-morrow, and the British coal trade will once again be the prosperous industry its inherent merits so amply justify.

I believe I have justified my faith in the future of the British coalfields by the facts I have adduced. I am an optimist, admittedly; but my optimism is based on an exhaustive survey of the subject and a knowledge gained during forty-five years of intimate contact with the industry and its problems.



The power house and yard at the coal mines.

AN American doctor recently compared the athletic and mental achievements of a large group of undergraduates who smoked, with the achievements of a similar group the members of which were all non-smokers. He divided the smokers into two sub-groups, one of heavy, and one of light smokers. In general, his statistics seem to show that heavy smoking is unfavourable both to athletic prowess and scholastic achievement. The heavy smokers, and especially those who were in the habit of inhaling, showed a gradual decline in mental attainment, as indicated by their progressively lower position in class during their stay at the university. Light smoking appeared to exert a similar influence, though to a less pronounced degree.

Such a survey, though interesting, must be studied with caution. Statistics are always impressive, but unfortunately they may be used to prove exactly what is most congenial to the individual interpreting them. Not that this quality is inherent in statistics; rather it is imposed upon them by the unconscious bias of the interpreter.

From the statistical study just described, an individual biased against the use of tobacco might conscientiously, and with great show of reason, conclude that smoking, even in moderation, poisons the brain and nervous system. This, however, is not the only and inevitable conclusion that may be legitimately drawn from such records. It may be the case, as the compiler of the statistics himself points out, that the non-smoker is a successful student because he is more given to solitary meditation than his more social smoking colleague. It may even be that those who smoke are happy and contented and are not driven to exertion, as is the non-smoker, by the pressure of strenuous ambition. And, finally, though skill in passing examinations, in which non-smokers appear to excel, is still regarded by many as a measure of intellectual ability, most people will admit that there are other and probably more searching tests. Until, therefore, we know to what extent the group of smokers contained men who failed scholastically because their minds were occupied with wider intellectual interests, the case against the moderate use of tobacco, as based on these statistics at any rate, must be regarded as not proven.

What Is Moderation?

THE real difficulty, here as elsewhere, is to define the meaning of the term "moderation." "Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases . . ." wrote Robert Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. "But," he continued, "as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin, and overthrow of body and soul."

How shall abuse be recognised except by its consequences. Where does super-excellence end and plague and mischief begin? It is well known that individual susceptibility to tobacco varies so much that while one man or woman will suffer from even a single cigarette, another will smoke twenty or more daily with apparent immunity. "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," but each person must find out for himself his own norm of moderation—discover from experience the amount of tobacco he may enjoy without detriment, but will exceed at his peril? To demand of each person that he should find out what is enough by first

MORE ABOUT SMOKING

WHAT IS MODERATION?

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

learning what is too much may be to impose a salutary test on character; but one might well hesitate to inflict such an ordeal even upon those who are physically and morally capable of surviving it.

In face of this difficulty, some hold that it is best to advise men and women not to smoke at all, for only by abstinence can avoidance of excess be infallibly achieved. But such advice does not solve the problem; it merely evades it. The ordinary man and woman wants to practise moderation, not complete self-denial, and would regard the latter as an excess of ascetism no less to be condemned than excess of indulgence. Such advice, though it might fortify the resolution of non-smokers never to start smoking, is not in the least likely to appeal to healthy men and women, who are already habitual smokers. For the latter, one may suggest as a rough and ready guide to the middle way that they should limit their daily ration of tobacco to the equivalent of some single figure of cigarettes, curtailing this amount or even giving up smoking altogether, should

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association.

It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

they develop any of the symptoms proved by experience to be associated with excess. Smoking before the age of 18 is to be condemned utterly, and most persons would be well advised not to smoke until they are 21.

Pipe, Cigarette or Cigar?

SCIENTIFIC workers have shown not only that excess of tobacco may be harmful, but also that the risk of harm varies with the form and condition of the tobacco when it is smoked. The amount of nicotine in tobacco does not concern us nearly so much as the amount contained in tobacco smoke; and this varies with factors other than the percentage present in the tobacco. For example, the percentage of nicotine in Virginian cigarette tobacco is nearly twice that in a Manilla cigar, and yet the nicotine content of the cigar smoke is double that of the cigarette smoke.

Again, less than 1 per cent. of the nicotine in Virginian tobacco, smoked as cigarettes, passes over in the smoke, but smoked in a pipe, 50 per cent of its nicotine content may pass over. The nicotine content of smoke in relation to that of the tobacco from which it is derived is greatest in smoke from a pipe, somewhat less in smoke from a cigar, and least of all in smoke from a cigarette. The smoke of a cigar may contain 12 to 18 times as much nicotine as that of a cigarette. Moist tobacco yields a greater

amount of free nicotine than dry, and the temperature of the smoke, the thickness of the cigar or cigarette, and the tightness of the packing all help to determine the amount of nicotine that will pass into the mouth of the smoker. Such

considerations may therefore influence the choice of smoking materials.

A cool, dry smoke carries less nicotine than one that is hot and moist, and it is safer to smoke a long, slender cigar, not too tightly packed than a thick, tightly packed cigar, even though the two are made of one and the same tobacco. The bitter end of a cigar should be abandoned, and a half-smoked cigar should not be re-lighted. One authority states that an individual smoking a re-lighted cigar or pipe absorbs more poison than he would from ten ordinary smokes. Strong tobacco smoked in a cool pipe, or in one provided with a filter, is better than mild tobacco smoked in a hot pipe. A churchwarden pipe is admirable; it provides such an excellent opportunity for the condensation of nicotine that there is very little risk of an excessive amount of nicotine reaching the smoker.

Smoker's Heart.

EXCESSIVE smoking manifests itself in symptoms referable to various organs of the body. Nicotine absorbed into the system may produce palpitation, irregularity, or excessive slowing of the heart, with or without pain in the chest. Such symptoms are evidence of the so-called "smoker's heart," and usually demand complete abstinence from tobacco. There are, in addition, disturbances of the heart, which, though less conspicuous than the above, may not be altogether ignored. Among these is a diminution in the response of the heart to increased bodily activity, as indicated by shortness of breath on exertion. The tradition prohibiting athletes from smoking during periods of training is thus fully justified.

Again, tobacco quickens the pulse rate and produces slight temporary increase in the blood pressure of novices and persons who smoke in excess, but these symptoms do not appear to inflict any further disadvantages on the individual suffering from them. By some it is maintained that even moderate smoking, if long continued, may lead slowly and insidiously to degenerative changes in the circulatory system, but evidence for this view is at present unconvincing.

Chronic laryngitis, irritability of the throat, morning cough and chronic nasal catarrh are also commonly associated with excessive smoking, especially with excessive cigarette smoking, and generally will not yield to treatment until the exciting cause has been removed. Indigestion, especially the kind manifested as heartburn, is also a frequent result of excessive smoking.

Smoking and Vision.

FAILURE of sight due to poisoning of the optic nerves may result from the excessive use of tobacco. The victim is conscious of a mistiness in his vision; he sees better in the dusk of the evening than in the bright sunlight; and he does not fully appreciate red as a colour. In the days of gold coins the last-mentioned defect caused the poisoned smoker sometimes to mistake half a sovereign for a sixpence. The failure is mainly in central vision, so that while the sufferer sees dimly an object directly in front of him, he sees clearly objects to one or other side of this. Even blindness may result unless tobacco is stopped promptly and completely; no half measures will avail.



The joy of Motherhood



H EALTHY babies make happy mothers, and healthy babies are those who enjoy the great advantage of maternal feeding.

Maternal milk is germ free and of correct composition. Authorities have proved that the breast-fed baby has many more chances of growing strong and healthy than the artificially-fed baby. No substitute is equal to maternal milk for safeguarding the child against nutritional diseases, such as rickets, etc., and building a sure foundation of future health.

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ROSSETTI *and* MODERN ART

By R. H. WILENSKI

I REPRODUCE this week Rossetti's painting, "La Ghirlandata," now in the Guildhall Art Gallery. The picture was formerly in the Ross Collection in Canada; it returned to England for the Ross Sale at Christie's last year, and then went to Barbizon House, where Sir Alfred Temple bought it for the Guildhall. It was painted in 1873; Rossetti was then forty-five; his wife had then been dead eleven years, and he himself was to die nine years later. Four years earlier he had recovered his poems from his wife's grave, and two years earlier he had begun the habit of taking chloral, to which must be attributed in some measure his attempt to commit suicide in 1872. He had thus passed through a period of emotional stress and physical strain when he painted this picture, though no sign of either can be seen in the work.

Drugs and Drink.

Rossetti started to take chloral when on a visit to some friends in Sussex, where he met an American artist named Stillman, who recommended the drug to him as a cure for insomnia. Mr. R. L. Megroz, in his extremely interesting book, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Painter Poet of Heaven in Earth*, which is just published, says: "Rossetti used the drug without moderation, intent upon securing the repose without which he could not work. He rapidly increased the doses; but as the chloral was much diluted, without his knowledge, by the friendly conspiracy of his doctor and chemist and assistants in the house, he never consumed doses anything like as large as those of which he foolishly boasted."

"He was normally temperate, but acquired the habit of drinking neat whisky after the chloral to take away the taste. . . . Both the drug and the alcohol were especially dangerous to a sanguine choleric constitution like Rossetti's."

It must also be remembered that after the publication of the volume of Rossetti's poems in 1870 he was violently attacked as an immoral writer; and when we put together the combined effects of emotional conflict, drugs, drink, and literary persecution, it is not strange that Rossetti should have broken down a few years later, but extremely strange that he should have been able to paint a picture of this quality in 1873.

Rossetti's Models.

Much of Rossetti's early work was painted, as is well known, from Lizzie Siddall, who became his wife. Some pictures were painted from Jane Burden (Mrs. William Morris), with whom—Sir Hall Caine has recently told us—Rossetti was violently in love, though he never declared his passion. Other pictures at all periods of his career were painted from Fanny Cornforth (Mrs. Schott), who had been his mistress before he met either his wife or his ideal love, and who was again his mistress



"La Ghirlandata," by D. G. Rossetti.

after his wife's death. "La Ghirlandata," however, was painted from a Miss Wilding, and Miss May Morris sat for the two angel heads.

All the pictures painted by Rossetti after his wife's death—except the "Beata Beatrix," which is a transfiguration of his wife's head—are transfigurations of Mrs. Morris. No matter who the model might be before him, the result was invariably the same. Because Rossetti did not look at "nature" when he was painting. He used the model to help him in anatomical articulations and so forth, but he never copied what he saw before him. He always painted an image in his mind, and that image was compounded of a romantic vision of some woman—at first Lizzie Siddall, and then Mrs. Morris—and memories of other works of art.

Rossetti and Botticelli.

Rossetti, like the other pre-Raphaelites, had a very limited acquaintance with the early Italian masters. He never went to Italy, and when the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was formed there were no pictures by Italian painters before Raphael's time in the National Gallery. In his early days Rossetti was influenced by Gothic manuscripts and by Lasinio's engravings of Benozzo Gozzoli's frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. But in 1855 the National Gallery acquired Botticelli's "Madonna and Child" (No. 257) from the Bianconi family, in Bologna, and in the same year it also acquired the "Madonna and Child with St. John and

Angels" (No. 226), which came from the Polli Collection in Florence, and is a version of a Botticelli in the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome. Rossetti must have been deeply impressed by these two pictures, though I have not seen their influence referred to by students of his work; and in "La Ghirlandata" he clearly had the Madonna and the angels from the Polli picture as an image in his mind while he was painting.

Four Centuries Late.

Rossetti, in fact, was born four hundred years too late. He was spiritually a child of the Italian Renaissance of the time of Botticelli. With the art of the nineteenth century, except in so far as that art was influenced by the French Romantic Movement of the thirties, he was completely out of touch. He was not concerned with problems of painting or the development of art. The astonishing pictorial developments of his day meant nothing to him, and with most of them he was doubtless unacquainted.

Works of the Time.

Most people, nowadays, forget what was happening in painting in 1872-73 when "La Ghirlandata" was painted. In 1872 Degas painted his ballet dancers rehearsing in the foyer of the opera, and Whistler painted his portrait of his mother. Degas and Whistler, who were the same age, were then thirty-nine against Rossetti's forty-five. Cezanne in 1873 was thirty-four, and had already painted his "Maison du pendu," now in the Louvre. Renoir was thirty-two, and was to paint "The Box at the Opera" in the next year. Corot was seventy-seven in 1873, when he painted "La route d'Arras" (in the Louvre), which was followed the next year by "La Dame en Bleu." Manet, who had painted his "Olympia" eight years before, was forty-one, Pissaro was forty-three, Gauguin thirty-five, and Van Gogh twenty.

Thus before Burne-Jones, Dicksee, Waterhouse and a legion of other English painters began their addle-pated *pastiche*s of Rossetti's art, the whole conception of picture-making had been revolutionised by Rossetti's Impressionist contemporaries and the Post-Impressionist movement was already under way.

It is now more than half a century since "La Ghirlandata" was painted, and the art of to-day is based on the Cubist reaction against the *pastiche*urs of the Impressionists, who bore the same relation to Rossetti's pioneer contemporaries that Burne-Jones, Waterhouse and Dicksee bore to Rossetti himself. The character of modern art is fundamentally architectural, and this quality can be seen in the present exhibition of the English Wood Engraving Society at the St. George's Gallery.

Nearly all the hundred and thirty prints at this show are technically good and many are excellent.



Steve slipped his arm further about the slender waist of Geronima.

GERONIMA of the PURPLE and RED

By Walter Jury Ockenden

ON the same hot day in flytime came two men towards the ancient mission city of San Jose de Potosi.

One of them, "Barnum" Steve, travelled the Nacadoches trail slowly, high-seated on a great waggon-load of prairie hay drawn by six big mules. And there he lounged, half asleep, lazily smoking his *cigarro*, à la Mexican. And since the trail, winding erratically through mesquite brush and chapparal, carried no traffic to speak of, the six great mules were left to take care of themselves, tugging doggedly at their load, untiring.

Steve, lulled to sleepy memories by the ship-like rolling of his waggon, smiled at the thought of his welcome by dusky, slow-gestured Geronima of the Purple and Red Saloon, within the distant City of San Jose. A saloon kept—nominally—by the old filibuster Pedro Brune, an elderly but still robustious sinner with a past in keeping with the name bestowed upon his saloon.

Steve had reason to believe the dark-eyed Geronima looked upon him with favour greater than upon all other men who sought solace at the Purple and Red—on Soledad Street, that runs by the Mission San Antonio.

THE second traveller to San Jose, Señor Maria Jesus Lagartijo by name, also smoked his cigarro, while softly cursing the flies, and the dust kicked up by his team of fourteen lean *burros*—harnessed four abreast

with odd pieces of rope and anything Señor Maria Jesus could lay his hands upon, but never by purchase—purchase being opposed to the Señor's free-trading principles.

Slim of body, and long of face, with dainty hands and feet, was the Señor; black of eye and red of heart. But handsome withal, and bulging with Spanish airs and graces.

Maria Jesus' load was fire-wood, and represented ample silver dollars—when sold in a fuel-less city such as San Jose—to procure him a coveted silver-broidered sombrero, and new red-heeled boots, in which he might dance the *flamenco* with Geronima; and a sufficiency also of Kentucky Bourbon to make life gay and forgetfulness easy.

And the Señor smiled dreamily—between his cursings of the flies and dust—at thoughts of the kind reception that would be his, from gentle, big-eyed Geronima of the Purple and Red.

For he, too, had reason to believe Geronima regarded him as a man above all other men.

But this romantic dreamer, this cigarro-smoker, who hauled firewood in from the Salado, knew nothing of him who was now travelling the Nacadoches trail, with prairie hay—who also smoked cigarros while smiling the smiles of sweet anticipation.

ON the old Military Plaza, which spreads its filth and garbage before the Cathedral of Santa Marinella de Sevilla, and which—while serving as a market for vendors of country produce and the city's fuel—served also as the popular open-air café and restaurant; where mule-whackers of every sort, and farmers marketing their water-melons and hay, as well as the majority of San Jose's Mexican population, could regale themselves upon *chili con carne* and *frijoles*.

Within the primitive chilli stands, erected in hollow squares, the fragrant comestibles were cooked before the consumer's eye, as he waited. Toothsome morsels—*tamales*, *enchilladas*, and so forth, all more or less flavoured with garlic and red chillies—were obtainable, together with delicious chocolate, made by the deft hands of the prettiest Mexican waitresses the vending merchants could procure, to charm their customers and sell their wares.

Ah—mi!—how many a romance, how many a love intrigue, how many a stolen joy, had its inception when, beneath the full-orbed moon and burning stars, a dark-eyed enchantress handed beans and chilli to some hay-seed cow-puncher, wild and woolly from the Panhandle, or to some evil-tempered muletéeer from the Gulf.

(Continued overleaf.)

At such a chilli-stand had once served Geronima. Across the flimsy trestles and boards, covered distastefully with coarse stained linen, she had shed seductive glances broadcast, while serving dishes of *chile* and *frijoles*—and often at a higher price.

But, it is true, Geronima went to confession more often than did other *tamale* and *chili* merchants upon the Plaza.

Old Pedro Brune invited the alluring Geronima to leave the wind-swept Plaza, so hot and dusty in summer, so cold when the detested "Norther" blew sourly across—and make her home at the Purple and Red.

And Geronima accepted.

Since Pedro was possessed of a wife, it is unnecessary to say Geronima came to the Purple and Red only with the approval of Pedro's old woman. Madame Pedro was mistress of the saloon and everything appertaining to it—including Pedro himself.

No attractive dark-eyed Senorita might sit in brave array within the adobe walls of the Purple and Red, spend her days smoking cigarros, and make life agreeable to such men as Pedro, and Madame, his old woman, permitted behind the curtain hanging so closely before the inner recesses of the saloon, except Madame acquiesced and saw reasonable profit in it.

For Madame's moral views were even more oblique than were Pedro's own. One thing only concerned her, before which all others were less than nothing. She wanted money, money, only money—and made no other pretence.

"BARNUM" Steve drove his team of mules and load of hay on to the Military Plaza—and sold his merchandise within the hour.

With abounding dollars in his pouch, he visited a coloured barber, and indulged in a general clean-up, which occupied some two hours, and cost twice as many dollars.

But, when Steve left the barber's luxurious parlour, and had visited a men's-wear store, he looked the picture of health and cleanliness.

Now he would seek the Saloon of Purple and Red, to revel in the shy smiles of Geronima—with Madame's entire approval and to her ultimate profit.

THE Señor Maria Jesus' lean donkeys travelled more slowly, but eventually he reached the Plaza, and quickly sold his wood.

But Maria Jesus, not possessing an Englishman's sense of cleanliness, *didn't* visit the barber. Indeed, Maria deemed bathing an wholly unnecessary, and almost indecent, institution. While gorgeous silver embroidery upon a big handsome sombrero was truly a thing worth while! Dollars, otherwise squandered on a bath, when added to the price of a sombrero, would purchase a thing of such beauty in silver art, that Maria Jesus was carried away.

He couldn't resist it, and didn't. He bought it.

A real high-toned sombrero wasn't the only thing Maria Jesus couldn't resist. As instance—he couldn't resist Geronima's sloe-black eyes, with glint of seductive mischief in them; nor the dimpling uplift of her arched lips when they issued unspoken invitation. He could not!

And he didn't try!

He could not resist quarrelling with his enemy: nor, given opportunity—such as getting his gun first, or knife maybe, of killing that enemy in his boots.

Truly, Maria Jesus was neither a nice man nor a good citizen—so the City Marshal of San Jose had declared. But Maria was a handsome man—from the Mexican girls' point of view—and the *chile* girls on the Plaza had told him so, often.

Geronima also had confessed a shy admiration for him.

The Señor Maria Jesus, having put himself into such shape as he deemed necessary to impress the lovely Geronima, directed his steps, his new silver-laced sombrero and red-heeled boots, to the Purple and Red—butting right into Pedro Brune as he was about to push aside one of the three green swing-blinds, in one of the three arched doorways, that screened the interior of the saloon from prying eyes without.

Pedro promptly barred the Señor's entrance.

Not in an aggressive way. Indeed, Pedro raised his voice in vociferous welcome and warmth of greeting:—

"What!—Señor Largetijo! My old friend Maria Jesus!—what brings the Señor to town—ah? Shake! Sure, it's real good to see someone from the Salado these days! What's the news thataway anyhow—ah! Come right in an' take a drink!"

But Pedro showed no great haste to admit the friend for whom he proclaimed so much affection. He clasped Maria Jesus' hand and shook it long and heartily.

While Maria Jesus looked and felt foolish at the over-warmth of his welcome. He was not aware that Pedro's loud greeting gave warning, within the saloon, that a bad man was about to enter; and further, to proclaim that bad man's name, and thus avoid all misapprehension by Madame, his old woman.

It was not a thing unknown for a man to be killed within the Purple and Red—but neither Pedro nor his wife hankered after such advertisement.

STEVE sat behind the curtain holding Geronima's little hand in his, and laying his nice clean-shaven chin and newly-washed cheek against hers of living ivory.

Iced drinks, with straws, were on a small table beside them. Madame herself was present as *chaperon*—and, to assist in adding to Steve's bill, on principle. She sipped her drink, exchanged the news from Nacodoches County with Steve, quite regardless of his amorous endearments of the pretty Mexican.

When old Pedro's sonorous warning reached the acute ears of Madame and coy Geronima, there followed an abrupt silence. The two women exchanged keen glances, while Steve looked enquiringly at both.

He felt there was something in the air; but being now nicely wound up, and with strong inclination to paint the city a powerful vermilion, he—didn't give a damn. He held fast to Geronima by hand and waist.

The Señor Maria Jesus' name meant nothing to Steve. He had never heard of the man; Geronima had never confided in him to that extent. She was convinced Steve believed her days to be spent in religious devotion, and good works among the poor, when he was not visiting the city.

Geronima wanted that belief to remain unshaken. She not only desired to keep her well-washed and shaven lover's devotion unimpaired—but she wanted Maria Jesus' as well! She wanted *both* of them!

And perhaps there were others—perhaps. *Quien sabe?*

Madame gave Geronima a signal—and Geronima's hand wandered caressingly from Steve's shoulder to his hip. When she learned for certain he packed a gun—as men usually did in San Jose—she told Madame as much, with a glance.

Madame, nodding imperceptibly, Geronima rose from her seat, smiled at Steve, and led him by the hand towards a door leading—to Heaven knows where!—at the very moment Pedro opened the screen behind and entered the saloon with the Señor Maria Jesus.

Now, it being a windy day, and hot besides, a dusty gust of hot air entered with the two

men, blowing aside the curtain and discovering to Maria Jesus a clean, fair-haired, red-faced Englishman being led by Geronima towards the mysterious door.

A door the Señor knew well enough!

The topography of the Purple and Red was quite familiar to him. To a man with such intimate knowledge there was but one construction to be placed upon the scene disclosed by the wind-swayed curtain.

The abandoned Geronima had betrayed him!

"He! Himself!"

"He! Had *he* been cast aside, like a dirty smock, for a filthy Gringo, who washed his face daily?"

"Then Maria Jesus would revenge himself! And an' Ingleeze! God! Was he to suffer such dishonour? Never!"

Maria Jesus reached for his gun.

Alas, and alas! The pestiferous City Marshal, having so poor an opinion of Maria Jesus' temper, had decreed that whensoever Maria Jesus came to town he was to be deprived of his gun forthwith—before he had imbibed bug-juice sufficient to make him feel heroic.

And so the Señor Caballero Maria Jesus Largetijo had been ignominiously disarmed by a vulgar patrolman.

And the blood of Señor Maria Jesus boiled within him!

Maria Jesus' grandmother had been of pure Comanche blood: his great grandfather had, in his hot youth, attacked peaceful gold-seekers crossing the Plains to El Dorado. It was said of him, that he had once garnished his person with the scalps of an entire family—father, mother, and four poor children—and bedaubed his copper-coloured body with their blood.

Maria Jesus boasted of the glorious legend, and of this ferocious ancestor, whenever he went on the jag in San Jose de Potosi.

So, when Maria Jesus felt for his gun, he didn't find it.

He had a knife, true, but—

"An Ingleeze!—a man so dirty as to need washing day by day! *Madre de Dios!*—was it to be borne!"

Pedro Brune prepared for trouble. He pulled his gun into handier position.

While Madame, his old woman, waddled forward to maintain peace with her tongue—a weapon most effective.

Geronima thoughtfully decided that one at least of her lovers was lost to her.

And as, to her, a dead man was no novelty, she would speculate which of them would be the survivor. She believed it would be Maria Jesus. She knew something of his life story. He had told it to her—or some of it; quite sufficient.

Comanche blood, inflamed by raging jealousy and Kentucky Bourbon, was capable of big things in the killing way—and quick ones!

But only to Maria Jesus himself was it known that the cursed police had robbed him of his gun.

Maria Jesus stood in the middle of the Purple and Red, speechless with rage. He gibbered at Steve, disclosing a mouthful of teeth badly needing the dentist's care. His black eyes narrowed to minute points, and glowed with red hate. Clutching and unclutching his thin, dirty, but gentlemanly hands, he tapped his new red-heeled boots upon the boarded floor.

"*Volgame Dios, hombre! Hijo de un viejo cabron es!*"—and rolling his evil eyes with concentrated venom, he slung soft curses at healthy, clean, wholesome Steve.

"What's that monkey mean, Pedro?" Steve asked.

"Mon-kay, Mon-kay! What you call Mon kay you—goddam Ingleeze? I hunt you—

(Continued overleaf.)



In an instant the two men were gripped in a mad struggle.

me! Git out of zis Citee—quick-lee! Quit! I cut up! Me!”

“Ho, Ho, Ho! Will you now?” chortled Steve. But he fingered the gun at his hip.

“Robbere! Brigand! You steal my best girl! Geronima is for mee! Madre de Dios! No fool Ingleeze shall steal what is mine!”

Steve slipped his arm further about the slender waist of Geronima. And Geronima rested motionless against his shoulder; but there was no life in her—except in her eyes, which looked at the floor; and they hid, beneath straitened brows, a burning anger equaling that of Maria Jesus.

She loved a fight—to the death, above all.

They had known this good-humoured Englishman some two years, yet neither Geronima, nor Pedro, nor Pedro's old woman, knew how he would shape in a shooting affair.

Madame, if fat and gross of body, was possessed of boundless courage. She wanted money. She *didn't* want men shot up in her saloon.

When she saw Steve's hand kept so closely to his hip—where his gun hung loosely, and Maria Jesus feeling for his knife—and *not* for a gun, she began to understand things:—

“Now, Señor Lagartijo, don't make trouble here! Geronima is your girl and the Señor Englishman is but jesting. Geronima has no love for an Englishman when a Spanish gentleman honours her with attention.”

The girl remained motionless and silent.

But Señor Maria Jesus was not to be mollified by soft words from Madame. “I go, Ingleeze! I come back soon, and *keel-keel*! I run you out of San Jose! I kill you! Goddam!” and the furious Mexican rushed through the first door, thrusting the blinds apart with a crash, and fled—expecting a shot from behind before he could get out of range.

There was grim silence within the saloon.

“Steve,” said Pedro, “that Greaser means mischief, and I shore don't want no shootin' in this 'yere saloon. It don't do me no good—see?”

“Tha' so, Pedro? I git you. Well?”

“Spose'n you git outside. If you make good shootin' it'll be all over in a few minutes—I guess, and this saloon will provide free drinks—afterwards”

“Self defence, Pedro! Self defence!—that's the game for me. That skippin' Caballero 'll have to pull his gun *first*—then I'll get him!” and Steve grinned with satisfaction

“Shore you will, Steve,” said Pedro slowly, and full of doubt.

“But, I ain't the man to go back on a friend, Pedro, an' I'll git outside right away.”

Steve opened the blind of the third door noiselessly, and proceeded to take a cautious glance outside before stepping on to the sidewalk.

A most fortunate precaution—since the first thing he saw was Señor Maria Jesus creeping a'tiptoe close beside the sunburned adobe walls adjoining; a big forty-five Smith and Wesson in his hand, bent upon opening the first of Pedro's three blinds and shooting the accursed Ingleeze on sight.

Maria Jesus had nearly reached the first door when Steve's head appeared at the third one, peeping cautiously. Their eyes met at the same instant—but Maria Jesus, having his gun in his hand, fired within a moment, missing Steve's neck by the thickness of a deck of cards.

While Steve was backing into the archway the Señor fired again—too late. Steve had got to cover.

Steve, grabbing his gun, with itching finger upon its hair-trigger, peeped again. Maria Jesus' new silver-brodered sombrero, with its wide brim, flapped in the wind, and, for a moment, obstructed its owner's view of the field.

Only for a moment. Steve loosed, and the Señor's silver-garnished vanity was ruined forthwith, while the top half of one ear hung by a piece of skin, and nothing else

Maria Jesus, regardless of ruined sombrero and semi-detached ear, jumped into the first arched doorway for cover.

The blood from his damaged ear enraged him. Steve, in the third arch, and Maria Jesus in the first, were safe enough so long as neither emerged, either inward to the saloon or outward on the sun-baked side walk.

Maria Jesus, cautiously pushing his blind inward, exposed for a moment one dainty foot, shod with red-heeled boot, inside the saloon. The red heel was promptly shot away by Steve's second shot.

Maria Jesus, not realising the loss of his heel, and setting his foot upon the floor, lost his balance. He didn't fall, but reeled a few inches beyond the thickness of the wall; his silk neckerchief was forthwith shot away at the knot.

Close watching each other, waiting for a shot, kept both men busy.

There is no great scope in two feet of cover! When presently Maria Jesus saw a big boot, just exposed, low down where the calf of a leg should be, he fired, hitting the calf of that leg exactly, and exciting a peal of rude laughter from the Señor Ingleeze, who had pulled off a boot and placed it in position to draw Maria Jesus' fire.

But the Señor was growing very cautious; not the less so that he had but three shells left in his gun, and no reserve.

When Steve, peering on the saloon side, saw the shot-torn sombrero emerge carefully inward he drew back; and then, with step as light and noiseless as a cat's, stepped on the sidewalk and exchanged his position from the end arch to the middle one, and with gun



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poised for instant use waited for a surprise shot at Maria Jesus. It was superb shooting tactics from an enterprising rough-neck gunman's standpoint, but its development was not what Steve expected.

Maria Jesus had been seized with precisely the same notion, and, from the saloon side, had crept to the middle arch, opened the door, and in an instant the two men were gripped in a mad struggle, Steve holding the Señor's gun wrist in his grasp, while the Señor gripped that of Steve.

Neither could use his gun!

The slightly-built Mexican was as tough as hickory, as slippery as a snake; while Steve's burly strength was of small avail with but one arm free. And Maria Jesus, clawing at Steve's face, strived to reach his eyes—to gouge them out, as is the dainty fashion of the country.

Madame Pedro, seeing her costly swing-blind suffering treatment which would reduce it to firewood value within a few minutes, rushed at the men struggling half-in and half out of her saloon, and, heaving her massive person upon them, thrust them, by sheer weight of flesh, on to the sidewalk outside.

"Fight it out in the street, you fools!" she said, "till the patrol gits along to yez!"

The Señor lost another shot, accidentally, when Steve contrived to jab the Mexican's elbow against rough adobe wall—and Maria Jesus' gun fell from his grasp.

Steve released Maria's wrist, tore the gorgeous sombrero from his head, and smothered its owner's face in it. Then he gripped the Señor by the throat, until he quit hold of Steve's gun wrist, and fell, choking, to the ground.

Steve told him to run.

"Skip, you monkey! Run for it, Señor Cabellero What-the-hell-yer-name-is! Run!"

But Geronima must take a hand—

From the cooler gloom of the saloon she sprang into the sunlit street, slapped Steve's face, viciously, right and left, with frantic strength, and dragged Maria Jesus to his feet:—

"Maria! Maria! Come, come! Let us fly from this evil place. Madre de Dios! There is not, in a thousand thousand of these Ingleeze, not one to match thee, my Maria!"

"Come, come, my Brave, let us go far from the Ingleeze dog! Thou shalt wed me in Holy Church, my Maria!"

"Come thou! No Ingleeze dog may touch my hand—nevere! Nor my lips—No!"

And Geronima dragged at the Señor's sleeve.

Steve, with gun poised: "Run for it!"

And they ran.

Hand-in-hand fled Geronima and the Señor Caballero Maria Jesus Lagartijo; leaving behind them one red heel, one gay silk kerchief, a short-torn blood-stained sombrero, silver garnished; together with a good Smith and Wesson gun—which the Caballero had borrowed of a friend and would be called upon to account for, or there would be trouble.

"Adios, Señor Manano! Vaya con Dios!"—and throwing this benison after the flying couple, Steve fired a last shot—when the second red heel of Maria Jesus' new boots fell into the kennel, and put that Caballero once more on an even keel.

Steve, about to re-enter the Purple and Red, encountered sour looks from Madame.

"No," she said. "Not in my saloon, *Amigo*! Get your drink some other place. I've quit!"—for was not the alluring Geronima lost to Madame forever.

Pedro nodded regretful acquiescence.

"But—gee-whizz—Steve! Whar's ye larn yer gun-play? Never see nothing like it! How d'ye do it?"

"Wall!" said Steve. "You're a good sort, Pedro. 'Tain't your fault. I don't bear no grudge—not me!"

"Fact is—when I was runnin' all round the earth, with a circus fit-out, I did the gun-tricks for 'em! Shotoin' apples off the head of William Tell, though I never see the real guy myself—and that sort o' thing! *Sabe?*"

"It ain't much trouble to shoot a man's ear off him—nor yet his boots, see!"

Pedro gazed incredulously. "Didn't you mean to kill Maria, Steve?"

"Kill him? Why?"

"Yep! Kill him!—he'd 'a shot you up if he'd got a chanst."

Why didn't you shoot him up—in self-defence, Steve? *Sabe?* grinned Pedro.

"Oh, hell!" smiled Steve.

* * * * *

As Patrolman Murphy leisurely turned the corner of Soledad Street, Steve turned that of Acequia Street, and disappeared.

While Madame assured the policeman she'd shot a mad dog, and the bloody mess on the side-walk was that of the dog.

Which thirsty Patrolman Murphy didn't believe!

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The WOMAN in the BOOK

By James Milne

ONE finds, looking round this winter's book market, a particular number to which women give interest, distinction, and sometimes drama. "My only looks," said a famous English poet, "were women's looks." Now he would have the women in the books, either writing them or filling them with chronicles, fallible and infallible, of themselves. "Seek the woman," says the French proverb, and no nation, thanks to centuries of gallant study, knows her better than the French. But why should we not seek her in some of our newest English books?

Brilliance and Emotion.

For instance, that brilliant and emotional writer, the late Katherine Mansfield, in her *Letters*, edited by her husband, Mr. Middleton Murray, and published by Constable. You meet her intimately, for she seems to have been one of those people who write without a screen between them and their possible readers. Most of us have that curious veil, and no doubt Katherine Mansfield had it, but she often leaps through it.

She tells us, about an afternoon at Menton, that there was a tremendous thunderstorm, with raindrops as big as marguerites. They hung from the trees "like silver fishes," and she drank them from the leaves, and then "pulled a shower bath over my head." Extraordinarily minute, yet vivid, and so is her question about a Pekingese puppy: "Have you ever seen a really baby one, about the size of a fur glove, covered with pale-gold down, with paws like minute seal flappers, very large, impudent eyes, and ears like fried potatoes?"

A Lady of Quality.

We have a woman of the fashionable world in *Daisy, Princess of Pless*, written by herself, and published by John Murray. It is less a book of mentality than one recording an eager spirit, born amid English surroundings, which gave it freedom and beauty, and then married it away to Germany.

"I was baptised Mary Theresa, but everyone called me Daisy," says the lady who, as Miss Cornwallis-West, was a young fair-haired beauty in London in the 'nineties of last century. Once, at a ball at Buckingham Palace, she wore a cloth of gold train which cost £400, and the price shocked Queen Alexandra.

She has a good deal to say about King Edward, then and later, and especially about taking him to see her grandmother, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick. "He made outrageous love to the old lady, and in a few minutes they were both flirting desperately. Granny never could resist flirting, and neither could the King."

Tears of History.

England and Germany also meet in a personal way—a high and royal but human and tragic way—in the *Letters of the Empress Frederick*, edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, a Macmillan book. Every book has a story of how it came into being but has there been one with a stranger story than this?

Sir Frederick Ponsonby visits Germany with King Edward, when the Empress is dying, in 1901; she asks him to see her and requests him to take her letters to England for safe keeping; there is the delivery of them to him at midnight in two boxes which he marks "Books, with Care," and "China, with Care" and so he brings them to Windsor. It all reads like a mystery story but, really, here is a "human document" of the most vivid sort for it is written with the tears of history.

No professional author sitting down to a novel could imagine a tale more moving and holding than that which the Empress Frederick's letters, mostly addressed to her mother, piece together. Thus to-day do women in the loftiest stations, come frankly into the levelling democracy of books.

A Tragic Empress.

It has rather puzzled the historians to decide whether the Empress Eugenie made a great figure in the world by her beauty only, or by that and brains. There is no actual reason why a beautiful woman should be stupid, though



Daisy, Princess of Pless,
whose *Memoirs* were recently published by John Murray.

she may be, like any other woman or man. But in M. Paleologue's intimate "conversations" with *The Tragic Empress*, a Thornton Butterworth volume, we have a very shrewd, observant lady. True, the conversations took place when she had grown into the wisdom of age, but Louis Napoleon's consort must always have had a mind and a head, both inclined to be strong on occasion.

"There are times," said the recluse of Farnham, "when I feel as if I had been dead for a long time. . . . But sometimes I have moments of waking, moments of extraordinary violence and intensity." Scenes came back to her and "I see persons, faces, attitudes, gestures; I see again the smallest circumstances, the smallest details; I think I am there amongst them again—it is tragic." A tragic empress! But a woman who had a life of great colour and movement and, at the end of it, the quiet peace of an English home.

Tolstoy and his Wife.

There appears to have been no peace in the life of Tolstoy's wife, after she married him, or, at all events, her *Diary*, published by Victor Gollancz, is tremulous with suffering. And yet that married life began so simply, so easily when the genius-gifted young man asked the intelligent but not, perhaps, intellectual young girl, "Will you be my wife. If you can say Yes boldly, with all your heart, then say it; but if you have the faintest shadow of doubt say No." She flew upstairs, as light as a feather, into her mother's room and there was Tolstoy, in a corner, leaning against the wall, and he said "Well" and she answered, "Of course, Yes."

Soon he was to do something that sowed the seeds of doubt and trouble for, wanting to be frank and honest, he gave her his diaries to read. She found them a faithful record of a spiritual battle, not always successful, against excesses, and they upset her then and influenced her mind ever afterwards. Once, in an hour of depression, she stayed in cold water for long, hoping to catch a chill and die. Another time, on the question of fit company for her daughter she cast his diaries in his teeth and "He sighed and walked away without saying anything."

An Unhappy Victorian.

Tragedy has an ominous way of tracking genius, or is it that we hear of the thing then, whereas if a plain man, or woman, had been concerned, we should not. *The Tragedy of John Ruskin* is a "novelised" biography by Mrs. Anabel Williams-Ellis which Jonathan Cape has given us. Ruskin, in his day, was a great figure and a great influence, and probably he will come again.

What Mrs. Williams-Ellis means is that his life was a tragedy on the personal side, tragic even to madness, for a time; and for years, until death came, a "pale simulacrum" in a bath chair. Three women were in this tale, his mother, who brought him up with a terrific austerity and maintained it; Euphemia Gray, who had her marriage to him dissolved and who then married Millais, the artist; and Rose La Touche, whom Ruskin met when she was a child, loved more and more fondly as she grew up, and finally lost.

Forty-seven had proposed to eighteen and been told to wait until eighteen was twenty-one. Next, twenty-one asked for more time, and while it was passing her health broke down and she died and Ruskin's personal tragedy was complete. But there is always the moral that sorrow ripens, that if it takes things, it also gives things.

NEW BOOKS TO READ.

The Farington Diary, by Joseph Farington, R.A., edited by James Greig, volume VIII, 1815-1821 (Hutchinson, 21s.).

With this volume, covering the Waterloo period of European history, we bid good-bye to a remarkable diary which turned up in a remarkable way, for it came into a London sale-room. *Musings of an Old Shikari*, by Colonel A. I. R. Glasford, with illustrations (John Lane, 18s.).

A most readable chronicle of life and sport in Jungle India by a man of experience and knowledge who opens with a word-picture of "Night on the Plateau."

The Tragedy of the Italia, by Davide Giudici (Benn, 12s. 6d.).

The story, as far as any one man can give it, of General Nobile's tragic flight over the North Pole in the airship *Italia*.

The Last of the Windjammers, by Basil Lubbock, volume II (Brown, Son and Ferguson, Glasgow, 36s.).

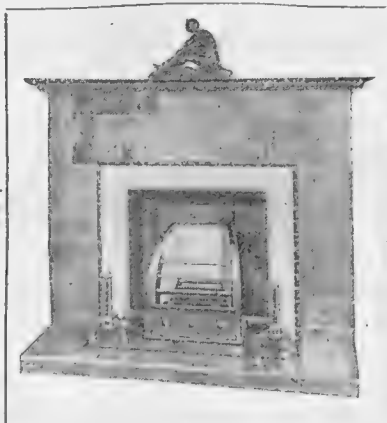
A picturesque tale of the deep-water sailing ships of 1883 to 1928; otherwise the "tall ships" of John Masefield's famous poem.

Life Under the Soviets, by Alexander Wicksteed, with an introduction by Mrs. Sidney Webb (John Lane, 6s.).

An account of present-day Russia by one who has seen it intimately for nearly a decade, as a normal inhabitant of Moscow.

Origin and Development of Light Opera, by Sterling Mackinley (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

A popular edition of a volume which tells the story of light opera in many lands, across many centuries.

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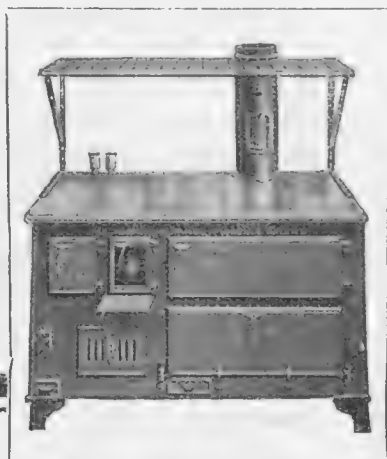
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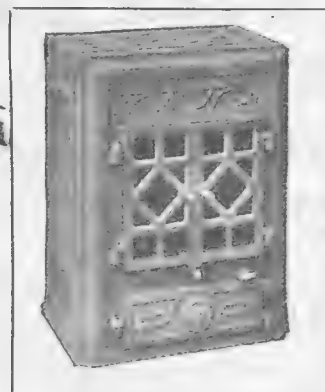
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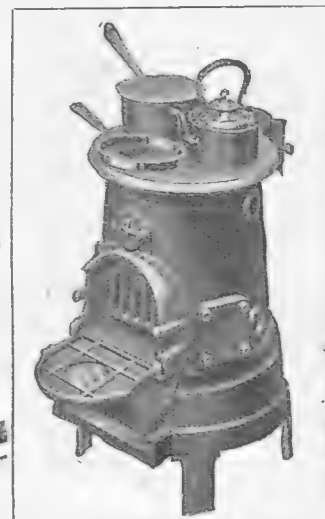
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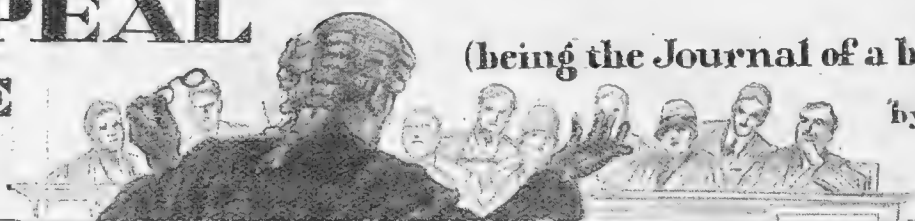
**GLOW-WORM BOILER**

The Glow-Worm Boiler provides an unlimited supply of continuous hot water for Baths and domestic purposes, Radiators and Towel Rail. Has spacious Hot Plate for simple cooking operations. Marvellously economical on fuel.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding K.C.)

by Woolsack.



Fettered Fortunes.

NO, this is not the title of the latest thriller or a penny novelette! It is merely a nutshell description of a proposed piece of new legislation, whereby another shackle is sought to be attached to our age-old liberties.

Extraordinary how those vaunted liberties of ours go on being shackled almost unnoticed. "Free will"—that has been an integral part of an Englishman's faith for centuries. Yet that very doctrine of "free will" is being assailed at the present moment before our eyes.

No one will be free to make whatever will they please—if the Wills and Intestacies (Family Maintenance) Bill is passed by Parliament. No more "cutting off with a penny!" Children can be as unpopular as can be—safe in the knowledge that papa's millions cannot all go to a cats' home when he dies.

According to the provisions of the Bill as it stands now, the position with regard to dependants will be willy-nilly this: A spouse must have a third of the estate (up to a maximum of £2,000 a year), and the children a third of what would be their rights under an intestacy (with a maximum here of £10,000).

There is much to be said in favour of the projected law, of course. Freedom is a splendid thing, but it can be abused. And it isn't altogether fair that a person should be free to work some silly, perverse prejudice to the detriment of his nearest kith and kin. Or that a step-mother, for instance, may prevail upon her husband to disinherit his offspring by the former wife.

A restriction on testamentary powers is a part of French law. And although the French may be all at sea in regard to the law and procedure of murder, when it comes to anything to do with property—well, they do know what they're about then!

The Freedom of the Press.

One would have thought that fetters and shackles had no relation, however, to such things as freedom of trade unions. That a trade union should be brought to book by its members for attempting (so it was alleged) to be too free and easy seems almost Gilbertian.

Yet that is what happened the other day. Two or three members of the National Union of Seamen charged their officials with overstepping themselves. To think of applying the Union's funds for the purpose of assisting the Miners' Non-political Movement was really taking liberties with their liberties!

In the first place, they contended, a "movement" was hardly a "trade union"; in the second place "helping a non-political one" hardly came within the scope of "extending trade union principles."

The Court was not of that opinion. In trade, "union" means "movement"; and *vice versa*. While a non-political motive is as high a "principle" of trade-unionism as a political one.

A Crown Paper.

But the sovereign rights of the new régime meet with a better fate than those of the old. The powers and privileges of trade unions grow ever greater; the powers and privileges of the Crown grow ever smaller.

Yet there is considerable force in the remarks made by Sir Leslie Scott in his recent address to the London School of Economics on Crown Procedure. It cannot be denied that reform in this direction would be to public advantage.

The nature and quality of Crown affairs have changed. No longer are they concerned mainly with the peculiar State of the Realm. Nowadays, the bulk of Crown litigation deals with purely mundane matters. The offices of the State are business offices!

With the immense extension—both in size and in scope—of Government Departments the ancient rites and privileges accorded to them have become anachronisms. Very charming is it to hear of a person proceeding against the Fisheries Board by way of Petition of Right. So redolent of a romantic past. But rather inconvenient, these busy days.

That a Government Department is excused from answering "interrogatories" like an ordinary individual, or from disclosing documents proposed to be used at the trial; that a debtor to the Crown can be cast into prison for non-payment (when the Crown itself has but recently debarred, on the grounds of humanity, that form of punishment among its subjects) sounds delightfully thrilling and, in these democratic times, so deliciously reminiscent of the Divine Right of Kings!

But unnecessarily harsh and illogical, when one comes to examine the character of the average type of case brought by or against the Crown.

The King can do no wrong. Yes, but that cardinal principle of royal immunity was never intended to cover the everyday sins of thousands of workers and servants employed in the multitudinous Government offices and factories of to-day.

And for a person run over by a War Office lorry to have legal claim only against the driver

is a needless distortion or corruption of that principle.

Another Survival.

While we are grouching against the unreasonableness of Crown Rights in general, the Viennese are contesting the merits of one in particular. (One that descends, incidentally, from matters concerning a bygone king of ours.)

The municipality of Vienna is laying claim to the value of a strip of land which represents the ransom moneys paid for the release of Richard Cœur de Lion when he was caught and imprisoned by the Duke of Austria on returning from the Crusades.

Now it appears that these ransom moneys were used in the erection of a grand defensive wall around Vienna. At least, the actual cost of building the wall was borne by that fund. The particular land on which it was built belonged, presumably, to the city.

So that, when in the middle of last century the wall was demolished and public buildings put up in its place, the interesting little point arose as to whose was the value of this now very valuable site!

The Government said it was theirs as they had only changed their wall into buildings. The city said it was theirs because once the wall had disappeared the land that had been beneath it reverted to them.

So far the Government has won. But Vienna continues to fight on for its rights of way!

Sins of the Young.

The criminality of youth these days has a reason. The Marylebone magistrate, at any rate, has been attributing petty larceny among the juveniles to the largeness of wages paid to errand-boys and such. False ideas, he says, are created in their minds—and they resort to crime for the materialisation of those ideas.

Is this truly so? One seems to remember (if only in the pages of Dickens) evidence of petty larcenies on the part of children even in the past when wages were very, very low. And a Home Office pamphlet lately published in connection with the Work of the Children's Branch draws attention to the criminal records of 100 years ago when it was no uncommon thing for a boy of 12 to be sentenced to death for murder and robbery!

Incidentally, Mr. Justice Charles, referring to the number of indecent offences among young persons at the Leeds Assizes, stressed the fact that many of the girl "victims" were willing ones.

That is often too true, alas! Yet the law does not punish these *agents provocateurs*. And it ought, in some way; however young in age they may be. In these days of sex-equality it is only right that blame should be fairly divided.

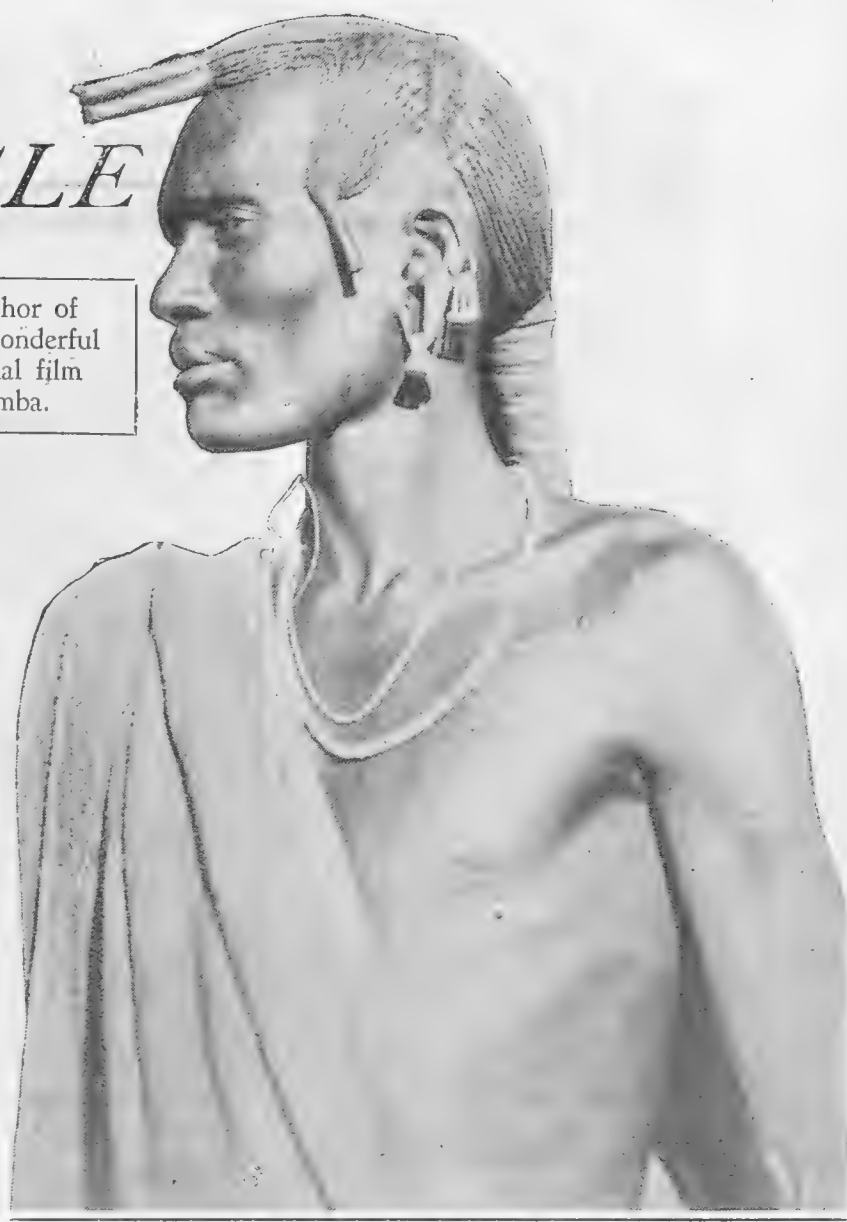


Lord Hewart. The Lord Chief Justice.
An impression by Kapp.

FILMING in the AFRICAN JUNGLE

By MARTIN JOHNSON

Author of
the wonderful
animal film
Simba.



One of the typical natives of the country with picturesque headdress.

AFTER my wife and I had been isolated for a year or two at Lake Paradise, we began to speak of the animals we came into contact with as one at home speaks of his neighbours. For instance, we knew intimately an old baboon of the tribe that lived across the lake. We often watched a certain zebra come to the waterhole. My wife had a pet enemy of a rhinoceros. One old elephant fed regularly at our kitchen garden. And so on.

The Intelligent Baboon.

THE baboon tribe across the lake of which I speak, was a never-ending source of entertainment for us. I cannot say the same for our impression upon them. Every sign they gave indicated that we were looked upon as interlopers against whom "there ought to be a law."

The leading member of this tribe was a wrinkled old patriarch who looked quite a century in age. His temper was altogether uncertain, and he took every occasion of our presence to show it. Time after time we encountered him drinking near the edge of the lake. He did not dare stand there and defy us. His intelligent baboon brain told him that if it ever came to a showdown, we were his superiors. So he always retreated as we approached.

But his retreat was never a servile one. As he humped himself away, he would pause from time to time and revile us with every



Posing for the photographer. The scalp of one of the victims of the jungle.

name in his baboon vocabulary. And while we understood no word of what he uttered, there was no mistaking his tone; he was visiting upon us every curse in his baboon lore. Even his gestures were violent condemnation of our very existence in that forest that had belonged to him and his ancestors for many hundreds of centuries.

Fighting a Leopard.

ANOTHER animal that we came to know more about—though really very little on the whole—was the leopard. We knew, as every traveller in Africa knows, that this animal is of the cat family; that it is a meat eater; that it is dangerous, never hesitating to attack a man; and that it is nearly always about in the lion country.

The reason that the leopard is so little known, springs from the fact that his species is one of the least gregarious of all animals. Lions and elephants and buffalo and zebra and other quadrupeds are inclined to consort with their own kind. They hunt and feed together, and seem to take a real pleasure in the companionship or mutual safety that such gatherings stand for.

But the leopard is self-sufficing. He hunts well, and is very quiet about it. He is usually about camp in the dark hours of the night; but he does not advertise his presence with

(Continued overleaf)

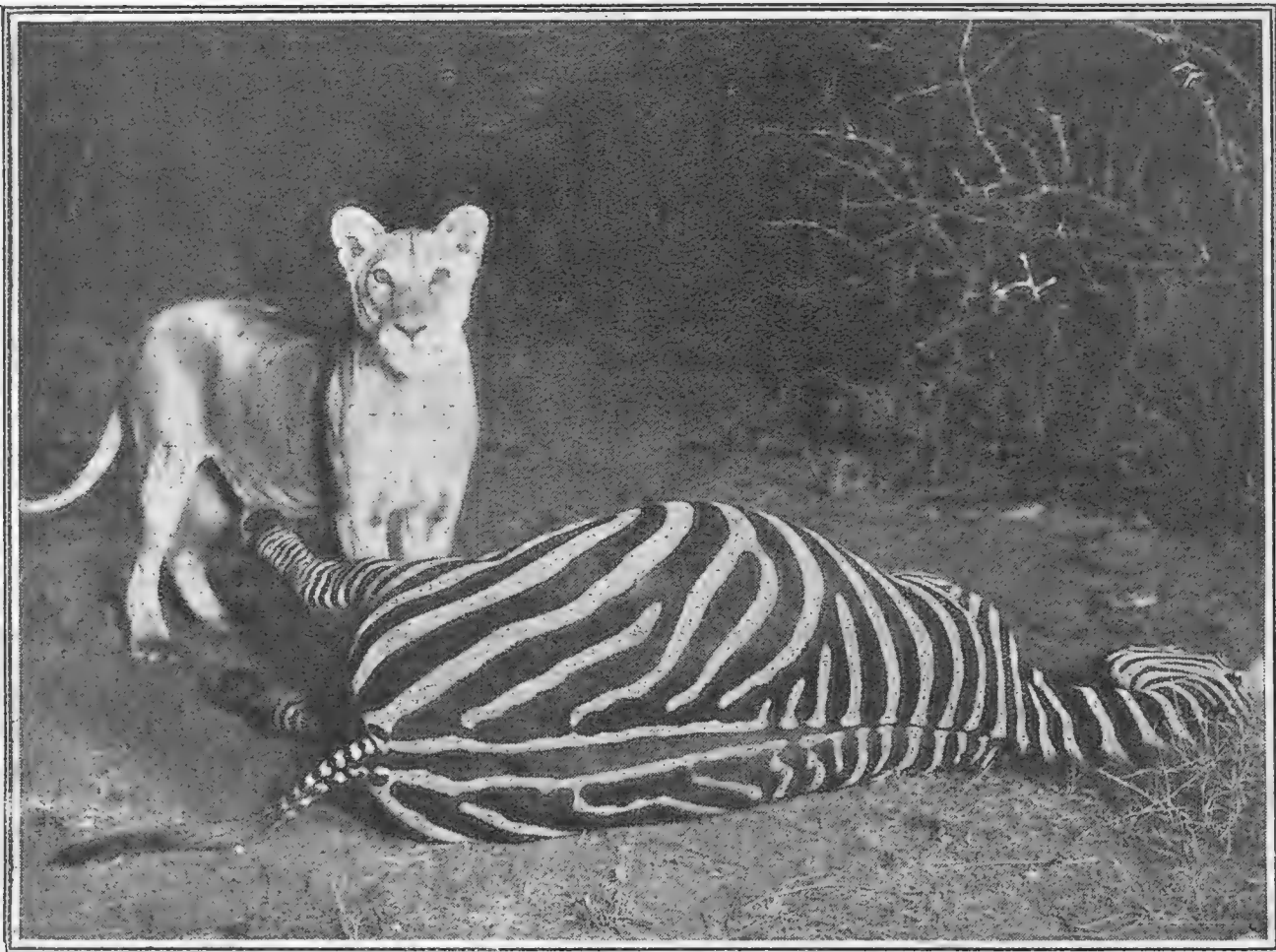
Martin Johnson and his Wife



A happy child of the jungle.



On the right side of the crocodile.

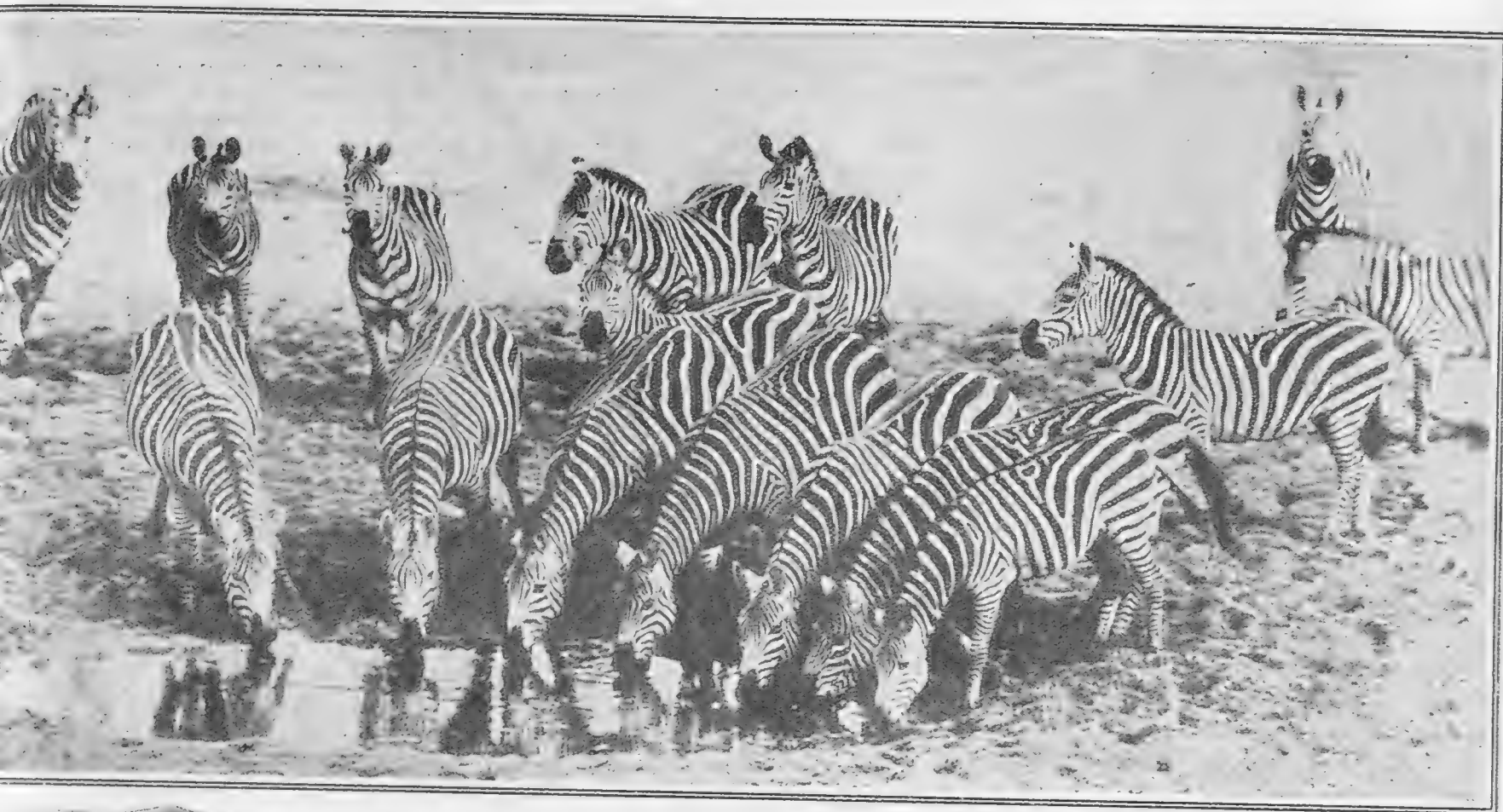


A lioness suddenly surprised at a kill.



His Look

e Filming in the depths of the African Forest



We often watched the zebras come down to the water hole. When quietly drinking at water holes many animals are pounced upon and killed by lions.



ip the Elephant.



The makers and the "takers" of the film.

A FILM THRILL WITH A LION



There was danger she might miss and that she would spoil the picture without improving our safety,

we had near by, and set out at breakneck pace to reach the wounded man. It was a wild ride across one of the roughest parts of the Kenya plains. To my astonishment we met the victim riding our way on a mule. He was swaying dizzily in his saddle. I caught him as he was about to fall. He was a terrible sight to behold.

We promptly got him into the bottom of the truck, and washed his wounds out thoroughly with hot water and permanganate. Then began a long tedious ride across country to a British surgeon whom I knew. Ultimately we got the man into the hands of a missionary surgeon who patched him up. To-day he is alive, but he will bear gruesome marks of that encounter to his grave.

Casual Curiosity.

IN a good many ways, I think our most interesting experiences were with lions.

We had many occasions for seeing the businesslike way in which a lion goes about his hunting. One afternoon we had been photographing some elephants, and were just packing up to return to camp,

when a peculiar object floating down river caught my eye. On going down to investigate, we found that it was a freshly-killed giraffe.

I halted the boys and scanned the giraffe with my glasses, thinking that there might be a lion behind it. As I saw nothing, we advanced. A moment later a fine big black-maned lion jumped up from under a small tree not over thirty-five feet from the giraffe. I knew then that he had eaten his fill, and then, lion fashion had gone to sleep within reach of his kill. He had no fear of any other animal daring to steal from the carcass while he was around; whereas if he had left it, even for an hour, it would have been picked clean by the hyenas and jackals.

How a Lion Kills.

FOR a moment the lion stood facing us defiantly. Then apparently his lethargy from over feeding got the better of him and, his annoyance oozing away, he wandered on up the river bank, looking over his shoulder at us from time to time as if to say: "Oh, go ahead, and have some of my meat if you want it."

Examining the giraffe, we found that the lion had done a most thorough job of killing it. Evidently the awkward giraffe had spread out its legs to drink in a little waterhole a hundred yards away. The lion had jumped on the poor creature's rump while it was in this unprepared position. Sinking his claws into the mottled skin, he had then literally walked forward to the long neck which, by the bloody marks thereon, he seemed to have partly climbed. Finally he sank his teeth into the giraffe's spine just below the small, weak head clear back to the shoulders and held it there. Though there was no sign of a struggle, he must have kept this position for some time, as the neck was bent in almost a complete circle.

This was an interesting discovery to me, because I had always read that one lion could not kill a giraffe. In this case the claw marks were so clearly defined on the creature's back

that there was no doubt that one alone had done the job. We decided that the dead giraffe would make ideal flashlight bait. So I sent back to camp for the apparatus, and had the boys set up the poles necessary for holding the lamps. Also they built a rough blind of thorn bush.

It was dark when we finished. By that time I had decided in just what pose I wanted the lion, and arranged to have the electric button pushed at the right point by whoever was on guard at the time.

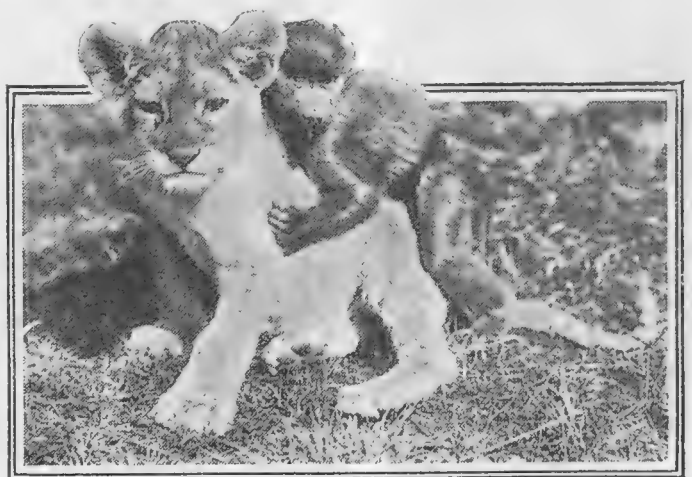
Soon after dusk faded out the animals began to come. Lions roared in the vicinity, but when we flashed the first big shadow that came to the carcass it turned out to be a leopard. Of course, there was a medley of hyenas and jackal all around us awaiting their turn at the feast. Not until next morning, when we had all turned in, did the lion return. I found him after breakfast hard at work on the giraffe, his head buried in the stomach of the dead animal. Apparently he had just finished his repast, for once more he made off with no great concern at our efforts to take his picture.

A Film Thrill.

OUR encounters with lions were not always so tame. Once my wife was beside me with the gun while I cranked away at a lion we had apparently disturbed in his hunting. That he was thoroughly angry was evidenced by the way his long tail switched about in the grass. However, he could not at once make up his mind whether to charge or to leave us alone; which, of course, was just what I wanted, for it gave me an ideal chance to make my pictures.

Then, abruptly, the fellow decided to come for us. The charge was no half-way measure, nor was it the slinking run characteristic of the leopard. It was a full-fledged galloping attack that carried the big beast toward us almost faster than the eye could follow. I cranked away for dear life, because I had faith in my wife's marksmanship. But it was no comfort to see the express train speed with which the enemy hurtled our way. My wife had her rifle to her shoulder from the first moment the lion started to charge, but she did not fire too soon. There was danger she might miss; also there was considerable chance that she would spoil my picture without improving our safety.

Her first shot staggered but did not perceptibly slow the lion. Courageously she stood her ground, and fired again when he was not over two jumps away. So close was he, in fact, that when he rolled over at her last shot I could have reached over and touched him with my foot.



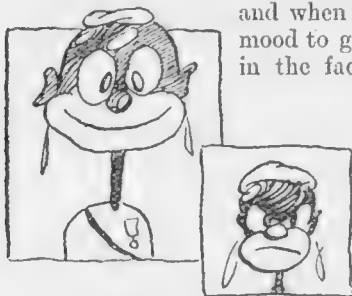
A baboon at friendly grips with a young lion.

BRIGHTER THOUGHTS.

THIS WEEK'S DISTINGUISHED VISITOR:
THE BOOZ OF WANGLE.
(See Illustration.)

THE Booz of Wangle arrived in London last night with 14 wives and one suit case. The purpose of his visit is to secure the permission of the Government to have less wives and more suit cases.

His son is being educated at Dartmoor. The smaller picture is of his chief wife, Ellovabooza. She is said to have a filthy temper, and when in this mood to go black in the face.



The Booz of Wangle.

Can You Answer These?

1. What is a Geflukerpush?
2. Give the meaning of the French expression, La, la!
3. Who started the idea that Gladstone said something in 1840?
4. Give the dates upon which there was no revolution in Portugal.
5. Can anything be done about Epstein?
6. Are shrimps glympfobloofic? If not, who is?

This is Mr. Alf Boggins, who died at the age of 173. He smoked all day and drank what he darned well pleased.

Last week I had a letter from a correspondent asking me the shortest route (I call it "root" and not "rowt") from Land's End to John o' Groats.

The answer is, of course, as the crow flies, if you know how that is. But it's longer in the end and you get frightfully dirty. The best way is to stroll leisurely until you get to the Norfolk Broads and then bear left up a lot of silly hills.

A lady in Wales has just reached the age of 102. I am writing to ask her to which of the two conventional methods of life she ascribes her old age.



Mr. Always-Sideways,

at the age of 174. He was a total abstainer and an infernal nuisance.

It only shows.

Last night I dined with Lord Snuffington. Poor old Snuff, what an insufferable bore he is. Why doesn't he go into politics? We spent hours looking at his collection of newts. Did you know he collected them?

I always newt.

England have lost some wickets, so I hear. But surely they can get some locally? I mean it's too futile to be so easily stumped.

"The Supreme Being."

It all happened in the North of Ireland, where political passions are highly developed, even in the young idea. A tense feeling spread over the elementary school as the visit of the Government inspector was announced, and Form II was ranged up in serried ranks as the Great Man appeared.

Soon he turned to his first victim.

"Tell me, little man," he said, "who is the Supreme Being?"

"Carson, Sir."

"Tutt, tutt," exclaimed the Inspector, as he turned to the second boy.

"Who do you regard as the Supreme Being?"

"Carson, Sir," replied No. 2.

"Disgraceful!" muttered the Inspector as he addressed No. 3.

"Can't you tell me who is the Supreme Being?"

"God, Sir."

"Of course!" declared the G.M. as he turned away.

And when the Great Man was out of ear-shot, Boy No. 2 turned to Boy No. 3 and hissed in his ear:—

"You wait till we get you outside, you dirty little Sinn Feiner, you."



Mr. Alf Boggins,

Either she never touched alcohol, went to bed early and got up and had a cold bath at 6 a.m., or she drank like a fish and never went to bed before midnight.

This is Mr. Always-Sideways, who has created quite a sensation in bathing circles by breaking the ice at the London Ice Club and having a dip in the middle of the curling rink.

We read of the extraordinary case of a "Southern" train being held up by a cow.

It's all very well to blame it on to the cow, but in any case it is by no means the first instance of animal sagacity. Only last week we saw a film in which an elephant raised a trunk.

Here is Mr. Bert Bunglesnitch, of Hornsey, who died



Mr. Bert Bunglesnitch

TWO LITTLE TALES.

The Widder Murphy.

Down in the South of Scotland, where they are concerned about the extent of the Irish invasion, a party of Hibernian labourers were working in a quarry when a huge boulder dropped on Pat Murphy's head and ended his sphere of usefulness.

Carefully the unfortunate casualty was laid out upon a shutter, and the foreman addressed his willing helpers somewhat as follows:—

"Ye'll take the body hame, Tim O'Donovan, but mind ye break the sad news gently to the wife. Break it verra gently."

So the mournful procession set off, and in due course reached the Murphy homestead. O'Donovan hammered briskly on the door.

"What ails ye?" shouted Mrs. Murphy from within.

"Is the widder Murphy in?" asked Tim.

"I'm not the widder Murphy," yelled back the lady.

"Are ye not?" said Tim. "Are ye not? Be jabbers, come out and see fer yerself."

"Women," says a distinguished writer, "have taught me most things I know."

How odd.

They've taught me most things I didn't.

Smiling lips may reveal clean, white teeth—BUT..



Even when smiling lips reveal teeth of flashing whiteness, Pyorrhoea may be launching its attack. White teeth are not the pledge of security. Gums must be kept firm, alive and healthy. Unaware of this, 4 persons out of 5 over forty, and thousands younger, surrender health to Pyorrhoea.

By following a simple régime, you can safeguard health and teeth. See your dentist every six months, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer Forhan's For the Gums. It

protects the teeth from acids which cause decay, and keeps gums firm, helping them to resist Pyorrhoea. Don't wait for the gums to bleed and teeth to loosen in their sockets. Start using Forhan's For the Gums, morning and night, and teach your children this good habit.

Make This 10 Day Test
Lazy gums invite trouble. Exercise them with Forhan's For the Gums. Morning and night massage gums with Forhan's For the Gums, following directions that come with tube.



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More than a tooth paste . . . it checks Pyorrhoea

WEAR and TEAR on RADIO SETS

BY ROBERT W. BEARE

SEVERAL times lately I have been asked why it is that a portable radio set does not "last" so long as a more bulky home receiver. If by "last" merely deterioration of performance is meant, the answer is easy—because, in order to secure portability, relatively small accumulators and high tension batteries are used, and with four or five valves the demand, especially on the dry batteries, is somewhat high. They cannot, therefore, be expected to "last" so long as the bulkier articles which can be used where space and weight do not matter.

But there seems to be a somewhat widespread idea that the set itself is liable to wear out in some way, and I cannot for the life of me imagine why, unless a considerable number of widely separated people have had unfortunate experience with some badly made set—either portable or otherwise. This seems rather unlikely, since the apparatus likely to be sold far and wide in this way is of well-known make; and I can safely say that of all the reputable brands which I have tested I do not know of one in which there was any skimping of workmanship or material, or any other factor likely to shorten life.

The fact of the matter is that the life of a wireless set is almost unlimited. The only parts which wear are the valves and batteries, which everyone knows must be replaced from time to time; and the variable condensers and their slow motion dials. As these last mentioned components are made nowadays, however, there is little reason to suppose that they will become unserviceable under a long period of years; and even if they did, they are still replaceable at comparatively small cost. With these reservations, therefore, the life of a wireless set depends—as does that of a motor-car, to a large extent—upon fashion.

The time comes when the owner feels that he would like something more up-to-date in appearance or performance, and that is the end of the old set. I am frequently asked, by the way, the best means of disposing of such apparatus, and I have to answer frankly that I don't know. There is, unfortunately, very little value to antiquated radio apparatus, and while some wireless dealer might consider taking it in part exchange, in consideration of a fairly valuable purchase of new material, it is better mentally to write it off as a dead loss. The depreciation question, anyway, is not so very serious, compared with what many of us have to face in disposing of a motor-car.

"What is the Matter?"

But the best of sets, even though it is not likely to wear out, is subject to small derangements, and judging by the number of queries which I receive—"My set won't work. Can you please suggest what is the matter with it?"—there must be a large number of radio users who are completely at sea when anything does go wrong. So far as the set itself is concerned, sometimes a condenser dial will work loose, so that turning the knob has no effect upon the tuning. The remedy is to tighten up the set screw which holds the dial on the shaft of the condenser. Or constant removal of valves or coils may cause the contact to become faulty.

The same applies to the wander plugs used for making the tappings in high tension and grid bias batteries. It is a simple matter to open up the slit end of the plug, or to enlarge the leg of the valve so that a firm contact is made, and it is just as well to run over all these things occasionally, before the advent of trouble. Perhaps the worst fault that can

arise in a radio set, because it is so difficult to trace to its source, is a faulty soldered joint. To all appearance every joint is firm and sound, and yet the set is silent, or else produces inexplicable grating noises each time it is touched. If such a fault is suspected, one can only go over each wire, moving it gently but firmly until the bad joint gives way under the treatment. Resoldering will then put matters right.

Similar grating noises sometimes occur when tuning in, the fault being invariably due to the tuning condensers. Possibly it is nothing worse than dust and fluff which has settled on the plates of the condenser owing to the lid of the set having been left open, in which case it is not difficult, though perhaps a little tedious, to



Marconiphone Super-Eight.
"So simple, even a child can work it."

remove the "matter in the wrong place"—otherwise, dirt—with a feather. If, however, the grating noise is caused through the moving plates touching the fixed ones with which they engage, the matter is more serious. It may as well be accepted at once that it is next to impossible to bend the moving plates so that they clear. There are only two alternatives—either scrap the condenser and replace it with a new one, or send it back to the makers for attention. Since a perfectly good variable condenser can now be purchased for as little as five shillings, the quickest and best thing to do is to buy another one. Fortunately, they do not often get out of order.

A word of warning is necessary in regard to the reaction condenser. In many circuits the result of contact between the fixed and moving plates is to short circuit the high tension battery, and in some cases the valve filaments may be

included in the circuit. A separate fixed condenser in which such a short cannot occur should be wired up in series with the variable, as a protection, but it very often is not. If the plates do touch, therefore, the damage, so far as the valves are concerned, is probably done, unless a small flash lamp fuse is fitted, before one can take any precautions, but if the worst has not happened it is advisable to release the contact immediately, and to refrain from fiddling further with the condenser until the high tension current is switched off, for the sake of the batteries themselves.

The Flash Lamp Fuse.

In this connection it is a good plan to examine the set and make sure whether or not the little fixed condenser is fitted—and, if not, to insert one. The wiring of the reaction condenser goes from one set of plates to the anode terminal of the detector valve, and from the other set of plates to the end of the reaction coil. If the wiring can be followed through, as I have stated it, our safety valve is non-existent, and it is simply a matter of cutting the wire between reaction coil and condenser and connecting up a "three-o's three" fixed condenser in the gap. So far as the flash lamp fuse is concerned, this is equally easy. Wander plugs in the form of a bulb holder can be cheaply purchased. They are used as the negative plug, and, when connected to the negative flex between set and battery, establish the connection in the ordinary way. The reason why they act as a fuse is that although a high voltage is taken from the H.T. battery, the current demand is very small, and the filament of the flash lamp is sufficiently strong to pass that current.

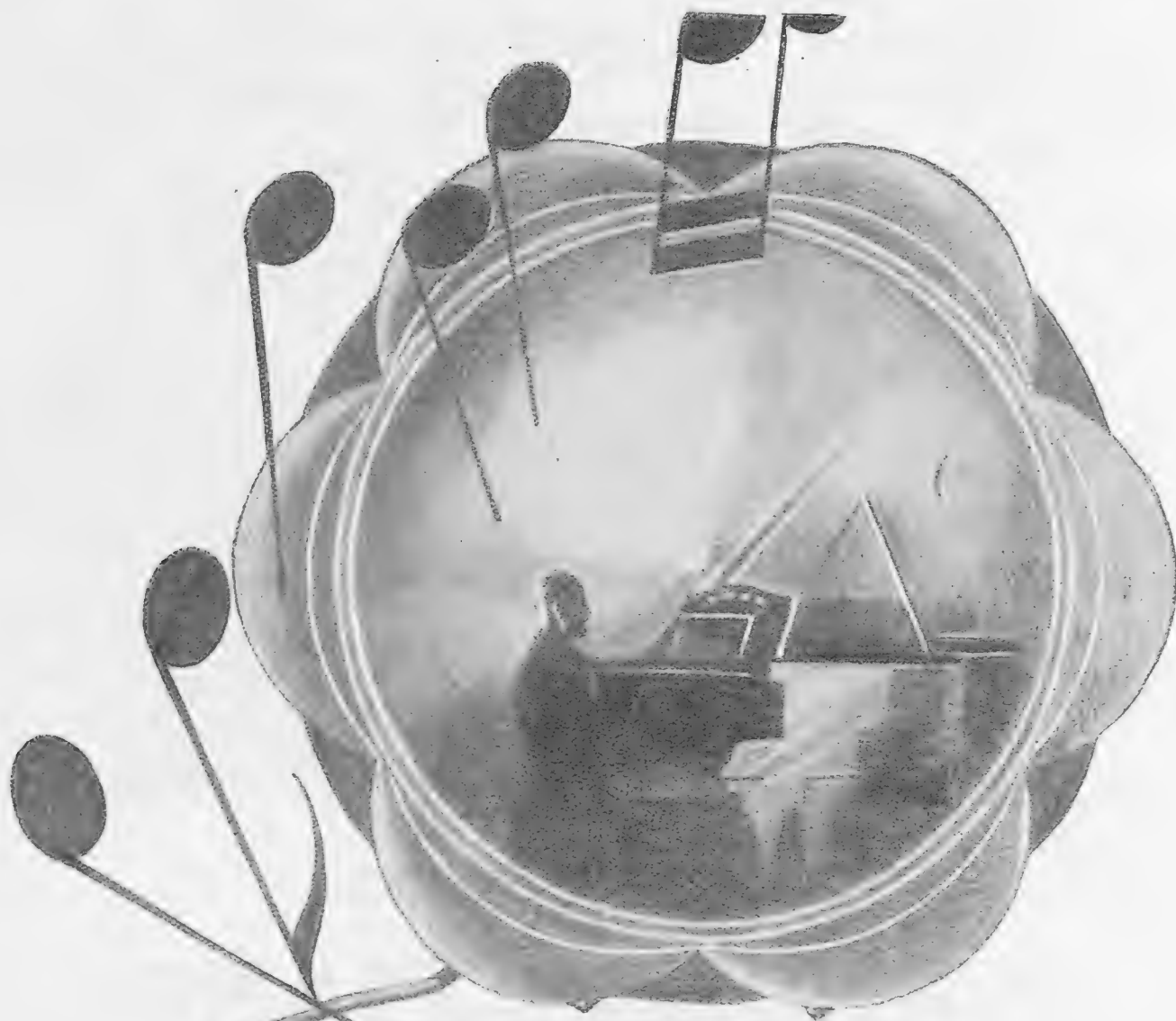
Immediately an accident happens which would involve the burning out of the filaments of the valves, however, the flow of current increases to such an extent that the flash lamp filament blows before the valves are damaged. And when this happens, do not replace the burnt-out bulb in its holder with a wad of silver paper unless the fault is traced and remedied first.

Varied Programmes.

One of the best days of broadcasting we have had for a long time was that which was put over from 2LO on Tuesday last, when proceedings began with the impressive ceremony of the enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Canterbury Cathedral. Ceremonies such as this are a part of the tradition of England, and it is as well that everyone should realise their solemnity and historic significance—which is rendered possible only by radio.

In the evening, two of W. W. Jacob's plays, "The Grey Parrot" and "The Monkey's Paw" were broadcast; and again the transmission was one of the most successful radio dramatisations that we have had, more particularly in the case of the last-mentioned play.

There seems to be a tendency to cater for the sensational and weird, and all too often the effect has been dependent on atmosphere, the temperament of the listeners, and such meticulous matters as the lowering of light. In "The Monkey's Paw," however, the effect was gained without outside aid, and lay entirely in the actual words and manner of the players. Doubt has been expressed in various quarters as to whether it is possible to devise and transmit a play, especially of this variety, which can be wholly successful, since it is not possible to arrange atmosphere on reception, even though every precaution can be taken at the transmitting end. But "The Monkey's Paw" is a sufficient answer to such criticism.



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A PERMANENT ORCHESTRA

By A. KALISCH



The first Violin. By Kapp.

A Retrospect.

THE time has now come for a brief meditation on the music season which has just finished; there are not many concerts left before the Christmas lull. The day for what one of my first Editors used to call a three-decker, with statistics complete, and everything nice about it, has gone by; but there are a few things that may be said.

It has been a very hectic ten weeks, with an average amount of interesting music which suggests both serious and flippant reflections. I will proceed to reflect.

Orchestral Salaries.

At the time of writing every musical person one meets talks about the prospects of a permanent orchestra, but nothing definite is known, except that Sir Thomas Beecham and the British Broadcasting Corporation have combined to create a permanent body of orchestral players which will supply a great part of the needs of Central London, perhaps of Greater London, too, and of the whole of Southern England. The Royal Philharmonic Society is said to be the third party to the arrangement.

It is commonly rumoured that the British Broadcasting Corporation has for some time past been making offers to orchestral players of salaries equalling those of Cabinet Ministers, and that they are refusing to accept these offers, as they prefer what they are pleased to call their freedom, which means, I suppose, freedom to send deputies and accept engagements elsewhere. I presume the orchestral players know their own business best and know as others cannot know where the shoe pinches, but it seems as if this "freedom" is not unlikely to degenerate into what the old philosophers called the absolute freedom of the wild ass.

An Irrelevant Consideration.

I have often wondered why Greater London is orchestrally such a howling wilderness; it should be possible to get audiences for good orchestral concerts in the outer suburbs, which have a population of large provincial cities, but

apparently it cannot be done. I have an uneasy suspicion that this is largely due to a feeling, which I think one must call snobbery, that concerts beyond the five-mile radius must be inferior to those within half-a-mile of Oxford Circus.

Of course, not every suburb has a suitable concert hall, but a great many have; but people seem to prefer the trouble and expense of coming into London to listening to music at their own doors. Possibly some melancholy experiences of unrehearsed local orchestras have produced this attitude of mind; but, perhaps the new orchestra may provide a remedy. But, after all, until we hear some-

thing definite from the oracles of Savoy Hill, all speculations are like chimeras, combining in the void; and to discuss questions which may or may not arise in connection with them serves as good a purpose as to consider whether ten thousand angels can dance on the point of a pin.

One feature of the autumn's music has impressed itself very much on my mind. The afternoon recital is definitely losing popularity; the concert halls have more often than has been the case for many years been deserted between the hours of 3 and 5. On the other hand, the recital at 5 o'clock or 5.30 is slowly but surely gaining in popularity, probably because that hour gives business men a chance of concert-going.

Another interesting feature of the music making of the last few months is the growth of what may be called semi-public concert-giving institutions which depend largely on subscriptions. There is the society which meets occasionally in the catacombs of Tufton Street, Westminster; there is the new society which gives concerts at 9 p.m. at one of the hotels in Piccadilly; and there are several of the same kind, either actually functioning or about to be formed.

The Old Institutions.

The principal regular musical institutions have been going on as before with varying fortunes. The Royal Philharmonic Society, which has just lost its invaluable honorary secretary, owing to ill-health, is pursuing the even tenor of its way, and is this year relying wholly on native conductors, and the London Symphony Orchestra has had some native musicians in charge of its concerts. The largest audiences, however, have been drawn by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which gave three concerts, all of which were sold out.

The concerts of the Lener Quartet, which is

playing more beautifully than ever, has not succeeded in filling the Queen's Hall as well as it did a year or two ago, but its audiences would have filled any other London concert hall twice over, which shows that musical London's greatest need is a concert hall which will hold 1,200 to 1,500 people, and here I would remark incidentally that the huge black screen which is used on the Queen's Hall platform when audiences are not very large is needlessly lugubrious. It surely does not pass the wit of man to devise something a little more cheerful, which yet need not interfere with the colour scheme of the dresses of lady artists.

The Albert Hall Sunday concerts have had varying fortunes, and have produced a surprise in the shape of a packed house when the Cortot Thibaud Casals Trio played. The orchestral concerts given by the B.B.C. have definitely replaced the concerts of the Queen's Hall Orchestra and taken their place in the musical life of London. They have drawn very large audiences, which have differed very largely in character from those seen at other orchestral concerts. They seemed to be very serious audiences, to a great extent made up of people to whom concert-going is a novel experience, which is all to the good. It has given us Professor Bantock's "Pilgrim's Progress," which is one of the three important novelties heard in London since September.

Of New Music.

We have indeed heard much less new music than is usual at this time of year. One can only recall two other compositions which are likely to be even nine days' wonders. One is the Piano Concerto of Medtner, which he, himself, played at the Philharmonic Concert, and the other is the Symphony of the Swedish composer, Kurt Atterburg, which won the



Madame d'Alvarez, perhaps the most dramatic contralto of her day who, in spite of her name, is a native of Liverpool. An impression by Kapp.

prize of £2,000 in the competition organised by the Columbia Co. in honour of the Schubert Centenary.

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OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED BY

EVERY regular reader is invited to make full use of Britannia's Service Department which I am personally directing. In order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of this Service should enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their enquiries.



JULIA CAIRNS

ALL letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and envelopes should be marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," "Fashion," etc., according to the nature of the enquiry enclosed.

EVER since the first issue of BRITANNIA, when I endeavoured to outline to its readers what the general policy of the Women's Section was going to be . . . ever since I put forward the one definite aim of achieving, through my exclusive Service Department, a direct, personal contact with each reader . . . correspondence has been pouring in from every corner of the country, seeking information on every conceivable subject of interest to women.

MY suggestions that there might be many who would be only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring, by post, free authentic information on all matters of furnishing, refurnishing and equipping . . . that, maybe, quite a number would welcome helpful advice concerning the interior decorations of their homes . . . that such subjects as Domestic Architecture, Gardening, Heating, Lighting, Cooking, Electrical Appliances, Gas, Coal, Anthracite, Oil, Refrigerators, Suction Cleaners, Laundry Equipment, and even the lesser labour-saving gadgets were very near to the heart of the discerning housewife of to-day (so near, in fact, that the final choice does become almost bewildering) and is such that my Service Department would willingly advise any readers of BRITANNIA to make the better choice . . . my suggestions, I repeat, have proved to be right.

WOMEN are interested in their homes to-day. I will go further. Women do realise what a vital part the home plays in the life of the community in general. If it were not so, it would be impossible to account for the many interesting and intelligent inquiries that I have already received, pertaining to this subject.

IT is rather interesting, in passing, to review, briefly, the nature of the enquiries which have been dealt with by this Service Department up to the beginning of December. By dividing them into four main headings, Home, Beauty, Fashion and General, the enquiries relative to the Home are somewhat in excess of any of the others. They comprise approximately 40 per cent., Fashion and Beauty are about equal, claiming, approximately, 15 per cent. each, while General enquiries, many of which seek advice on the subject of careers, constitute round about 30 per cent.

While, on the face of it, Home does, most definitely, top the list, it must be remembered that this is a very wide subject, embracing Domestic Architecture, Gardening, Furnishing,

Our Service

THE PERSONAL FACTOR

By

Julia Cairns

Colour Schemes, Domestic Science, Cookery, and Children, and it is for this reason that each reader is asked, when writing for advice, to indicate on the outside of the envelope to which section the enquiry relates.

Again, while this Service Department is desirous of going all out to help each individual reader, there is another point to be considered. You see, the reader is helping the Editorial Department, also, for these enquiries do most definitely show, to some extent, what subjects are most popular with women to-day and, from this, we are largely able to take our cue when planning our editorial pages.

AND now I look forward to receiving more and more enquiries, while, for those new readers who, maybe, did not see my article in the first issue of BRITANNIA, may I repeat that I and my staff of experts are ready to help you in every possible way. All we ask is that you, for your part, will write, stating as clearly and briefly as possible precisely what your requirements are. For instance, if it is a case of partially refurnishing, tell me what pieces you wish to retain, in order that I may be able to tell you what pieces will fit in most happily. Or, should you require new curtains or loose covers, it is imperative that I know the general character and colouring of the room in question before advising you.

AND while we women love our homes, love our gardens, love our little ones . . . happily we do not cease to be women. Do not forego the feminine, do we? Whether we are twenty or sixty, we still revel in the satisfaction of a well-chosen gown . . . are still aware

of the *chic* (and economy) of a perfectly cut tailor-made . . . still appreciate the indefinable "something" about just the *right* hat! But there are occasions, aren't there, when many would give anything for just a timely word of advice? Whether this or that would be the wiser choice . . . if so, and so would be correct in view of such and such a thing . . . and so on.

HERE, again, this Service Department, is helping many, many readers, and, here again, it wants to help you. That is, of course, if you need its help. I and my staff of experts are in daily touch with all the leading firms, and also with the quiet, out-of-the-way little places, which so frequently sponsor the "something" with "just a little difference." At the same time, remember that we are also in behind the scenes, knowing well in advance the secret of Fashion's coming moods.

SIMILARLY, too, I want each woman reader to make full use of the free beauty advice which the Service Department extends to all its readers. Whatever your problem may be, as regular readers of BRITANNIA, you are entitled to take the fullest advantage. You have only to write. I will help you. And, knowing this, the Service Department will forward you information which will help you in your own specific problems. This is a point I wish to stress very strongly.

THE whole aim and object of this Service Department is to give to each individual exactly the information or advice which her particular query demands. It definitely does not set out with the idea that one letter will meet the requirements of a hundred queries. On the contrary, I know, from practical experience, that hardly, if ever, are two problems in a thousand identical. Each is a problem in itself. Each needs individual solution and, through the Julia Cairns Service Department, each reader may be assured of that essential individual attention.

AT the moment, it is not possible for me to tell you anything *specifically*, but just one whisper . . . owing to the phenomenal success of this Service Department up to date, there are plans on foot for the enlargement of the whole idea. . . BRITANNIA started out to render free postal service to each reader. Who knows what further development may not arise . . . and quite soon?

TOYS

for the little people

SMALL Folk will love the Carina Dolls for they have real personality and will become members of the family at once. Haven't they lovely clothes too, that can be taken off and put on, and every bit as fashionable as those of their owners? See one on the left all ready for her walk. You can buy her at prices that range from 8/- to 27/6.



THE tiniest member of the Carina Family is the Imp Doll 5/-. Note her on the right making friends with an artificial silk Teddy. In this material he is a healthy companion as well as a jolly one and costs 9/-.



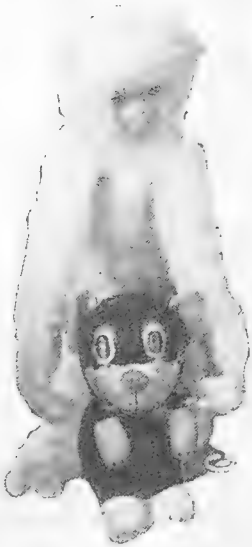
THE Bambetta Doll on the right has the loveliest real hair among her other attractions. And isn't her Party Frock pretty? You can choose her in a large variety of costumes and in three sizes from 10/- to 15/-.



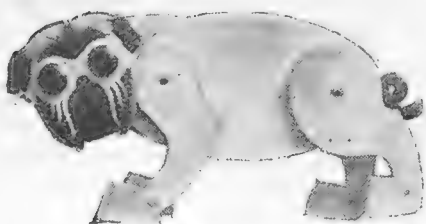
THE sweet little doll on the left is made in four sizes ranging in price from 4/- to 7/6. Her coat is fur-trimmed and her tiny shoes are made of real leather. She is accompanied by a Lucy Atwell dog "Snuggins," all woolly and so soft. Snuggins costs from 3/- to 15/-.



EVERYONE will remember Bimbo from the film "Chang"—he is quite the prettiest of monkeys, being of white fur, and costs 10/6. See him with Mr. Studdy's new creation, a sort of brother to Bonzo. Bonzo is yours for 5/- and upwards.



WHICH will you have—a wooden-jointed dog whose fierce aspect is calculated to keep away cats and other burglars (7/6)—a Llama, made of gaily-coloured cloth (10/6), or a realistic poodle and a gallant gee-gee at from 5/6?





HERE is a ready-made family that are obviously good walkers and will make the Nursery People's outings the cheeriest of affairs. Each set (and there are quite a number) cost from 15/- upwards. They have real hair and the most life-like of eyes.

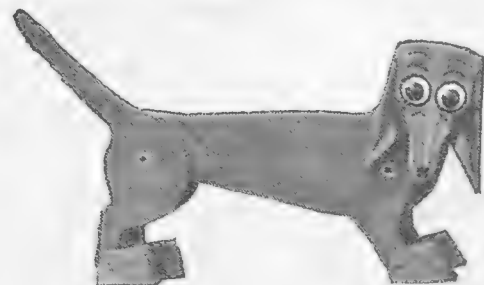


THE Bunny with very long ears can be bought in all sizes from 5/11 upwards. With it is a "Princess Doll" (20/-) with a hat and coat of purple plush trimmed with white swansdown. In the cart (7/3) can also be seen the very wise-looking stork which is a very good proposition at - - 4/11.



BEAR in mind, with a view to the Children's health, that all the toys shown on these pages are made in accordance with the requirements of the Institute of Health—including the cute little wire-haired terrier above, he is made in two sizes at 5/- and 7/6.

EVERY child's Menagerie should include this Xmas an orange and violet stuffed camel. He is to be seen below in the centre at 12/11. His two companions, Mr. Monkey and Mr. Dachshund, who look so very knowing and cost from 3/-, are made of wool.





Thanks to the "ESSSE"?

"Yes, thanks to the "ESSSE"! I grant you, old man, the cooking was good, but the best of cooking goes unappreciated unless the dining room is comfortably warm as only the continuous heat of an "ESSSE" can make it.

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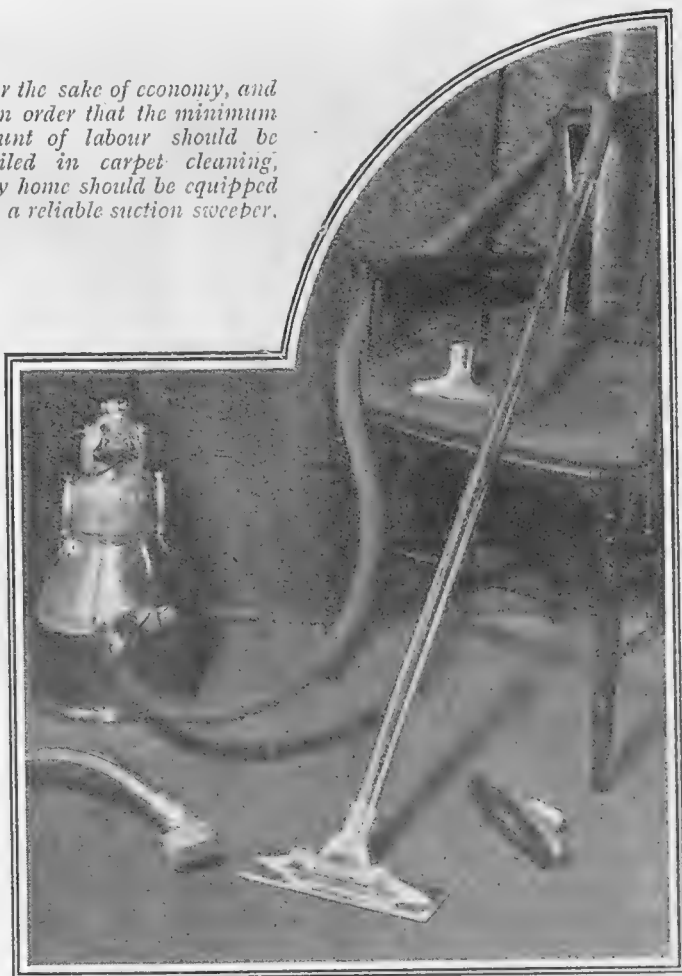
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A GOOD vacuum cleaner is an asset in the home of to-day—that is, if the much-cherished Wilton and the inexpensive haircord are to live their longest lives. Every really thinking housewife agrees that there are untold advantages in being able to clean one's carpet just at whatever time is most convenient to oneself, and that actually in the house. Yes, all things taken into account, it is a remarkably inexpensive consideration.

BUT, would you believe it, there is now another advantage to add to the list of arguments for the up-to-date vacuum cleaner—another use to which it may be put, and one which every woman with an eye to economy (and personal charm) will applaud. For, by quite a simple adjustment the blowing power of the cleaner can be used instead of the suction power thus enabling you to dry your hair in absolute comfort, without the slightest effort on your part. All you have to do is to place the cleaner near the fire to warm the air, then wait while your hair dries.

J.R.

With the aid of the modern vacuum cleaner, you can even dry your hair in comfort.



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ANTHRACITE to bid you WELCOME

By MARJORIE DAY

WHAT are you thinking of—I wonder? Of home, maybe. Because you are tired and even the pleasure of shopping and that delightfully "Christmassy" atmosphere which pervades the streets at this time of the year have waned since this morning. But you are home now, sipping a much needed cup of fragrant tea, and enjoying a lazy hour by the fireside. And talking of the fireside, there is that all-important question of coal to be considered. The large fires, which you love, have a way of resulting in large bills, and, of course, the unfortunate thing is that if you try to economise, there is usually the accompanying inefficiency of heat. Small and few fires are not going to compensate for the biting coldness of mid-winter. If this is the case have you ever considered the idea of finding a fuel which will go further than that which you have been using, and yet will supply the maximum amount of heat.

IF not, I think it would be well worth your while to study the slow-burning and intense heating propensities of anthracite coal, which is specially prepared with a view to economical burning. Although the price is somewhat higher, it has been proved by practical tests that it will go very much further. Of course, there are different types of anthracite stoves, the closed ones being perhaps the best known. But for those of us who do not wish to part with the friendly glow of an open fire, there is something practically half-way between the open grate and the closed stove. This is a stove where the fire can be opened up, and although there is a certain amount of heat wasted through encircling flues not being used, it is still far more economical than the open coal fire.

AGAIN, take for example, the kitchen range, which will burn continuously night and day, thus obviating the trouble of cleaning and relighting, and, of course, at the same time you will have the joy of constant hot water.



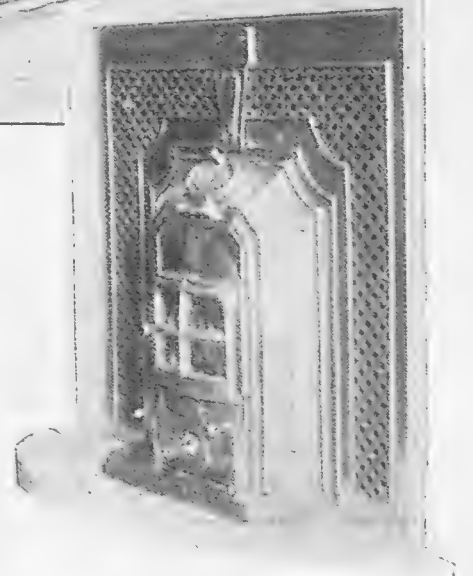
THIS is a delightful model of a well-known anthracite fire which is used in the lounge. It ensures an even temperature and obviates the constant cleaning and re-lighting of the grate.

IN this type of stove there is no need to bid farewell to the open fire, for it can be used either open or shut, although, if the latter, there is bound to be a certain amount of the heat wasted.

BELOW, is quite a trustworthy friend. If a stove of this type is fitted into the hall, your house will be warmed throughout by its continuous heat.

There is another model, too, an ordinary open fire which burns anthracite but is fitted with a boiler at the back which supplies the house with hot water. This type is very popular for the smaller house.

AWORD as to the actual anthracite coal. It may interest you to know that it is specially prepared at the collieries by breaking and screening to the actual sizes required for the various purposes, and then all particles of dust are removed by washing. It is thus quite easy to see that the "slack" which in other coals usually means "waste" is eliminated entirely, and, moreover, it obviates the many dangers of a smoke-laden atmosphere.





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Send to-day for free booklet.

Dear Madam Eve,

"I feel you must know at once what my friends said last night—most complimentary—said that I looked so much better, my face jatter, and that it was most becoming. I do feel grateful to you, as it is only a month since I started the exercises. The vertical lines between eyes have disappeared, and my face has filled out wonderfully."

Yours truly, —A.J.

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widths.

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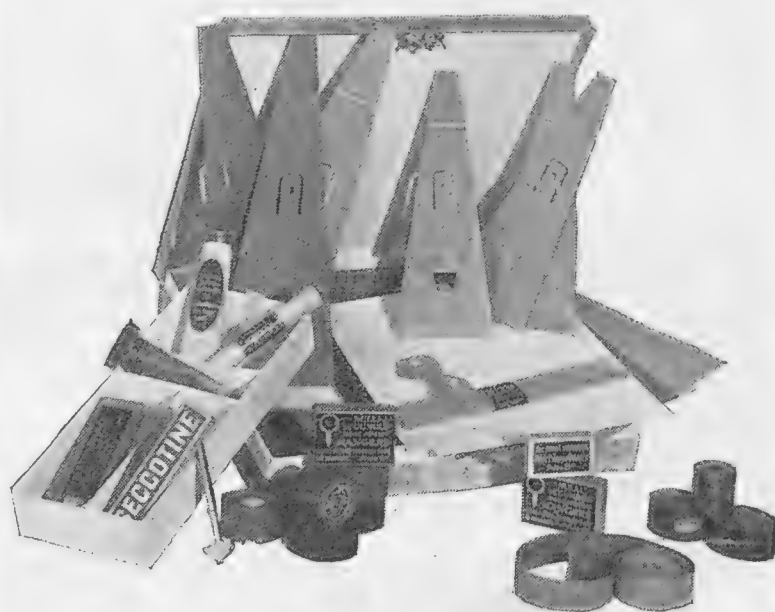


FRAMING for EFFECT

YOUR pictures are a key to your own good taste, and if you will let them, they will add much to the success of your room—especially when chosen, quite apart from their own merit, with a view to the other decorations. The etching, for example, seems, somehow, far more at home in the simple oak-panelled dining-room than in the lounge. And, in the same way, lacquer furniture almost asks for Japanese prints.

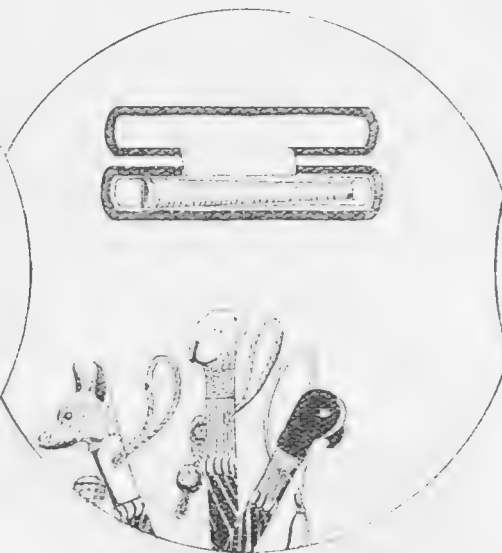
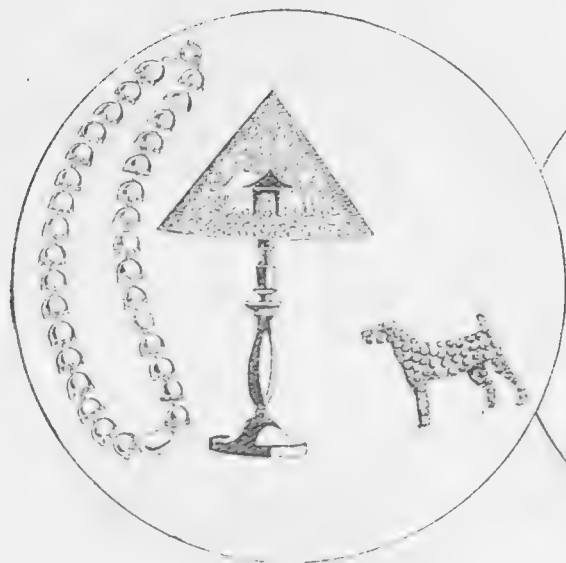
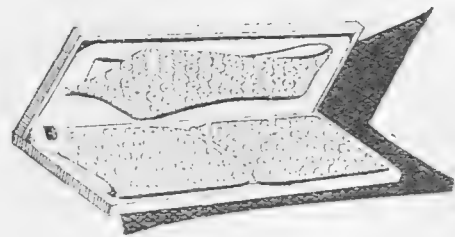
So much, too, depends upon the frames—and, quite often, a proportionate amount upon one's purse. But have you ever considered the possibilities of *Passe-Partout*—its inexpensiveness, when compared with the usual price of framing, and the scope offered in its many colours? Besides being made in different tones of brown, blue, grey and many other shades, a variety of fancy bindings may now be obtained, and it is also made in strips of imitation walnut, which can, by special application, be made to look exactly like a wooden frame.

ALL-important, too, is the fact that you can, yourself, when equipped with a *Passe-Partout* outfit, frame your own pictures, to suit your own taste. Outfits, which include every possible framing accessory required, can now be bought at reasonable prices in all sizes. So why not provide yourself with a hobby which is both useful and fascinating. You will then realise that it can assume all the individuality and interest of a creative art.

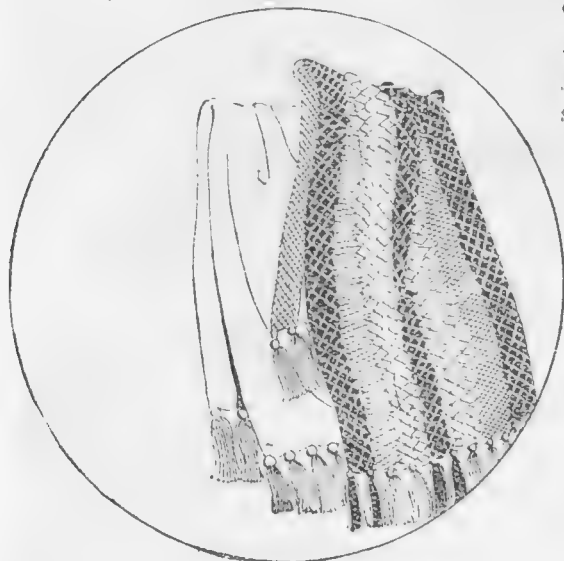


PASSE-PARTOUT outfits can be bought in varying sizes, complete with everything required to frame one's own pictures.

VARIETY IS THE VERY SPICE OF XMAS SHOPPING

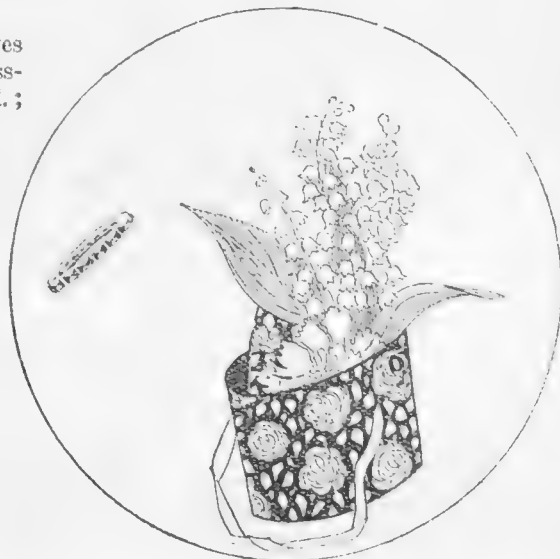


HERE is a selection of Christmas presents at prices from 3s. to £25. You can give *her* a silk umbrella; one with a carved wood dog's head costs 29s. 6d.; another, depicting a monkey, is priced at 15s. 9d., and another, portraying a bird, is 21s. Or suede-finish gloves, with embroidered gauntlets; two pairs in a fancy box cost 5s. 11d. Or a dainty carnation and lily bunch, complete with fancy box, it is priced at 7s. 6d. Or a paste-ornament for a hat, or brooch—two birds 6s. 6d.; a dog 5s. 6d. And what about a Choker-necklet in cornelian, jade or blue at 4s.; a paste "Eternity" ring, 3s.; a string of Ancient Chinese carved beads, from £25; an Amber cigarette holder in a blue leather case, £3 10s.; or a jade enamel fountain pen and pencil in case, 35s.?



YOU can give *him* artificial silk scarves from 16s. 6d.; crêpe de Chine dress-scarves from 30s.; wool scarves from 10s. 6d.; a matched tie and handkerchief, attractively boxed, in foulard and crêpe silks from 6s. 6d.

YOU can give *them* a mahogany table lamp with a hand-painted shade, 21s. 9d.; coloured cambric tea-cloth, with white appliqué border and inlet flowers, 25s. 6d.; or Cupid book-ends in colour old ivory with dark oak base, at 11s. 6d.



BRITANNIA will tell you
where they can be purchased

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS—

By MARION CRAN

Marion Cran's weekly articles are exclusive to BRITANNIA



From My Garden—

WE have a convention in our home for Christmas Day; it was evolved originally long, long ago by my mother when she had to contrive craftily to keep five noisy, exuberant youngsters amused all that day—lest the delirious excitement of "presents" should fire young, highly-strung nerves and end the day in quarrels, temper and disgraceful tears. So it was Santa Claus' stocking at daybreak, and then Church all the morning with a good walk and loud, lusty hymns to carry off a further amount of energy, followed by an enormous Christmas dinner which clogged activity for another hour or two, and then, but not till then, were our parcels opened. The result was that her brood was kept simmering with hope till nearly tea-time; and, after that, the excitement of playing with new toys kept it placid and happy till bedtime. And so she got through the perilous Christmas Day. Poor Mother!

AS a family, far scattered across the Empire, we still preserve that ancient order; in London, in Kent, in Canada, in Nyasaland, in New Zealand, we keep the pattern of Mother's Christmas Day because it was a very good one.

The first time I received a plant for a Christmas present, in the classic phrase "we were not amused." The parcel was hung on

the Christmas tree with all the other gifts as usual, it had been prodded and eyed and guessed about with the customary thrill of wonder, and when its turn came to be untied, amid a tense hush of curiosity and excitement, some dark-green pansy leaves and damp mould had a rather dowdy, almost depressing, effect among the gaudily coloured Christmas cards, scarves, bottles of perfume, brilliantly upholstered toilet soaps, filmy stockings, books, etc., which made up the rest of my pile.

That parcel was received with peaceful but not ecstatic appreciation. There was a card with it bearing the name of a friend a long way off whom we all loved, and also the words "*Pansies, for thoughts they say—keep mine.*" The parcel had been sent from a famous pansy nursery; I put it away, thinking I must heel the plants

collected at last and burned. All the pretty presents came to an end and were forgotten—except the pansies; they grew and spread and broke into sheets of clear-blue colour; they caught the eye of everyone who passed the study window, and pleased everyone—the "thoughts" of our friend! In time they were multiplied and absorbed into the garden scheme, they made a lovely edging to a small formal garden planted with London Pride which glowed in a rosy mist over the blue at time of its flowering.

THAT Christmas card of all the years ago is with me still; in a new garden, in another soil are cuttings of the old plants. Through every change of circumstance that living Christmas card has made a sweetness round my home. Once our friend came back from her distant country across the long waterways and smiled to see the blue carpets and borders.

"It was a sweet Christmas card," I said,



—To Yours!

in, and feeling most remote from gardening in my flimsy gay crackercap and all!

BUT presently we were gorged with untying parcels, with laughter, with the hot fire, with good fare, and some started dancing, some went for a walk and I grew energetic. The short-winter day was closing in, but just before the light went I had managed to plant The pansies in a clean border where was nothing else but tulips, under the study window.

Christmas passed, and a New Year hurried after it, the months raced on, the books were all read, the perfumes used, the stockings worn to ladders, the gaudy cards littered the mantelpieces and desks and dressers till they were

"the colour is so full of tone it's like music among the other flowers."

She put her arm in mine.

"And she shall have music wherever she goes," she laughed lightly.

And so I have!

WHAT a charming idea it was to send a living token of remembrance like that! When another such gift came my way, as it did some four or five years later I was very pleased and reckoned it more highly than any other of the parcels I undid; this time it was a *robinia hispida*, a lanky, thorny plant, labelled "*from my garden to yours.*" I was told to put it full south, by one of the verandah pillars.

FROM MY GARDEN TO YOURS

*Plants and shrubs are charming
tokens of remembrance that
will live through the years*

It turned out to be a very pretty shrub with leaves like acacia and flowers like pink laburnum; it thrived exceedingly well and still does, I believe, on that house; for I did not move it when I moved, as it seemed happy and well established. I have seen it since growing wild in the Black Forest on the German hills, round a valley where growth is almost sub-tropical amid the thermal springs.

LAST year found me presented with a plant of Allspice, which is settling slowly into the new soil after its leisurely habit; it will soon begin to grow quietly year by year, giving us in the bitter winter weather those sweetly scented spikes of starry cream flowers with their dark pointing lines. A darling Christmas card, which calls to my mind every time I see it, the warm beauty of the giver.

That the idea is capable of becoming a nuisance if adopted wholesale by people who know nothing of gardens I am well aware. But it is also capable of delightful variations and pretty subtleties at the hands of thoughtful people with taste who know the garden to which they send their gifts. It would be no kindness to order a rhododendron present for the friends who live on chalk downs or lavender for those on damp heavy clay! Alpines are nearly always

of the garden flowers, so fine and perfect that the "sink garden" looks like a thing out of fairyland. It is really, of course, a rugged stone trough made into a dainty little perfect garden, which one mounts on the rockery or outside a window on a couple of small easily made piers, or on the coping of a low wall; and there it stays summer and winter, for Alpine plants need no protection.

A present of a "sink garden" is rather a majestic affair, as they are so beautiful that many people want them and the price is high. However, with all the nurserymen's catalogues to consult, it is easy to find a suitable plant

Christmas) with large sprays of fragrant pink blooms which open out to pure white. The wood and foliage are ruddy bronze when young, and it is a very hardy delightful variety, good to make into rose-hedges.

Forget-me-nots are pretty, sentimental plants to send; violets will only grow well with people who love them; balm is for comfort, and bryone is a "furious martial herb," which might suit a few folk. There is a lovely dark purple upin called "Happiness," which makes a graceful gift.

But the opportunities for expression are endless, and between friends the choice of a certain flower will often convey a whole message to which the rest of the world is deaf.

REMEMBER TO—

Continue digging and forking over your herbaceous borders taking great care not to disturb or hurt any bulbs already set.

Protect your Christmas Roses with a handlight.

Plant briar stocks for budding roses next season; choose nice, straight stems.

Dig manure in between the rows of currants and gooseberries.

Spray orchard trees for American blight and finish pruning the vines.

IT frequently happens that the kind of thing we want to send cannot be actually transplanted at Christmas time; for instance, I am giving a choice water-lily to a friend who has but lately made a pretty lily pool in his small garden at Pinner. He will receive no parcel from me to hang up on his Christmas tree (if he indulges in such a thing) but just a card from the Enfield water-lily specialists, saying that a strong plant of "Nymphaea So and So," will be sent to him the first week in May.



There is a lovely dark-purple lupin called "Happiness" which makes a graceful gift.

safe, for most people have some rock work.

SOME nurserymen sell those adorable little "sink gardens," all ready planted with tiny primulas, daffodils, gentians, harebells—carpets of minute creeping thyme, blue-grey Cheddar pinks, with tiny rose-coloured rose-scented flowers, auriculas, poppies, St. John's wort, conifers—all sorts of exquisite miniatures

within the reach of every purse, and to choose things which have a special meaning.

A ROSE I have on my list to send is "Prosperity"—no one could help being glad to get that! Prosperity is a hybrid musk, which means it dislikes pruning; it sends up strong shoots about four feet high covered from May till November (and sometimes till

GARDENING. — FREE
Catalogues. Send a postcard to
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for one or more of the following catalogues, profusely illustrated, containing hints of how and when to plant.
HERBACEOUS COLOUR BORDER CATALOGUE, PAEONY CATALOGUE, DELPHINIUM CATALOGUE, PYRETHRUM, LUPIN, MICHAELMAS DAISY, IRIS & OTHER SPECIALITIES CATALOGUE

THE ECONOMY OF LOVELY LINEN

BY

ANNE VERITY

HOWEVER dissimilar she may be in many ways, modern woman shares at least one taste with her early Victorian sister—a love of beautiful linen, both personal and household. A good housewife knows that the best linen is always the most durable. Provided the sun has been the only alchemist used in its bleaching—it will keep its colour well, and will not take on a blackish hue as do so many samples that have been chemically bleached.

When starting a linen chest the quantity and quality of the purchases must, of course, depend upon individual means and taste, and upon the size of the household to be provided for. There is at certain times a tide in linen-buying which, if taken at the flood, will save the housewife a small fortune. She who purchases to replenish table, bed-linen, towels, etc., when good opportunity serves, is practising one of the truest household economics possible.

IN the days of our grandmothers linen proper was always considered the correct material for sheets and pillow cases, and is still preferred by the majority for its fine smooth texture, and for the sense of coolness it bestows. Good linen is of even texture, and preference should be given to that which is fairly heavy, otherwise it soon takes on a crushed and *passé* appearance.

It has been said truly that the refinements of a household may be judged by its table appointments. Much thought should be used in the selection of table linen, and necessary care and intelligent laundering used to keep it in good condition. When buying, give preference to double damask—bleached or unbleached—for this fabric wears excellently, and keeps its good appearance to the last. The inferior table-cloth may look glossy



***D**AINTY as a spider's web, yet withal strong and durable, is the Cluny lace that finishes this handsome linen luncheon cloth worked in Broderie Anglaise. Its cost is 67/6, and napkins to match may be obtained.*



***T**HE tablecloth at the back costs 14/9, with napkins to match at 4/6 a dozen. The tea cosy—also to match—is 4/11. The realistic bridge cloth and four napkins are well worth their cost—27/6—and where a dainty luncheon set is required it may be supplied at five guineas the set of twenty-five pieces, in hand-made file.*



***T**HE new 'drawn-thread' work finishes these sheets of the best linen, for a single bed, at 97/6 the pair. Both sheets are hemstitched. The pair standing upright are of the finest Irish linen. The Duchess set is in linen of fine sheen hand-embroidered and lace edged.*

THE cupboard should be well provided with shelves, those made of slats of wood being better than solid ones, as with the former the air is allowed to circulate round the linen. These should be kept carefully covered when filled, so as to prevent dust on the linen. No housekeeper need be ashamed of linen that is well mended, and the best time for patching and darning household linen is before sending it to the laundry. If not convenient to mend it carefully then, any hole or tear should, at least, be drawn together as a protection against the hard treatment likely to be meted out to it by the laundress.

CHRISTMAS FEAST AND FROLIC

By

W. Teignmouth Shore



THANK goody, it has not become the fashion to turn up scornful noses at Christmas jollities, of which the chief surely is Christmas Day dinner! This yearly gathering is built upon a sentiment (not a mere sentimentality) that is very much alive, for it is based upon human heartiness, good fellowship and the longing of even the most sedate to unbend upon occasion.

The Good Fare

OF every properly constructed Christmas or other dinner there should be just enough, and never so much that toward the end of it your appetite is bored and your sense of taste destroyed by a multiplicity of flavours. I will give you my views as to the Christmas dinner I should like to meet and eat, in the hope that some of my suggestions may be of some help to some. No soup! Fish! Yes.

A Fish Soufflé

WHICH will provide, provided it is rightly made, the "light," the "sweetness" following later on. These are the proportions, the quantities depending upon how many will attack it. Better two medium sized soufflés than one big one. In a pan melt a tablespoonful of butter, into which mix thoroughly first the same quantity of flour and then a breakfast-cupful of milk, stirring until thick, and then setting it aside to cool. Bone and skin half a pound of cold boiled white fish, preferably turbot; or you may prefer crab meat or the frivolous shrimp. Mince it quite finely and stir it into the mixture, adding the beaten yolk of an egg and a few pinches of salt. Immediately before cooking, beat into a very stiff froth the whites of two or three eggs and mix them in. Put all into a well-buttered fireproof dish, and bake for twenty to thirty minutes in a fast oven. The top should turn a real pretty brown. This dish can be gotten ready a while ahead, all except the beating of the whites.

Perhaps something even lighter and easier would be welcomed by most. Three oysters apiece, with quarters of lemon to squeeze, red pepper and very thin white bread and butter, not brown. A glass of light, dry sherry wine? But never a cocktail, which is the enemy of every tender palate.

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble

IN my mind's ear I can hear my old friend Mr. Turkey saying "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! You should treat me with more consideration. You stuff me and then yourselves with any old stuff that comes along. Do not do it! And I am a bit tired of being roasted; do boil me for a change!" I have always preferred my turkey to be boiled, especially as a real roasting is so seldom possible. Accompanied by a York ham, boiled and bread-crumbed; celery sauce; and Brussels sprouts, steamed and tossed in butter. Potatoes are entirely superfluous. To please me, as well as to please yourselves, chestnut stuffing—made thus, the amount depending on the capacity of Mr. Turkey: roast or bake a dozen chestnuts until they are thoroughly tender; undress them, and mash them with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley; salt and pepper, including a few specks of red; a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. If you prefer it, make croquettes of this mixture, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry them to a dainty yellow-brown.

Sweetnesses

BY now the edge of our appetite will be blunted and we can turn our eyes upon sweetnesses. Every "cooker" has her own particular pudding, and, like her own baby,

there was never one to compare with it. Yet I will venture to offer you a recipe, handed down from my great grandma, to whom I am grateful, which I maintain does fill the bill. Chop two breakfast-cupfuls of dessert raisins, also of sultanas, and of currants, all most carefully and completely stoned. Mix these with two full breakfast-cupfuls of chopped suet and four of fine breadcrumbs. Add a pound of mixed peel, finely cut up. Then stir in eight well-beaten new laid eggs; then a tablespoonful of flour. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, and lastly add four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Of course, every member of the family must be stirring! Boil in cloth-covered basins for eight hours; and reboil for an hour when required for table. If these directions are carefully followed, you will have a delightfully light pudding.

On the whole, is there anything to beat the old-fashioned Hard Sauce? It is made this way: Mix four tablespoonfuls of butter intimately with three of soft sugar, and then work in a little Rum or Sherry, preferably the former, being careful not to make the sauce runny. Make a pat of it about half an inch thick and divide it into seemly squares.

Grand Finale

SOME say, let us top up with a savoury. Others say "Nay." I am a "Nayer." Let us go on straight to our dessert: apples, oranges (Tangerines), grapes, possibly a pineapple, nuts of several sorts, almonds and raisins, and a plenty of crystallised fruits, for I dote upon them.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

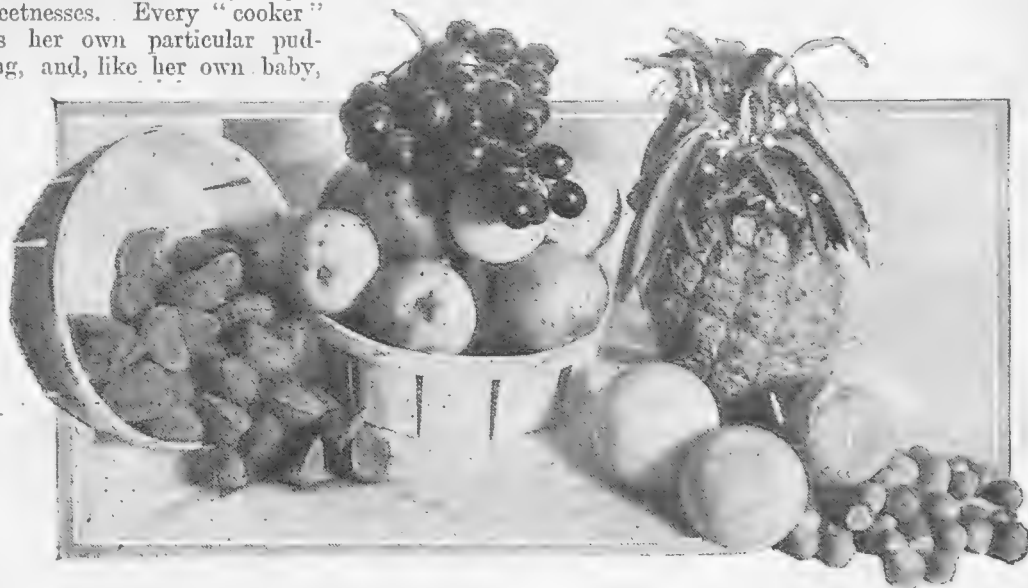
MENU FOR A SIMPLE XMAS DINNER (IN ENGLISH!)

No Soup!
Fish Soufflé

Boiled Turkey York Ham
Celery Sauce Brussels Sprouts

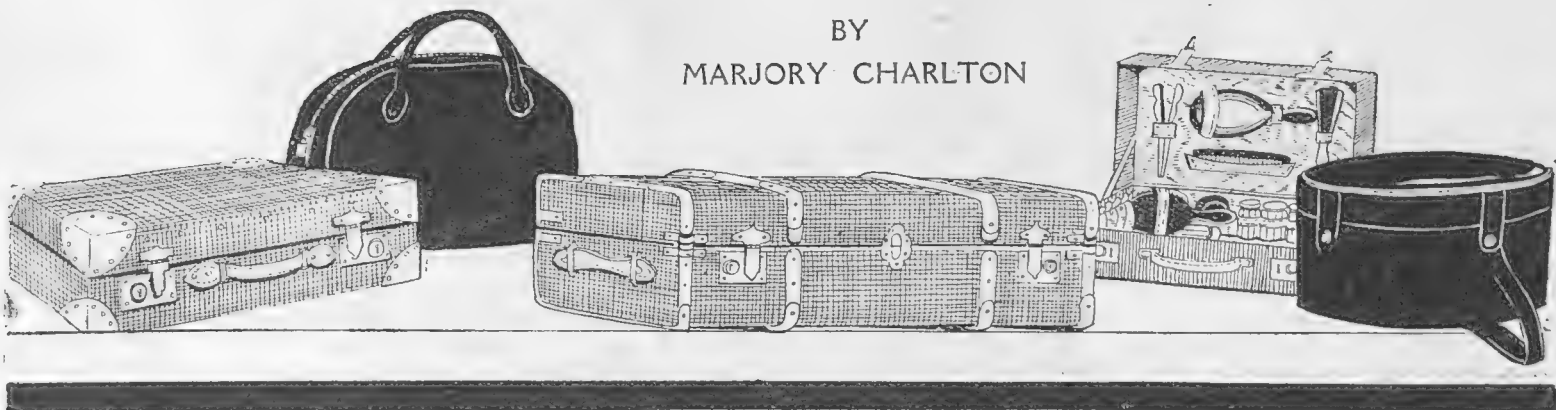
Christmas Pudding
Hard Sauce

Apple Pie • Dessert • Crackers



ARE YOUR FROCKS GOOD TRAVELLERS?

BY
MARJORY CHARLTON



Cabin Trunk of brown Japanned canvas. Size 36×21×14 ins. From £1. 10. 0. Suit case of hard vulcanised fibre. Size 22 ins. From 26s. Circular Hat Bag in black enamelled leather cloth, lined with fancy cretonne. Size 14×7 ins. From 10s. Brown waterproof canvas bag with lightning fastener, lined with moiré. Size 14 ins. From £1. 3. 6. Week-end case of brown hide, fitted. 16×11 ins. Its price is 5gns.

ARE you one of those people who, whether you are just paying a week-end visit, or are travelling round the world, are able to produce toilette after toilette out of luggage of small dimensions, after the manner of a conjurer with his rabbits? Or do you, when "en voyage," spend many valuable hours removing creases from your frocks and suits? If you come into the latter

category, it is, cruel as it may sound, very much your own fault, for the fashions of the moment are uncommonly kind to travellers, occupying very little space in the packing and in many cases carried out in fabrics, that are almost uncrushable. Some, of course, pack better than others and, believe me, it is well worth while to consider the packing qualities of models, when buying clothes, with journeys in view whether short or long.

THE tweeds that all of us, who are speeding countrywards this Christmas, will certainly need, pack fairly well. Or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that although they may display creases, these come out quickly, when the garment is hung before the fire for a while. Woollies, of course, are the best packers in the world; indeed, they almost encourage carelessness in this respect, coming up smiling, as they do, after being crammed in anywhere, anyhow! Wool stockinette packs marvellously, too, whether it takes the form of suit or frock.

The up-to-date hat earns full marks from the packing point of view, for few of the latest models will take harm from being packed flat, and, as everyone knows, good quality felt can be rolled up to occupy practically no space. Pleated skirts are the kindest of friends to travellers, especially those made of wool georgette, wool crêpe de Chine and crepella, that go so attractively with woven silk or wool sweaters, so long as the pleats are tacked down before packing. One way of keeping pleats flat is by means of paper clips . . . a tip this (and a very good one), that was confided to me by a hardened week-end visitor

To the left is an ideal travelling coat, carried out in Novelty Tweed in various shades of beige and brown. It has a collar of sable hare and is lined with real Susliki fur (6 gns.). Reversible satin, in navy, black, cherry or brown, is used for the frock. 63s.

The effective two-piece on the right, obtainable in various colourings, takes the form of a velour-cloth coat strapped with insets, collared and cuffed with Coney. The lining matches the frock of artificial silk. (6½ gns.).

VELVETEEN can be counted among the good packers, whereas velvet cannot, that is, if it is plain. No one need hesitate to include in their travelling outfits, the lovely Fantasia velvets that are first favourites in the fabric world this winter, because any creases are camouflaged by the design. Quite a number of women are choosing little shaped skirts in figured velvet, with which they wear plain satin



We will tell you where these models, also the trunks and cases, may be purchased—

jumpers in the predominating shade of the pattern and for extra warmth they add a cardigan house-coat of velvet or velveteen. For something more elaborate in the way of afternoon frocks the fashionable velvet-brocché georgette or ninon, which does not crush, is a wise choice. The newest variety of these have long close-fitting sleeves coming well over the hand and skirts are, as a rule, gracefully draped to one side or have a sash effect, finished by a large, soft bow, with long ends reaching just below the skirt hem.

AMONG evening frocks; lace and beaded models are the two "best packers." The latter are literally be rolled up and squeezed into any corner and will always emerge smiling and ready to be worn. It is the weight of the beads, that makes this

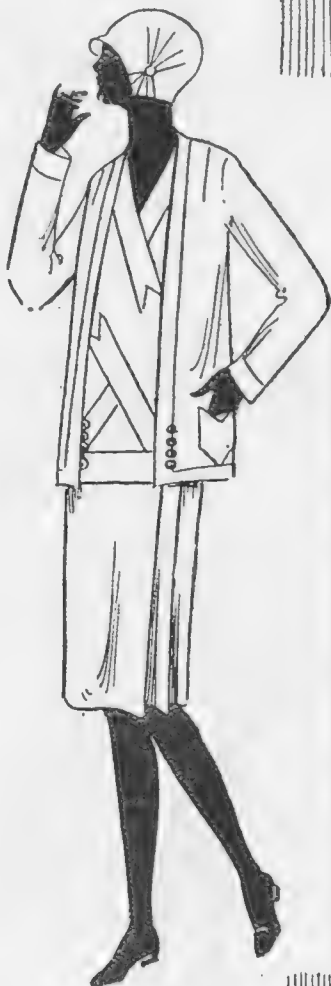
Wool stockinette is used for the perfectly tailored sports suit below, to be found in various colour effects, the contrasting jumper being strapped to match the skirt. (75s. 6d.).



evening frocks, will aid you to ring the changes in a wonderful way. Saratoga trunks are difficult to accommodate in this age of space-saving houses and Baby Austins! Don't bring that "what-a-lot-of-luggage-look" on to your hostess's face! Be the "coming guest" who "travels light" and looks smart in spite of it. Your welcome will be all the warmer.

The composite wardrobe is needless to say quite the best way of dressing well, with the minimum amount of clothes. If, for instance, you choose a coat, say of navy, lined with beige, then no less than three frocks, one of navy, one of beige and one in a printed material that combines the two, will look equally well with it. And a second outdoor outfit in either of these two colours will permit of an interchange of hats, shoes, Jumpers, etc.

Below is a frock of velvet broché Georgette, a fabric that is practically uncrushable. It has the fashionable draped effect and in black, blue or brown is 94s. 6d.



See above a lovely evening frock with an all-over beaded design stocked in many up-to-date shades. The skirt, cut with four godets, flares in the fashionable manner (4 gns.). Chiffon-velveteen carries out the accompanying evening coat, that has for a trimming a collar and cuffs of sable coneys (4½ gns.)

possible; in fact, most frocks that are heavy round the hem, owing to embroidery of some sort or another, prove invaluable to the traveller.

Lace shakes out easily and the coarser it is the better. So the chenille lace dresses, now all the rage, are valuable from the packing as well as the beauty point of view. Just as printed velvet packs better than the plain kind, so do printed satins and crêpe de Chines. Taffetas, chiffon and plain georgette frankly do not pack well, but it would be a policy of perfection to assume that these will have no place in the Christmas General Post and would certainly be a pity from the point of view of variety. When a velvet frock is badly creased, nothing meets the case but steaming. Pressing over a damp cloth will remove the creases from taffetas, satin and crêpe de Chine. Chiffon and georgette need, as a rule, a warm iron, though they will sometimes respond to being shaken before a fire. Your rubber hot-water bottle, too, can be requisitioned to repair damage, failing an iron.

AND remember that tight packing, so long as things are folded correctly, is far better than loose packing. Also that it is quality, not quantity, in other words, the right clothes for the occasion, that makes for good dressing on a visit. A variety of sweaters and pleated skirts, various floral effects for



FINGER TIPS

By SONIA



If you would enhance the beauty of your hands, pay special attention to the care of your finger tips.

WE—that is—You and I—made up our minds in this page, quite a long time ago, now, that we ought—if we are not already—to be beautiful . . . that there was really no earthly reason why we should not be quite as attractive as the lovely Mrs. A, who lives in the House-Just-Round-the-Corner, for instance.

And soon we realised that never in the history of the world were women as well-dressed, and as well-groomed as they are to-day—because they use care in choosing their clothes and paying attention to the minutest details of their toilet; we have set ourselves quite a considerable task to beat this standard which they set up.

We have learned, already, that the beauty habit counts for much. We have learned the value of cleanliness and health to true beauty and, above all, the amount of consideration to attach to the small things that, perhaps, we once thought “didn’t matter so very much.”

UNDER this latter category, come hands, and with them, of course, the nails. If they have been rather badly neglected, I would advise you to seek the aid of a professional manicurist from time to time. But do not think, for one moment, that this will excuse you from the nightly and daily attention you must pay them yourself . . . I mean such attention as gently greasing the dry cuticle before getting into bed, or sleeping in gloves now and again.

For the “home” manicure, it is wiser to use an emery board for filing purposes, and to begin by filing the nails from the corners up towards the centre, thus following the graining of the nail. File them to the shape of the fingers, and not to long points if the tips of the fingers are rounded, and vice versa.

NEXT, soak the hands in warm soapy water—water that is sufficiently hot to soften the hard cuticle. Then take them out and dry them, and apply the grease to the cuticles, gently pressing them down with an orange stick, as you do so. Let this grease soak well in for a minute or two and then, once again, plunge the hands into the warm soapy water. Dry them, and apply the cuticle remover with the aid of cotton-wool wrapped around the usual orange stick, pressing down the cuticle as you go. Again place the hands in the soapy water and then smooth off the nails with the finer side of the emery board. Then, with the aid of the scissors, cut away the ragged pieces of skin which occur even on the best mannered hands. This is a very important part of the whole procedure, and must not be neglected. Ink stains, or nicotine can easily be removed by the use of a reliable nail bleach, and sometimes it is good to use a

Learn to use your hands gracefully—revive this fascinating art which, alas, is almost lost.

special cuticle cream which leaves the skin with a delightfully smooth appearance.

THE question of nail polish is a very debatable one, and a point which, I think, one

can only settle for oneself. For my own part, I feel that very highly polished and tinted nails are only for the *very* lovely hands—hands that one can display to the world with the full knowledge that they are beautiful. Another point, too, occurs to me—highly polished nails suit few women, and always look out of place on the golf course, or on a tennis court. Again, if one’s nails are brittle, the use of liquid polish is not advisable; rather use a paste (and there are special pastes made for brittle nails) which will help to counteract this tendency. For the majority, then, a simple paste is best, giving to the hands a delightfully well-groomed effect, but not attracting attention to them unduly.

IF, however, you do wish to use a liquid polish be very careful how you apply it. In the first place, remove every vestige of former polish by painting a thin layer of fresh over each nail, and immediately rubbing it gently off, thus leaving a perfectly smooth and clean surface. Then take a brush which has previously been dipped in the liquid, and draw it from the edge of the half-moon to almost the tip of the finger, leaving the whites of the nails untouched. With a soft cloth remove the polish from the corners, so that it does not clog. It is wiser not to leave it on the nails for more than three or four days at the most, as it is rather inclined to get discoloured, and is difficult to remove, and also after this time it begins to wear off and look untidy and unnatural.

Every baby is born with pretty nails and perfect half-moons and, if only every mother would teach her children to take a pride in their hands and to keep their nails really well cared for, their is no reason why they should ever be unshapely when they are older. But nails which have been left to their own devices, cut carelessly, or too short, will take some considerable time and trouble before they become shapely again, although it can be done in time.

THE hands, themselves, need constant care, for they are one of the first features to show signs of age. Haven’t you, yourself, often seen the secret of a seemingly young face given away by a lined and shrivelled hand? Keep them young. Keep the muscles firm and flexible, and the skin soft and cool. And, in conclusion, learn to use your hands gracefully. English women seem to have lost this fascinating art almost entirely. Practise when you are alone, before the glass, but don’t be self-conscious about it.

If you would enhance the beauty of your hands, pay special attention to the care of your finger tips.

Dainty Finger Tips

BY A MANICURIST

ENCOURAGE the half-moons of your nails. The contrast between the dull white skin of the half-moon and the pink shade of the finger tip is the best way of enhancing the beauty of your nails.

TO do so, do not press too hard on the base of the nail, but make use of an orange stick, on one end of which is a little pad of cotton wool dipped in any cuticle remover; it will take off all the dead skin of the nail. It will also help you to lift the tight skin at its base.

A little massage every day, around the cuticles, is necessary to help reveal the half-moons. It is easily done by gently pushing the skin from the base of the nails.

THE SMALLHOLDING *and* ALLOTMENT

SELECTING SEED POTATOES

IT is not a bit too early to be thinking about seed potatoes for next season. Those who saved seed from this year's crops should look over their stores and throw out any tubers that show the least sign of decay. If allowed to remain, they will only contaminate the sound tubers.

A change of seed is often very advantageous. Potatoes grown on clay or stiff loam soils do well for one or two years on sand, peat or chalk, and vice versa, while those grown in North Country districts succeed if transferred to the South. In buying seed potatoes, therefore, it is advisable to indicate the nature of one's ground, and to ask for a stock that has been grown on soil of a different character. It will generally be found that potatoes raised on a fairly stiff soil are hardier than those grown on sand. Those produced on chalk soils, again, though not always large, make excellent seed.

Many growers believe in leaving the purchase of seed potatoes till the spring. But it is better to get them in early in the winter and store them. If received in the spring, after having been, perhaps, badly stored in heaps or pits, they are bound to have deteriorated, and the prospects of obtaining heavy crops are jeopardised. As soon as the seed potatoes arrive, they should be placed in shallow trays with the eyes upwards, and stored in a frost-proof shed. As much light and air as possible should be given.

Cucumbers in Winter.

The experiment of growing cucumbers in winter is always well worth while for those who

possess a heated greenhouse. A hot-bed is necessary in addition, and this should consist of fresh manure and leaves. This material, after being heaped for two or three days, is packed firmly to a depth of two feet into the bottom of a box, and is then covered with three inches of good loam rising to a mound twice that depth in the centre.

In this mound a strong young plant is put, and if a regular temperature of between 55 deg. and 60 deg. be maintained night and day, it will soon grow and produce a plentiful supply of cucumbers.

Lime-wash for Fruit Trees.

There is nothing cheaper or more effective for destroying the spores of mildew, moss, lichen and scale on fruit trees, and as a remedy for canker, than lime-washing the trees and branches. Ordinary lime and water is very unsightly. Besides this, it is not nearly so effective as the following mixture: Slack 4 lb. of quicklime in 2 gallons of water, adding the water gradually at first until the lime has crumbled to pieces. Strain the liquid through a piece of fine sacking. Then put 7 oz. of soft soap and 7 oz. of black sulphur into an old iron saucepan, add 1 quart of water, and bring it almost to boiling point, stirring well all the time. Pour this mixture into the lime-wash and add a wineglassful of paraffin oil to every gallon.

Finally, add another gallon of warm water, and mix all thoroughly together. Apply the wash with an old paint brush on a mild, still day. It is more effective if applied while the liquid is warm.

The upper branches should be treated first, finishing with the lower, and then the trunk. While applying the liquid, remove any pieces of loose bark, and make sure that the wash enters into all the cracks and crevices.

Poultry in the Orchard.

If every orchard throughout the country accommodated its dozen, hundred or five hundred fowls, many thousands of pounds which now go out of the country in payment for foreign eggs would be diverted into the pockets of smallholders and gardeners. There would, too, be considerably less damage to the fruit crops by the various insect pests that prey upon them.

In most smallholding and garden orchards, one does see a few hens roaming about, but never is the ground stocked to anything like full capacity. Beyond the fruit—which is not always a very big consideration—such land is unproductive. Any poultry-keeper will agree that there is no finer or healthier exercise ground for fowls than an orchard. The birds pick up much of the animal food which is so necessary to their existence, while the trees, in their turn, benefit very greatly from the poultry manure.

Present-Time Jobs.

If any peas have been sown out-of-doors, they should be protected from frost by placing evergreen boughs on the north side of the rows.

In planning the plot for next season, it should be remembered that potatoes grow exceptionally well on a strawberry bed that has been trenched.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Charter: "NO DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMISSION."



Over 105,500 children have been admitted in 62 years. Nearly 8,000 boys and girls are always supported. 5 come in daily. Since last Xmas 2,000 orphan and destitute little ones have been admitted, and most of them will be wondering if Santa Claus knows their new address. "Will Santa Claus know I am here?"

WILL YOU HELP THE HOMES TO SET THEIR DOUBTS AT REST?

A gift of ten shillings will ensure that for one child at least a really jolly Christmas is in store.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Cheques and Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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THE £ S. D. of SHOOTING

By E. T. BROWN

In these days, therefore, only the man who has a considerable income can afford to shoot pheasants, but in the last twenty years, and particularly since the war, a new generation of shooters has come into being. The old landed classes of twenty years ago are rapidly dying out, either selling or breaking up their estates, which are being bought by those whose knowledge of sport is nil, but whose bank balances are incontestable.

The Birds Score.

At the same time, the new landed gentry are benefiting the country as a whole. They are keeping up stocks of birds, their money is giving employment, and if their marksmanship is not that of a de Grey or a Walsingham the birds reap the benefit.

But just as the expense of breeding and rearing has increased, so, largely thanks to the standards set by the American visitor and his English counterpart, have the tips which are nowadays always expected at most shoots of any size, and which make it prohibitive for many people to accept invitations.

The Small Shoot.

BUT there is balm in Gilead even for those whose means do not admit of participation in large organised shoots. I daresay that many will agree with me when I say that a small rough shoot, where one has to work and walk for one's birds in the company of a favourite dog, and with a companion or two of similar tastes, is worth a dozen of a battue where 500 pheasants are brought to the guns.

In almost every part of the country it is possible by agreement with the local farmers to hire a few hundred acres at a cost of 2s. per acre or even less. The average farmer has for some years been experiencing difficult times, and he is only too glad to turn an extra pound or so for rent. In most cases he will gladly co-operate in the way of feeding and watering birds with a tenant who, in his turn, will respect crops of all kinds and kill wood pigeons and vermin.

Wild versus Hand-reared Birds.

ON such farm lands, and one can always select, there are certain to be small woods and spinneys, which hold a good many birds. These are infinitely easier and cheaper to beat than large coverts. With a couple of well-trained spaniels, and two or three men as beaters, there is often more real sport to be obtained than in highly organised drives in a first-class shoot.

A wild pheasant, flushed by a dog, is a very different creature to a hand-reared bird running in front of the beaters to the end of a covert, and perhaps only rising thirty yards or so in front of the line of guns. The former gets fast on the wing at once, and always gives a sporting shot, while the latter, unless he has been going for a hundred yards or so, does not rise to the same extent, and does not give the shooter much satisfaction.

This is, however, somewhat of a digression from the question of expense. Generally speaking, the cost of a small rough shoot of 200 acres, out of which an immense amount of interest and amusement can be obtained, should be £20 or less in rent.

If you can get the ideal—a few fields of roots, some stubble and several small copses—you will get any amount of sport. In this case you must have good dogs, but beaters can be almost entirely dispensed with, thus still further reducing the cost.

Provided your "small holding" does not march with a neighbour's shoot where the game is preserved, it is a very good plan to feed the wild pheasants during the winter, and thereby induce them to remain at home. But this cannot be done obviously to attract someone else's birds.

The Poacher.

ONE of the great difficulties always confronting the owner of a shoot is the poacher. There are two kinds of this nuisance—the poacher proper and the gentleman who takes a bird, which is coming to you, at an angle of thirty degrees in front of your face. It is with the former kind of poacher, however, that I am now dealing.

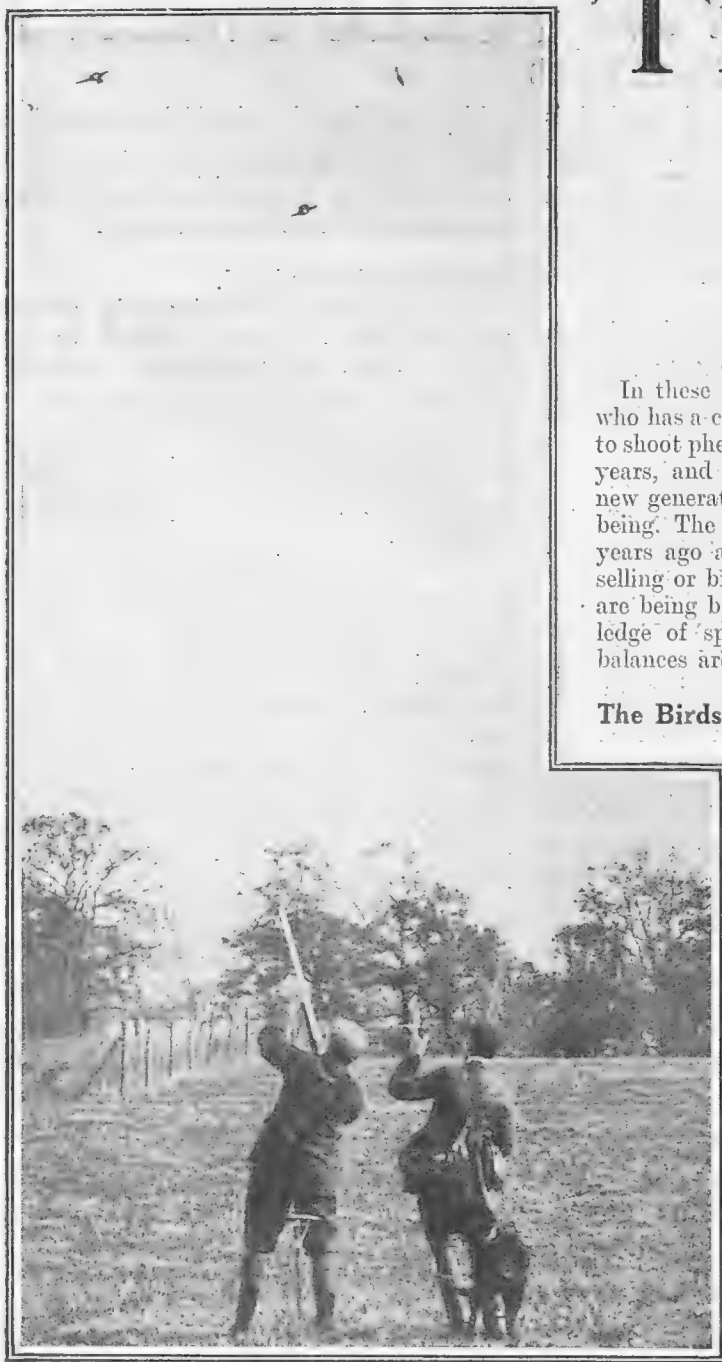
Whether your means allow of big shoots, or whether you rent a few hundred acres, you will always have the poaching fraternity to deal with. On large properties, well-kept, this is not a formidable problem, because the methods of dealing with "casual" visitors is well understood. But small isolated shoots, with no regular keeper, present a great attraction to the skilled poacher.

In years gone by the poacher was some local worthy, well known to the police, and occasionally appearing to answer for his misdeeds at the local police court. With him I had a good deal of sympathy, because he was in nine cases out of ten a sportsman.

A Paying Business.

THANKS to the cheapness of the second-hand motor car, many of these people can get from London or from any large city into the heart of the country within an hour or so, and as all poaching is done at night, it has become a first-class paying concern.

It is a very easy matter for these gentry to run out of town to any convenient spot, which they have marked down beforehand as not properly kept, with their snares, nets and basket traps for taking pheasants, and be back in town in a few hours' time, ready to put their game on the market in the morning.



Birds on the wing which give a sporting shot.

"UP goes a sovereign, bang goes a penny, and down comes half-a-crown." I am unable to give the source of origin of this remark, although I believe it emanated from a sarcastic hunting man when speaking of pheasant shooting.

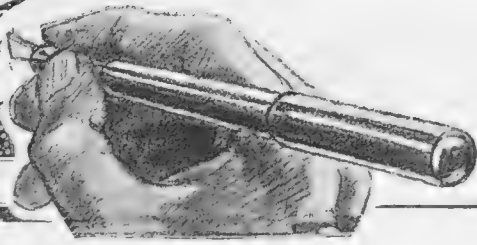
As it was made in the days of a ninepenny income tax, or even less than that, it does not require much imagination to conceive that if the first two figures were multiplied by three one would arrive at something near the cost of every reared pheasant shot to-day. I have the books before me as I write of a shoot of 1,500 acres in Hampshire from 1900 to 1905, and the all-in average cost per bird killed was between 19s. and £1.

When £1 was Twenty Shillings.

IN those days keepers' wages were comparatively small, beaters were more than satisfied with 2s. 6d. a day, and the cost of labour for cutting and keeping the rides in the coverts was one-third of present prices. In short, everything was on an entirely different scale.

To-day, from the first pheasant egg bought to the first cartridge fired, everything is doubled or trebled. So, also, is the rent of all shoots.

Dear Sir



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Matteotti's Death.

[From Filippo Turati, a prominent anti-Fascist who was leader of the Italian Socialist Party after the War until the time of the Fascist March on Rome, after which he was obliged to leave the country.]

In his *Memoirs*, now appearing in your paper, Mussolini, not content with libelling living opponents, also defames the memory of a man who was assassinated by men of the Dictator's immediate entourage. He writes:—

"In the tragic period after the defeat at Caporetto, Matteotti had been against our Venetian refugees. He denied a shelter to those unhappy people who fled from the lands then invaded by the enemy, and where the Austrians were committing every sort of violence. He said they should remain under Austrian domination."

The widow of Matteotti cannot write to vindicate her husband's honour against such a calumny. She lives in Italy under strict police surveillance. But we exiles, friends of the murdered man, can and must protest.

The baselessness of the calumny is evident from the two following facts:—

(1) At the time of the defeat of Caporetto, and in the succeeding year, Matteotti was serving as a soldier at Messina at the opposite end of Italy; he would, moreover, have been court-martialled, had he ever sought to act as described; (2) While he was alive, no such accusation was ever raised against him.

Not being able to pass over in silence the murder of Matteotti and its sequel, the Dictator distorts and mutilates the facts in a way intended to convey that we, his opponents, were actuated by dishonest motives. I reproduce some of his statements, setting against them facts which I challenge anyone to disprove.

(1) "One day, Matteotti disappeared from Rome. Immediately it was whispered that a political crime had been committed. The Socialists were looking for a martyr, and at once before anything definite could possibly be known, they accused Fascism."

Before "Matteotti disappeared from Rome" another Socialist deputy, Giuseppe Di Vagno, had been assassinated in his constituency by a band of Fascists on September 25th, 1921; still another deputy, a dissident Fascist, Signor Misuri, had been savagely bludgeoned in Rome on May 29th, 1923, by a band of Fascists; the Rome residence of the ex-Prime Minister, Signor Nitti, had been looted by five hundred Fascists on November 21st, 1923; another deputy, the Liberal leader, Giovanni Amendola, had been beaten in Rome on December 26th, 1923, by a band of Fascists; during the general election of 1924, the Socialist candidate, Antonio Piccinini, had been murdered on February 28th, by a band of Fascists, and a dissident Fascist candidate, Signor Cesare Forni, had been brutally clubbed by a band of Fascists. These and innumerable other murders, beatings, lootings, were what led not only "the Socialists" to suspect Fascists,

(II) "The sworn verification of surgeons stated that the death was not due to a crime, but was produced by trauma."

Matteotti died in the car in which he was abducted. The car, when seized, was spattered with bloodstains. The body was found on August 16th, 1924, in a wood fourteen miles from Rome, contorted and trampled down into a hole too small for it; one leg was forced against the chest and the foot against the neck; the other leg had been forced against the spine, and the head crushed against one collar bone. Already the bones were nearly bare of flesh. In these circumstances, how could the surgeons attest that death "was not due to a crime, but was produced by trauma?" Nor was such medical evidence ever mentioned, either in the preliminary inquiry, or in the public trial. The first mention of it appears in 1928, in Mussolini's *Memoirs*.

(III) "The sternest proceedings were taken against them without limit or reservation. Severe measures were applied—so severe, indeed, that for some they turned out to be excessive. The suspects were arrested at once. Among the responsible elements those who had had relations with the guilty ones, merely because they were under suspicion, were retired, though innocent, from public life."

Although Dumini's responsibility in the crime was known to the heads of the Fascist Party from the early hours of the day following the crime, i.e., June 11th, 1924, he was allowed to show himself in the lobbies of the Chamber, and in the streets of Rome until the afternoon of June 12th, i.e., until his and Filippelli's guilt was discovered by the police through a mere chance.

Filippelli visited the Under-Secretary at the Home Office and the General Chief of Police, on the day after such a discovery without being arrested;

he was allowed to leave Rome undisturbed in the afternoon of June 14th, and travelled about Italy for two days without being stopped; in compensation, his two chauffeurs, who had nothing to do with the crime, were arrested on the evening of June 12th; he was arrested in Genoa, in the afternoon of June 16th, because a journalist denounced him to the police, and thus obliged them to take action. After the arrest of Filippelli, the arrest of Rossi and Marinelli was inevitable. Before the public trial took place, Filippelli, Rossi and Marinelli were granted amnesty on July 31st, 1925. The day after he was set at liberty, Marinelli was appointed Inspector-General of the Fascist Party, and is to-day a member of the Grand Council of Fascism. This, according to the Dictator, is "retiring into private life."

(IV) "I always have had harsh and severe words for what happened."

On January 1st, 1925, the Dictator, addressing the Chamber, declared: "Before this assembly, and before the people of Italy, I declare that I alone assume the moral, political and historical responsibility for all that has occurred." In the January, 1926, number of *Gerarchia*, Signora Sarfatti wrote: "The abduction of Matteotti and its consequences belong morally, politically and historically to Fascism. It is useless and foolish to seek the guilty and the innocent at the moment of committing that specific act. This and this only is revolutionary language. This was the language of the Duce in the Chamber on January 3rd, 1925." I could continue, but this must suffice.—Your obedient servant,

FILIPPO TURATI.

Fascism and Bolshevism.

As an Italian and Fascist, I feel obliged to reply to some points in the letter of "R. H." on "Fascism and Bolshevism."

1. Mussolini has never tried to internationalise the Fascist movement, as is the case with the Bolsheviks.

2. While Bolshevism recognises the struggle of classes, and the abolishment of capitalism, Fascism tends to an understanding between labour and capital by means of *Corporativismo*.

3. A little travel in Italy would be sufficient to convince everybody of the constructive effects of Fascism.

Hoping that a better knowledge of the Fascist doctrine will help strangers to understand our movement.—Yours faithfully,

MAX VITALE.

[Geo. Flower also denies that Fascism is destructive.—Ed.]

Foreign Roadstone.

From Colonel Sir Arthur R. Holbrook, K.B.E., M.P.

In his letter published in your columns on November 30th, Mr. Harold Bradley states that "highway engineers have been responsible for providing more employment for workers since the War than anyone else."

I would point out, however, that these local officials could have been the means of employing far more British workers if they had used the materials available in this country instead of going abroad for them. Local authorities should realise that if the orders for roadstone which now go abroad were placed in this country, it would be the means of finding employment for several thousand more British workmen.—Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR R. HOLBROOK.

The Irish Invasion of Scotland.

For "R. E. Veillé" to describe the Irish invasion of Scotland as clap-net, does not help anybody, while his quite justifiable comment on the Scotch invasion of England is not a parallel case at all.

But "R. E. Veillé" is obviously partially disposed, for I was at particular pains in my article to keep the religious question distinct from the economic one. I did not condemn the Irish in Scotland merely because they were Roman Catholics, and, indeed, I rather fancy that "Silent Watcher," in a letter to you of a week earlier, harboured the suspicion that I did not give enough emphasis to the Protestant aspect of the matter.

Of course, Ireland, as a member of the British Empire, is entitled to as many privileges as anyone else, but perhaps "R. E. Veillé" will see the fairness of restricting the Irish coming to Scotland, and displacing Scots, because, in practice, the British Dominions act in the same way towards British emigrants. If Australia, New Zealand and Canada do not want a particular kind of emigrant, they do not hesitate to say so, and do not get them owing to the money and distance factors. Why not Scotland, in the circumstances of her colossal unemployment problem?—Yours faithfully,

WM. WALKER.

[This correspondence is now closed.—Ed.]

Coal and Safeguarding Problems.

"Mr. Samuel Johnson," in his reply to my letter, says he fancies that the difference between us is one of words. I fear it is not. It is rather a difference of fact.

"The crisis exists," says "Mr. Samuel Johnson," "because the industry, from days long before the War, has been at the mercy of political interference. It is this," he continues, "which has prevented the gradual and systematic adaptation and concentration of the British coal industry to meet a

(Continued overleaf).

situation which every mining engineer foresaw many years ago."

This is mere political prejudice, and ignorance of the economic aspect of the question. "Mr. Samuel Johnson" speaks as if the depression was peculiar to the coal-mining industry of this country. But is it? What of America, France, Germany, Poland, India, and the rest of the world?

It is to be feared that "Mr. Samuel Johnson" has essayed a task, in dealing with this question, for which he is unqualified and incompetent, both by training and experience. This is the real menace of the coal-mining industry.—Sincerely yours,

ALFRED MORGAN.

Safeguarding Fallacies.

Mr. Bertram H. Tubbs clearly demonstrates that he is utterly uninformed as to the country's existing necessities.

He and they still adhere to a theory, which is repudiated by every country in the world with which we have to establish commercial relationships, and would bind us for all time, to this one-sided trading arrangement, which, for expedient purposes, is condemned by the world. He asks: "Will Protection prevent Japan capturing a large part of our cotton trade in China?" Needless to say, it will not.

Neither Free Trade nor Protection will arrest the industrial progress of nations, nor can we in any way influence the standard of living which prevails in other countries, but we are surely heading for a lower standard of living for our workers by remaining defenceless. It is only by the aid of the tariff that we shall be able to continue to negotiate for overseas trade. Free Traders are evidently ignorant of the fact that we are essentially sellers of labour, and as such we cannot at the same time be buyers of the same character labour as that which we are out to sell. The lesson for Free Traders and Socialists is this—we must either provide facilities for greatly expanding our national wealth production for home consumption and exchange, or the whole standard of living must

be lowered, and as the years proceed, this must become more acute.

As it is, not being much more than half self-supporting, and being short of so much wealth production, owing to the unemployment of over 1½ millions of our working population, for the purposes of exchange, our cost of living is considerably increased, and the distribution, which is wages, is so much less than it otherwise should be. Worse even than this is the State's forced demand upon everyone who is earning, to forego a part of their spending power for the maintenance of the unemployed. This is the beginning of our standard of living being lowered.

Under Socialism, with its inevitable increase in the cost of production, our goods will be excluded from the markets of the world, and we should be faced with actual starvation. The Socialists say we are suffering from over-production. We are, but we are voluntarily suffering, because this surplus production comes from foreign countries, and the Socialists, in their muddleheadedness, oppose the introduction of the only possible instrument that will regularise this—the tariff.

It is to the tariff that we must have recourse, in order to establish that community of interests with our overseas Dominions.—Yours faithfully,

DAVID SOLOMAN.

[D. MacFarlane, C. F. Colman and W. H. Wiloughby also write on Safeguarding. This correspondence is now closed.—Ed.]

A Welsh Protest.

"Being Welsh, Mary imagined herself to possess hidden depths of brilliant-coloured passion. The Welsh have hidden depths, but these depths are not brilliant and not at all nice."

The above quotation is from the short story by Mr. John Hastings Turner in BRITANNIA.

The "Celtic fringe" is not unaccustomed to being pilloried by writers of more or less importance, but with so many influences at work sowing seeds of bitterness and mistrust among the different races of the British Empire, it will be unfortunate if, of all papers, BRITANNIA (though only in the

fiction portion) will be used for that purpose.—Yours faithfully,

JOSIAH LLOYD.

[J. K. Wright and Cynry, also protest against this reference to the Welsh.—Ed.]

Popular Patriotism.

Such a letter as the one appearing in BRITANNIA under the heading "Popular Patriotism," is not at all helpful to the cause of peace.

As an obscure member of the League of Nations Union, I should not have thought the League to be in need of "sycophantic adulation," so much objected to by your correspondents. But what the League most certainly needs is the wholehearted support from all sections of the community. No one supposes that the League of Nations is perfect, but at any rate, it is the only instrument there is at present for promoting peace and, therefore is entitled to the support of all those who desire peace.

The fact that the British Legion is giving its support to the League of Nations Union is a real step forward, and shows that the work of the League is appreciated. One thing is certain, if we wish to maintain peace as a nation, we must support the League, and in doing so show greater patriotism than those who spend their time in adverse criticism of its work.—Yours faithfully,

A. DARBY.

Tubed Racehorses.

You express the opinion that tubed horses should not be allowed to race. Then it is hard to defend the conditions of the Grand National which, this year, gave stakes, second only to those of the Derby, to a horse that was tubed and a gelding, and ten years old.

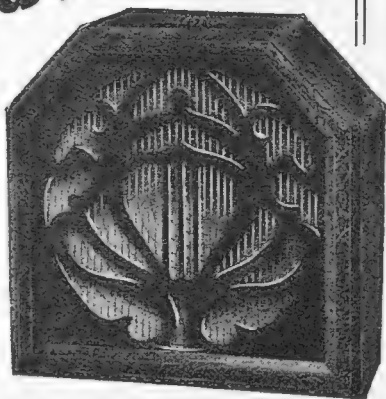
Horse breeding is constructively injured when large prizes are given to events which do no service to breeding, although they are sporting. So it is, I believe, by allowing the crack jockeys to get fancy fees; and it would really be fairer to breeders if the ten leading jockeys of the previous year carried a three pound penalty throughout the season.—I am, yours faithfully,

C. A. KNAPP, Captain.

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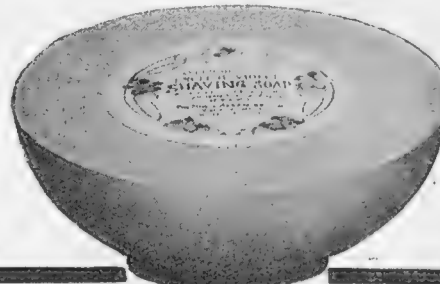
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NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES

By E. M. Rossiter

SOME authoritative details have now been issued regarding what is called "the Guest scheme" for providing facilities for flying in this country on a uniform plan, commercially operated, and catering for everybody's every need in the air. To be, in fact the "Universal Providers" of flying in England.

The scheme is plainly one for applying to civil flying, apart from the Continental air lines, the well-known principles of quantity production, unified management and intensive operation, and so effecting such a reduction of costs that the way will be opened for a vast growth of the flying movement.

The new company to be formed to carry out this scheme will be known as National Flying Services, Ltd., and it has the approval and support of the Government. The national value of its work will be rewarded by the Government over a period of years, by the payment of a small grant for every pilot trained.

Popular Flying.

The company proposes to establish a chain of flying centres and landing grounds

centres will be established at Feltham, Middlesex, to serve London. At each centre there will be a minimum of four light aeroplanes, a comfortable club-house, hangars, workshops, lock-up aeroplane garages, and the services of two flying instructors, and mechanics, and the equivalent of the repair, cleaning and supply services that the motorist obtains from a garage. The keynote of the organisation is to be "service."

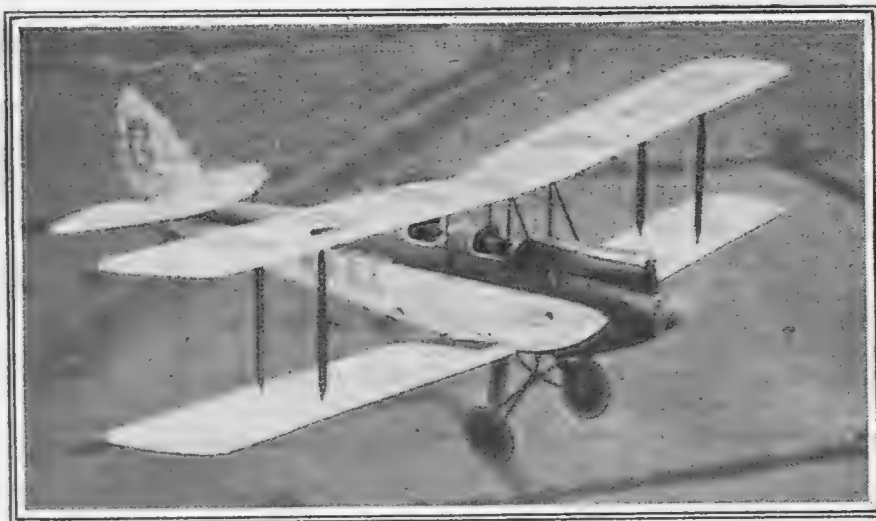
In addition, there will be about 100 landing grounds between the fully-equipped flying centres. At these secondary centres only essential services such as a telephone and

of advance will, it seems clear, be followed in the air.

Cheaper Flying.

It is claimed that National Flying Services, Ltd., owing to the scope of its operations, the centralisation of its administration and workshops, and the uniformity of its equipment, will be able to operate more economically than could be done by sporadic efforts, and thus realise a saving which will be handed on to the public in the form of cheaper rates for flying. All experience proves the soundness of this principle. Against the possible saving, however, must be set the fact that as compared with the existing light aeroplane clubs, the company will be operating with negligible financial assistance from the Government, so that high hopes cannot be set on a reduction in the prices charged at the commencement for learning to fly and for hiring out machines.

As the demand for flying grows, whether for business or pleasure purposes, it must inevitably become cheaper, and there is no doubt whatsoever of the capabilities of the new company to promote this



A modern light aeroplane. A fleet of 100 lightplanes will be put into service by National Flying Services, Ltd., for flying tuition, private hire and commercial work.



Capt. the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, P.C., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.P., Air Minister in 1921-22, who is forming a national company to develop civil aviation on an ambitious scale.

travel. The importance of this aspect of the scheme to flying in England, where weather conditions are so notoriously against aviation and the country is heavily built over, or parcelled out into tight little fields, speaks for itself. England will no longer be a land only fit for heroes to fly in.

To my mind, the outstanding merit of the scheme lies in the fact that it will gather up all the scattered activities and plans connected with the development of flying in this country, many of which are too weak to make headway individually, and weld them together into a strong and progressive undertaking, which can foster and popularise flying on lines really suited to the British temperament and British conditions. The new company will cater particularly for the man—or woman—who wishes to learn to fly.

Twenty-three Flying Centres.

Twenty-two flying centres will be organised in various parts of the provinces where flying facilities are at present lacking, and a main

petrol supplies will be available, but they will be extraordinarily valuable in extending the usefulness of flying as a rapid means of getting about the country.

A Chance for Municipalities.

To municipalities which are contemplating the provision of a municipal airport, but are hesitating because active flying still appears rather remote, the new company comes forward with an attractive offer. Given the bare site, they will transform it into a fully equipped airport, and will supply and maintain aircraft, staff and the flying services which a go-ahead town needs. Knowing the keenness that is arising in many provincial towns, I haven't much doubt that this offer will be quickly snapped up.

The site of the London centre at Feltham has already been secured and will be developed first. A country club, in addition to flying activities of every kind, will here be provided for Londoners who seek fresh air, whether on the ground or in the sky.

One of the strongest points in favour of the commercial success of the venture is the linking together of club and private flying with commercial flying. Ample opportunities exist in this country for air taxi services to flourish on a self-supporting basis, whereas internal air lines operated regularly would require substantial subsidies, at least in the early stages. In a very few years motor-car hire services have multiplied and expanded everywhere, and now we have popular motor-coach services. The same line

growth. Within very few years there will be hundreds of buyers for light aeroplanes for every one existing to-day, and this means, of

course, a hundredfold more people paying dues at municipal airports, thousands of new passengers for Imperial Airways, Ltd.—for no one who contracts the air habit will travel by rail and ship, except unavoidably—and hundreds of careers opening up in aviation. In other words, a boom.

Not a Monopoly.

An innovation that pleased everybody would be marvellous indeed. There are those who see in "the Guest scheme" the setting up of a grasping, soulless monopoly that will swamp out of existence the gallant and hard-working band of enthusiasts who have raised the existing light aeroplane clubs to their present level of keen and efficient activity.

But it has been made abundantly clear that the new company is not a monopoly and that its aim is to co-operate with the clubs in preference to absorbing them, and to initiate growth and improvements which will be infinitely more beneficial than harmful to their interests, whether considered as clubs or individuals.



Lt.-Col. I. A. E. Edwards, C.M.G., the technical organiser of the new company, was, until recently, Chief Technical Adviser (Civil Aviation) at the Air Ministry.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

WHEN your partner has already made a call you often have to decide whether to leave his bid alone or whether to make an alternative call yourself. It may happen that your own suit is not headed by top honours, whereas you feel sure that his is, but even so there are times when, given those circumstances, it pays you to show your own suit.

What you have to consider is, whether your hand is likely to be as useful to him in assisting his call, as his will be to you in support of any declaration that you may elect to make. That sounds most elementary, but it is a point of view that does not receive nearly sufficient attention.

Some players become extremely annoyed if their partner takes them out of their call—especially if he happens to hold an honour in their suit. They will not bring themselves to realise that he is just as keen to win the game as they are and that if he denies the suit he has some reason for doing so. He may be right, or he may be wrong, but in any case he himself believes that he is acting for the best, and he should therefore only be credited with good intentions.

Never allow yourself to imagine that your partner has overcalled you, merely because he wishes to have the pleasure of playing the hand himself. I do not say for one moment that such is never the case, but once you allow yourself to admit that possibility, you immediately destroy all spirit of partnership, which is the bulwark of sound declaring at Auction Bridge.

Look Ahead.

Assume your partner to have made an original heart call and that you hold :—Spades : Queen, Knave, 10, x x x. Hearts : Queen, x x. Diamonds : x x. Clubs : x x.

I consider that you should certainly show your spades over the hearts, in spite of the fact that you hold three to the Queen in your partner's suit. If his suit is solid—as it ought to be seeing that it is an original call—when you have extracted trumps you will then be able to make the hearts. If, however, the hand is played with hearts as trumps, your spades will, as likely as not, be of no value to your partner whatsoever. In the event of the opponents holding up the command of the spade suit for a trick or two, he may never then be able to get back into your hand to make any winners that he may have established in it.

I sincerely hope that I will not be accused of advocating an "original" declaration that is only Queen, Knave high, because I am doing nothing of the sort. That would be a most unfair imputation. The call that I am suggesting is not an "original" call. It is merely a "secondary" call, and there is a very vast difference between the two.

A Justifiable Risk.

I have been asked what Y should do under the following circumstances.
Score. Game all. YZ and AB both 20 in the rubber game.

Z (dealer) No bid. A One No Trump. Y holds the following :—

- ♠ King, 10, 9, 8, 7, 4, 3, 2.
- ♥ 10, 8, 6.
- ♦ 5.
- ♣ 7.

There are three alternatives open to him. He can pass or he can call either "Two spades" or "Three." Personally, I would call "Three."

I can hardly imagine anyone allowing the opponents to play the hand in a "One no Trump" contract at a score of 20 all in the rubber game.

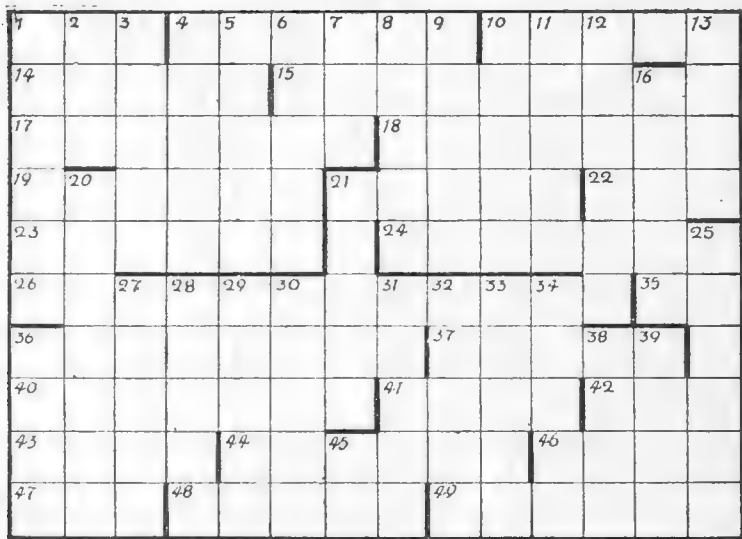
Undoubtedly, "Two" spades is the safety call—although even that is not conspicuously safe—but the real point is that you are not likely to be left in with "two" spades, whereas you probably will be with "three," and it is highly important to secure the call at this point in the score, even at the risk of being doubled. The double is extremely probable, but you may reckon that the hand contains six tricks and possibly seven, so you had better harden your heart and bid "Three" right away, and the loss, if any, should not be very disastrous.

Answers to Correspondents.

"R.E.G.R." (Lincoln).—I am pleased to find that you agree with me as to the bidding in the hand in question. Needless to say, I should have said YZ made a grand slam. The other was merely a slip on my part.

Mr. Jack Dalton will be very pleased to answer any question as to bridge. Correspondence should be addressed c/o BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 3.



CLUES :

Across.

- 1. Potter about.
- 14. To flay a whale
- 15. Tapestry.
- 17. Hearer.
- 18. Spanish.
- 19. A plant.
- 21. Stone slab.
- 22. A territory (init.).
- 23. Necessary at bazaars.
- 24. Heavy hammers
- 26. Waterproof leggings.
- 35. Short street.
- 36. Dealer in images
- 37. A bond.
- 40. Iron shoulder plate.
- 41. Insect.
- 42. Fish.
- 43. Perennial herb.
- 44. Genus of insects.
- 46. Same as cld.
- 47. Question.
- 48. A "shy" aunt.
- 49. Supply with gas.

Down.

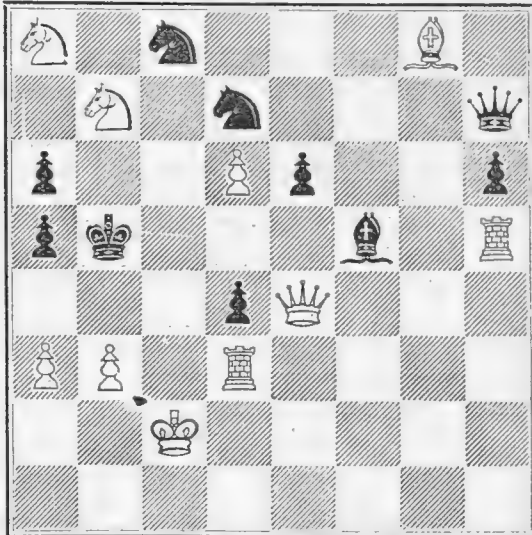
- 1. Ground black barley.
- 2. French coin.
- 3. War club.
- 4. To grate.
- 5. Behind in place.
- 6. Peasants.
- 7. The sweetbread.
- 8. Compiles.
- 9. Rebellious.
- 10. Anoint.
- 11. Uncovered.
- 12. Occasions.
- 13. Red Winc.
- 16. American politician.
- 20. Relatives.
- 21. A seed.
- 25. Stride.
- 27. Proprietary land in Bengal.
- 28. Particulars.
- 29. A drop.
- 30. Very like a badger.
- 31. Dwarf.
- 32. Meaning nine.
- 33. To glean.
- 34. The armpit.
- 36. A fabulous tale.
- 38. Guillemots and murre.
- 39. Glazes ceramic ware.
- 45. Famous actor's initials.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 2

Clues Across: 1, Pshaw; 5, Calp; 10, Kraal; 12, Barbe; 14, Nell; 15, Fat; 17, Moor; 18, Octogenarians; 20, Tea; 21, Gaar; 22, ii; 23, Pry; 24, Ntim; 26, G.F.S.; 27, Te; 28, Beefy; 29, Eat; 30, 32, Police Force; 34, Orlop; 36, Gibed; 37, Otto; 38, Voles. Clues Down: 1, Preceptor; 2, Saltarello; 3, Halo; 4, Al; 6, Ab; 7, Lamia; 8, Proa; 9, Persisted; 10, Knot; 11, Manates; 13, Bonifaces; 15, Fennec; 16, Tariff; 19, GG; 25, My; 26, Gerbe; 30, Pod; 31, lot; 33, Oil; 35, Pt; 36, Go.

CHESS. By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 3. By L. C. Hallam.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed: Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

SELECTED GAME.

This game was played in the Brixton Club Championship. Mr. Vincent had a concealed bomb which he dropped at move 35.

Reti's Opening.

- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| F. Vincent. | C. B. Heath. | F. Vincent. | C. B. Heath. |
| 1 Kt-KB3 | P-Q4 | 19 P-KR4 | R-Q2 |
| 2 P-Q4 | Kt-KB3 | 20 Q-Kt3 | Kt-Kt3 |
| 3 P-KKt3 | P-K3 | 21 Kt-B5 | BxKt(a) |
| 4 B-Kt2 | P-B4 | 22 KxB | BxKt |
| 5 P-B3 | Kt-B3 | 23 RxB | R-Q6 |
| 6 O-O | B-K2 | 24 Q-B2 | Q-Q4 ch |
| 7 QKt-Q2 | PxP | 25 R-B7 (b) | Q-Q4 |
| 8 PxP | O-O | 26 K-R2 | R-Q1 |
| 9 P-QR3 | B-Q2 | 27 R-B5 | Q-B6 (c) |
| 10 P-QKt4 | R-B1 | 28 R-K3 | RxR |
| 11 R-K1 | Kt-Kt1 | 29 PxR | QxP |
| 12 Kt-K5 | B-K1 | 30 B-B1 | Q-Q5 |
| 13 P-K4 | PxP | 31 R-B7 | Q-Q4 |
| 14 KtxP | Kt-B3 | 32 B-Kt5 | R-K1 (d) |
| 15 B-Kt2 | Kt-Q4 | 33 Q-KB2 | R-KB1 |
| 16 QR-B1 | R-B2 | 34 B-K7 | R-QB1 |
| 17 R-K2! | KtxKt | 35 QxKt!! | Resigns (e) |
| 18 PxKt | B-QB3 | | |

Problem No. 2 (Chess Editor.)
Key Kt-K4.

The key offers a flight sacrifice and a Black ch, but there is little else to commend it.

Solution of End-Game No. 2. (Moravec.)

1 K-R7! P-R5; 2 K-Kt6, P-R6; 3 K-Kt5, P-R7; 4 K-Kt1, P-R8=Q; 5 K-Kt3, Q-KR1; 6 K-R1 Mate. If 1... P-Kt4; 2 K-Kt6, P-Kt5; 3 K-Kt5, P-Kt6; 4 K-R4, P-Kt7; 5 K-R3, K-R8; 6 RxB.

A clever ideal! The KtP is left severely alone, in order that he may interfere with the Queen's evil intent.

It was very kind of Mr. G. R. Harcastle, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the London Chess League, to send his best wishes for the success of this column.

Congratulations, which are much appreciated, have also been received from Comins Mansfield (the famous problemist), S. H. Crockett (Asst. Sec. Insurance C.C.), and many others.

Note to problem composers: Checking and capture keys (except in the case of a P) are entirely out of the question, and the mates must reveal depth and beauty, otherwise problems will have little chance of acceptance.

Correct solutions will be acknowledged in the col. later.

NOTES ON GAME.

- (a) Excellent! If 22 KtxR, B-Q4; and Black wins a piece.
- (b) This little adventure is easily frustrated.
- (c) Threatening R-Q8.
- (d) If P-B3; 33 BxP!
- (e) The bomb has fallen, and Mr. Heath wisely declines to argue with a bomb.

“UNNECESSARY VEHICLES”

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

Lighting-up Times.
December 15th.

London	4 22 p.m.
Glasgow	4 13 p.m.
Manchester	4 20 p.m.
Plymouth	4 44 p.m.

NOW and again, in the course of years, the suggestion has been made that the traffic congestion problem may be attacked by the exclusion of “unnecessary” vehicles from certain sections of London. In our usual casual way we let the matter slide, since nothing so far has come of it. But something will come of it, if we are not careful. The suggestion is so obviously sensible that, from the motoring point of view, it is dangerous; and when Sir Henry Maybury, in a recent document, raised the question once again, the fact surely should be regarded by the motoring organisations as a danger signal.

A definition of “unnecessary vehicles” is required. It is, of course, futile to ask the motorist whether any motor car used in London on a week-day comes under the heading. With very few exceptions every car is in business use, or is being used as a rapid and convenient means of transport for some definite object. “Rubber necking” by motor cars scarcely exists at all. While it is true that the suburban or country resident, whose work lies in town could travel by train, tube, bus or tram, is there any particular reason why he should? Would any real diminution of congestion be gained thereby?

And that question involves further queries. What are the principal causes of congestion? London traffic is composed of horse-drawn lorries and vans, motor lorries and steam tractors, trams, buses, light motor delivery vans, cycles, a small number of miscellaneous vehicles, pedestrians and motor cars. Their relative influence upon the traffic problem may be open to argument in some respects, but the order in which they are named is a fairly sound estimate of their order of demerit as causes of congestion. Motor cars, being extremely mobile, as well as comparatively small, are the lightest offenders; though a traffic tangle may readily be caused by nervous or unintelligent driving—which seems to suggest that only expert drivers should be allowed to bring their cars into town. That, however, is a detail.

Heavy Goods Traffic.

AS to trams, one gets tired of pointing out what an unnecessary and unmitigated nuisance they are. No doubt, in time, they will all disappear—and it is to be hoped that we may all live to see it! Heavy horse-drawn

are still with us. The first is by prohibiting their use of certain streets; the second by limiting that use to hours when the traffic problem is not so serious.

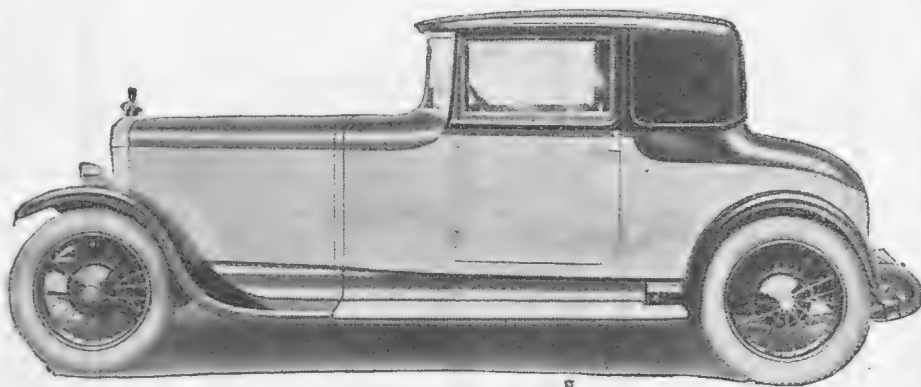
To consider for a moment the exclusion of private motor cars is to contemplate the arresting of natural progress; to risk a serious setback to one of the most important industries in the country, and one which has a tremendously beneficial effect upon the unemployment question; and to cause widespread inconvenience and interference with business. Further, little would be gained by it, for the number of people who now use their cars as a means of transport to their offices is not only great, but is growing, and to throw all these people back on to the public transport services would involve an increase in the fleets of trams and buses which are already high up on the List of Dishonour as causes of congestion. It seems perfectly clear to an onlooker that the trouble could be considerably eased by the issue and enforcement of a few simple regulations. The principal of these are already indicated—the exclusion of heavy goods-carrying vehicles from certain streets, either altogether or after certain hours. And then at present not one-tenth part of the possible advantage is taken of the one-way street idea. Bond Street, for instance, is not sufficiently wide to carry double traffic of present-day dimensions; while the intrusion of a single heavy horse lorry not only blocks that particular street, but causes widespread confusion in tributary thoroughfares. Bond Street, of course, is not the only one, though it is one of the worst examples; and it is very seldom that a practicable alternative route for the other-way traffic could not be found.

Sir Henry Maybury's point was that the traffic problem should be attacked

in a way that did not involve structural alterations to London streets. Much may certainly be done in this way, though of course extensive alterations in the course of time are the only possible remedies for the inadequacy of many streets for the traffic which they are now called

(Continued overleaf)

Trying out the Smaller Daimler Double-Six



ONE naturally expects a good deal from thirty-two horse-power and twelve cylinders, but he would be a difficult person to satisfy who was disappointed with the Daimler 30 Double-Six. Perhaps the first point which a strange driver notices when taking the car for a test is that, although it is indisputably a large vehicle (overall dimensions are 16 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft. 5½ in.) it is far from being such a handful as was feared. The driving position is so perfectly arranged as for each, seating angle and visibility of the front wings, while all the controls are so light and positive, that the big car is possibly even less trouble to drive than the average moderate powered vehicle. It is, moreover, one of those happy cars in which one feels instantly at home.

The particular model tested was equipped with an “occasional four” type of coupé body, possessed of exceptionally generous luggage accommodation at the rear. With admirable lines, an artistic colour scheme, and the general Daimler dignity of appearance, the car impressed one as an ideal vehicle for long distance touring, at home or abroad. Contrary to the general idea of Daimlers, this twelve-cylinder model proved to be by no means too large or complicated a proposition for the owner-driver to tackle, and even the greater multiplicity of parts which could—but do not—

Engine..	..	12 cylinders, 65 m.m. bore, 94 m.m. stroke; 3,744 c.c.; two banks of six cyls.; sleeve valves; detachable cyl. heads.
Tax ...	..	£32.
Ignition ..	..	Dual, by magneto and coil.
Carburettor ..	..	Daimler.
Clutch ..	..	Disc.
Gear box ..	..	Four speeds; central change.
Brakes..	..	Four-wheel; Dewandre servo.
Cooling ..	..	Pump and fan.
Rear axle drive	..	Worm.
Suspension ..	..	Semi-elliptic front and rear.
Price ...	..	£1,300 (saloon or coupé); chassis, £1,050.

go wrong resolved itself, on examination, into an admirably accessible layout.

With regard to running, the car is deceptive owing to its silence and smoothness. Just at first a slight tardiness in acceleration from slow speeds on top gear is suspected; but the speed indicator tells a different story. There is no indication from the engine, in the way of rising volume of sound, as to the speed at which the car is travelling, and a stranger's guess, without observation of the flashing trees and telegraph poles, would certainly be ten miles an hour slow.

At 50, 60 or even 70 miles an hour the car is equally easy to control and effortless to drive; and the smooth power of the engine is ably seconded, in the interests of high and safe average speed, by the vacuum servo-operated four-wheel braking.

The Daimler Double-Six is one of the least expensive cars of its type on the market, and even in running expense it is remarkably moderate. Petrol consumption was not strictly tested, but compared very favourably with that of another car, of two-thirds the horse-power and half the number of cylinders, with which the same routes had been covered, while in the course of some five hundred miles of travelling the engine oil level showed no visible signs of dropping. The car, it may be remarked, showed a very satisfactory absence of smoky exhaust.

traffic, also, is in course of gradual elimination, and one can well realise that great hardship might be caused by an official order for the substitution of motor for animal traction on a given date. There are two ways, however, in which slow, lumbering vehicles could be rendered more or less innocuous so long as they

"Unnecessary Vehicles"—cont.

upon to carry. So far as immediate relief is concerned, however, the most urgent measure is apparently the appointment of some unprejudiced person of wide experience to study London, on the map and on the road, with a view to establishing a comprehensive system of traffic progression.

The one-way street and the gyratory traffic idea has proved its value, and it has been long enough in operation to bring to light such weaknesses as it may possess. All that has been done so far has been largely experimental; but surely the experiment is not complete? The problem is so immediately serious and so prospectively tragic that there is no time to waste on the courtly, leisured methods of old. London could be re-routed inside a month; and if some of the measures taken proved to be capable of improvement—well, we can improve as we go. The Prince of Wales's famous slogan, "Wake up, England!" might be paraphrased: "Get a move on, London!"

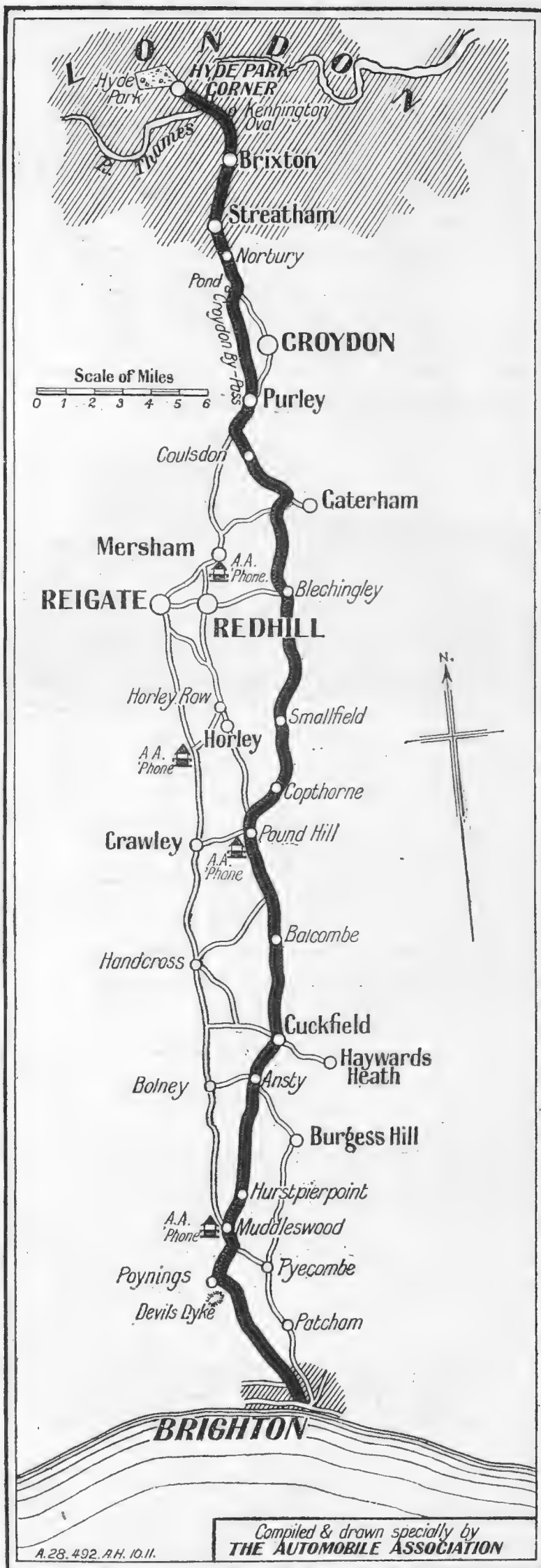
That Poor Pedestrian.

IN the meantime, let us say one word of praise for the authorities. They do recognise how modern traffic control methods have increased the difficulties and dangers of pedestrianism, and are doing all they can to warn the slow and somnolent foot-slogger against the accustomed problems of street crossing which one-way traffic has brought in its train. "Look right" is becoming an increasingly common warning in large, white letters on the roadway in such places as Parliament Square. And very necessary, too, since long use has ingrained into us the habit of looking left on the occasions when the new legend is required.

What one would like to know, however, is how the aforesaid sleepy, though conscientious, pedestrian fares if he approaches the legend so that the lettering is upside down? While carefully spelling out the reversed words, "Look Right," he is at the mercy of traffic approaching from his left! Fortunately, motorists, and above all London drivers of most classes of vehicles, are wary individuals; and if not possessed of the Christian spirit of patience to any marked degree, are none the less, averse to killing in cold blood—generally speaking!

Other Days: The Same Old Manners!

MOTORISTS are warned of considerable police activity on the new Barnet by-pass road, and are advised to keep their "speed in check," or words to that effect; anyway, the warning was published recently in one of the motor papers. But what a striking commentary on the co-ordination existing between the various public departments.



The Ministry of Transport gives us this wide new road in order that we shall not be a nuisance, by our numbers, on the old main road, and in the narrow streets of the towns upon it; and the principle is recognised that quick circulation is the only basic cure for traffic congestion. Because, or in spite of this, the police promptly turn out to penalise those motorists who considerably act upon the implied wishes of the Ministry and take themselves and their cars out of the way as quickly as possible. The mental processes which direct speed trapping on an arterial or by-pass road are simply incomprehensible. Dangerous driving should be checked and penalised wherever it occurs—in a country lane, on a modern concrete highway, or even on Brooklands track—but what are the new roads for if not for speedy travelling? They have been built solely so that speed shall be compatible with safety. . . . But what is the good of arguing? It is all so obvious.

Are Dogs Good Passengers?

AN intelligent dog is a wonderful pal, and it is not surprising that those who are accustomed to taking their four-legged friends everywhere with them afoot should wish to extend the practice to motoring. Most dogs love motoring, anyway; and they exhibit a desire to return to the good old days when the car was *sans* top, *sans* screen, *sans* everything! The reason why a dog always looks out of an open window, or puts his head around the side of the wind screen is not easy to imagine, but the rush of air must be bad for his eyes. The main point, however, is whether it is altogether desirable that a dog should sit beside the driver. In the rear of a saloon, of course, he cannot cause much trouble, but on the front seat even the most sedate and well trained of animals is not absolutely dependable. He may, at any moment, see a tramp whom he fancies, or desire to pass the time of day with a fellow countryman from (supposedly and erroneously) Alsace. And what a dog will do when he gets an idea in his head it is impossible to forecast. In any case, the driver's attention is certain to wander, if only for an instant, and that doesn't do nowadays.

The Better Way.

LAST week's Better Way route showed a good method of dodging the worst of the traffic for those desirous of making for the Croydon by-pass road, en route for Brighton and other South Coast resorts.

This week the remainder of the road to Brighton is shown in detail; and those who usually avoid that road and town at weekends on account of embarrassing popularity will find that the recommended alternative route through Redhill, Smallfield, Pound Hill, and Cuckfield has many points to recommend it.

Where Britain Leads !

SPEED

THE fastest speed ever achieved was established on Nov. 4th, 1928, by Flight-Lieut. D. D'Arcy Greig, D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., flying a British built Supermarine-Napier seaplane fitted with a Napier Aero engine. His speed over 3 kilometres averaged

319.57 m.p.h.

RELIABILITY

THE greatest formation flight ever accomplished was carried out by four Supermarine-Napier flying boats of the Royal Air Force. These machines, each fitted with two Napier aero engines, flew from England to Australia, round Australia and back to Singapore, covering

184,000 engine miles

without mechanical trouble. During the whole flight the machines flew in formation and kept to a prearranged programme throughout.

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ROMANCE *and* REALISM

By Maitland Davidson

A Prescription for the Films.

"The Sea Beast," John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. (Avenue Pavilion.)

THE final screen philosophy has yet to be evolved, nor is it certain that it ever will be—at any rate in our time. But I am inclined to think that the adventure card is a very good one to play; much more often than not it will take the trick, if manoeuvred in the right manner.

Let me take for an instance *The Sea Beast*, a fine film originally devised by the Warners and now being reissued, after some years, by

the Gaumont Company, that opens next Monday at the Avenue Pavilion. Romance plus realism is the recipe for this type of film.

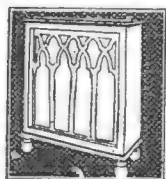
In *The Sea Beast* storms of passion are cunningly interwoven with storms at sea; the hunting of Moby Dick, the great white whale of unique ferocity, is not merely an engrossing spectacle, but the legitimately contrived pivot of a first-rate melodrama of love and hate.

Atmosphere of the Sea.

Atmosphere of the sea (which all true Britons love) is with us from the first. We push off



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WORKS
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A fine film of sea adventure: Mr. John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," which is being revived at the Avenue Pavilion.

in the good ship *The Three Brothers*, with Mr. John Barrymore, A.B., at the masthead, caressing a pet monkey and beating time with his feet to the old shanty, "Hanging Johnny." We land at New Bedford, and John (known for present screen purposes as Ahab) goes off to the abode of Esther (Miss Dolores Costello). In the moonlit garden, amid falling petals, they plight their troth, or words to that effect ("their young souls were bewildered by the fragrance of the tropical night"), but duty and Moby Dick call.

What a Whale!

Soon the rogue whale appears, and Ahab's villainous half-brother, also in love with Esther in his crooked way, pushes him overboard, whereupon the whale bites his leg off. Poor maimed Ahab, landing again with a very home-made wooden leg after some almost too realistically rough surgery, mistakes Esther's pity for repulsion; the fraternal villain persuades him that she has transferred her love; and Ahab goes sailing again with a fury in his heart that leads us into some of the best scenes of the picture, when he drives on through the most convincing and terrifying tempests to his vicarious vengeance on the Sea Beast.

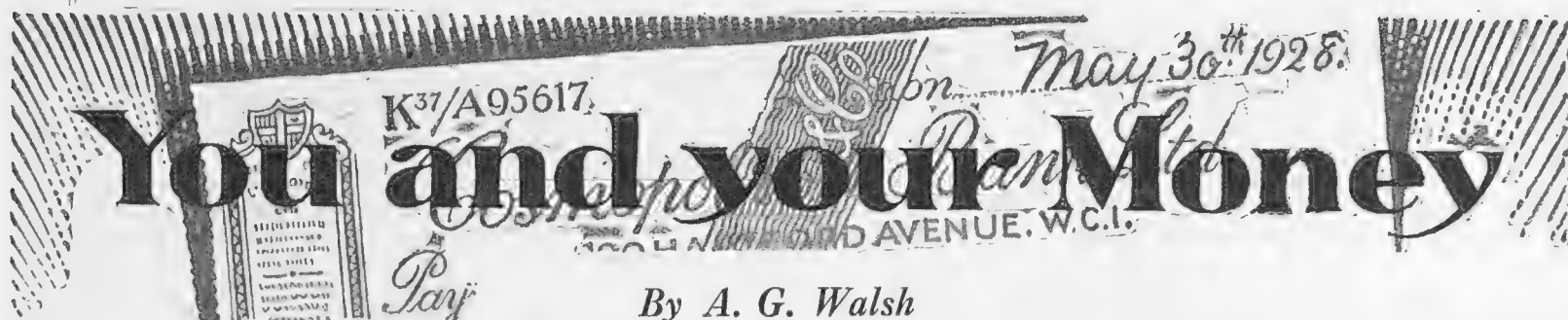
This was Miss Costello's first big film, and she acts so charmingly in it that her progress thereafter is no sort of surprise. Mr. Barrymore proves himself a really accomplished character-actor, especially as the half-crazy Vanderdecken of the later scenes. Great care must have been exercised in selecting the crew; truly a marvellous collection of scoundrels of infinite variety.

Who Invents these Titles?

"Man, Woman and Sin." Jeanne Eagels and John Gilbert. (Empire.)

Who is it, I wonder, that invents these astonishing titles for otherwise often quite inoffensive and even attractive films?

In spite of its title, though, it is quite a good picture on popular lines. It is the story of a U.S. lad of low degree who becomes a reporter on a newspaper (Mr. John Gilbert), falls in love with the beautiful society editress (Miss Jeanne Eagels), kills her rich journalistic lover when he discovers the intrigue, and, acquitted at the last moment, returns to home and mother. Quite well done of its kind and with first-rate photography.



ONE difficulty of many investors in the selection of sound and remunerative investments is whether to buy short-term or long-dated securities. At least I assume so, because several readers have raised this point in their correspondence with me.

Now next in importance to security of capital is the income-producing value of investments, and then the probability of an increase in capital value.

Rarely do you find a first-class investment stock giving "a large return with scope for capital appreciation." Yet, some people, when selecting new securities, lay down the phrase I quote as an essential requirement.

I have pointed out in previous issues of *BRITANNIA* that gilt-edged securities of the highest order are valued on a basis to yield about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent.—sometimes less.

Any appreciation, therefore, must result from one or other of two main causes, namely (1) the cheaper value of money expressed in lower yields, which would enhance the market value of gilt-edged investments; and (2) the repayment of the security at a price above its market value.

Appreciation and Yield.

MISGUIDED people sometimes fall into the error of assuming that the further below par a stock is, the greater the scope for capital appreciation.

Let me test this theory.

Take two British Government stocks of equal merit: the 3 per cent. Local Loans stock is quoted at £65 for each £100 worth, and 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan just over £88 per £100. The former thus stands £35 below its face value and the latter some £12.

The novice in these matters might jump to the conclusion that Local Loans stock is much under-valued and offers greater scope for capital appreciation than does Consolidated Loan.

This idea can be put to the test. Assuming for argument's sake that Local Loans rose £10 to £75 (in Stock Exchange jargon it would be 10 points to 75) and Consolidated Loan only £5 to £93 the relative positions would be that at the postulated prices the first-named would yield 4 per cent. and Consolidated Loan £4 6s. per cent.

The effect of this disparity would be to induce holders of the stock showing the greater rise in price, and lesser yield, into the other for the sake of the better return. Hence we should expect to see a gradual adjustment in market values to a common standard.

All this applies to long-dated securities and is intended to explain to you that future market values will depend chiefly upon the cheapness, or dearness, of money or interest rates, as expressed in investment yields.

Some Short-term Investments.

MY main theme is whether an investor should buy short-term or long-dated securities. A good deal depends upon individual considerations.

The expression "short-term" is applied to loans, bonds, debentures and other securities that fall due for repayment at a definite date within a few years, generally within ten years.

If such investments are acquired below the repayment price the holder has little to fear in the way of capital depreciation. If interest is paid regularly there will always be buyers at a figure below the redemption price.

This, of course, helps to maintain the market value, and, as the date of maturity draws near, the quotation will gradually approach to the repayment price.

For example, New Zealand Government has two 4 per cent. loans. One, repayable at £100 next November, is quoted at £99 10s., while the other, not definitely redeemable until 1963, stands at £89. In the case of the former, a buyer secures £4 in interest and 10s. in capital appreciation, which will not cover his buying expenses, while the purchaser of the longer-dated 4 per cent. loan gets a return of nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but little prospect of immediate capital appreciation.

Despite the lower yield, there are investors who will buy the former, merely as a temporary investment, because the fact that the principal is repayable within twelve months at £100 ensures them against loss of capital.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

THE shorter the duration of an investment, repayable at a fixed price, the less the risk of capital depreciation. As shown above, such securities give a relatively smaller return than long-dated investments.

Here are a few short-dated investments: Glasgow $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock is quoted £93 and so yields $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the purchaser will make a profit of £7 in capital appreciation as the principal is repayable in $5\frac{1}{2}$ years at £100.

Similarly, Glasgow $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock only yields £3 2s. 6d. per cent. at £80, but here again a purchaser will secure £20 profit when the principal is paid in twelve years.

Short-term stocks of this character are favoured by investors who do not seek income so much as future capital appreciation on which no income tax is levied. There are certain short-term securities quoted above their redemption values.

In contrast with the foregoing, these are favoured by investors who desire a larger immediate return than can be obtained from the average highest-grade stocks.

For example, British Government $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury bonds, repayable next April at £100 are quoted £100 5s. The purchasers, obviously, do not mind paying 5s. per cent. above their value in order to get a return of more than

5 per cent. on their money for the short period.

And so with the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. India loan quoted at £103 and repayable in 1932 at £103. This reminds me that India loans are not guaranteed by the British Government, as some investors erroneously suppose.

Five Per Cent. War Loan.

THE 5 per cent. War Loan has come to be regarded as a short-term security. It is not definitely repayable until 1947, but the Government has the option of repaying the whole principal at any time after next June.

I find that an impression exists that the Government can reduce the interest at will and alter the terms of the loan. It is unthinkable that any such attempt would be made to tamper with investors' rights, and I can say emphatically that interest could not be reduced without giving holders the option of accepting repayment in cash.

War Loan exceeds £2,000,000,000. To my mind there is not the least likelihood of the Government repaying this colossal sum within the next five years. There will probably be conversion operations, but if you are satisfied with your War Loan, do not let the prospect of early redemption disturb you. War loans may continue for another ten years.

Normally the price of 5 per cent. War Loan appreciates as the interest date approaches. The next interest payment is June 1st. Yet last week the price rose to £102.

One explanation is this: All the National War bonds have been repaid, so that the only other stock the interest on which is not subjected to deduction of income tax at the source, is 5 per cent. War Loan.

The large Colonial banks, which are not liable for British income tax, naturally prefer investments immune from this deduction. I am told that these institutions have been buying largely of late.

British Celanese.

LESS selling of British Celanese shares has been in evidence following upon the reassuring remarks of Lord Harris at the meeting of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa. The Gold Fields recently acquired a substantial holding of Celanese shares, and Lord Harris stated that this step was not taken without "thoroughly satisfying ourselves as to the position." He has complete confidence in the company's future.

Happening to be outside the Stock Exchange after this observation, I sought the views of some brokers. They confessed that they were puzzled. Said one: "Why could not the company have made a reassuring statement if all is well. Clients all over the country have been wiring me as to whether they ought to hold or sell. What could I advise?"

If the information was available to Lord Harris, why were other shareholders not reassured as to the position? I gather that the increase in the company's output coincided with the general stagnation in the artificial silk trade. As the output could not be readily absorbed, it had to be restricted, involving heavier costs and lower profits.

It is said that now prices have been reduced the company's sales are increasing.

MY anticipations regarding British Bréda Artificial Silk and British Visada have proved correct. After last week's issue had gone to press official details of the proposal to acquire British Visada were published.

Briefly, holders of British Visada shares are offered British Bréda shares in exchange for their present holdings. Discussing the proposal, an authority on the artificial silk told me he considered that British Visada shareholders should regard themselves as fortunate in receiving this offer. Bréda shares are more likely to command a better price than British Visada shares could hope to attain.

Mining Pointers.

INTEREST in mining shares has been limited to South Africans; and, even there, price movements have been of an up and down character. The market, with the approach of the holidays, lacks staying power.

Rhodesians were a bright spot at one time; but a little profit-taking soon took all the shine out of them. Market men are looking forward to some activity in this section in the New Year.

As regards Kaffirs, business is likely to remain on the small side for the time being. The crushing results for November make a mixed showing. The Robinson Deep figures show a distinct improvement over the last three months. The recovery ought to be maintained, as the mine has now a better labour supply, and this should accelerate the rate of development.

West Rand's revenue also shows a further increase, and still better results are expected in respect of this month. On the other hand, no change has taken place in the City Deep position, and a further working loss of £17,250 for the month tends to damp the hopes of patient holders of the shares. Crown Mines' revenue is lower; but this is due to a shortage of labour.

Next month, instead of April, the Rand Selection Corporation will pay an interim dividend. I look for 6d. a share.

The tussle between the conflicting interests (those who desire a higher price and those who want the metal lower) has resulted in a fall in the price of tin. Until there is a sustained improvement in the price, the public seem determined to keep off tin shares.

The Electrical Trade.

SINCE the Armistice there is no question that of our heavy industries the electrical manufacturing has fared exceedingly well. Despite keen competition, British manufacturers have managed to secure nearly one-third of overseas' contracts.

But I fear that we are about to lose our premier position in that connection. I have come to that conclusion after studying the statistics set out in the quarterly review known as the *Trade Survey* issued by the economic department of the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association.

This contains some telling figures, which clearly show that this country has lost ground during the past year. Then the world market rose by 14 per cent., but British electrical exports actually fell by 1 per cent.

In contrast, Germany last year increased her electrical shipments by 24 per cent., France by 18 per cent., Switzerland by 50 per cent., and the United States by 16 per cent.

Britain lost ground mainly in telegraphic apparatus, lamps, electrical machinery, batteries and meters. Only in cables and insulated wire did this country hold its own.

What is the remedy? The Association suggests closer co-operation at home, in the pooling of resources, and in concerted action. It is impossible to maintain a strong competitive position abroad with uncertainty at home.

Oil Outlook Uncertain.

It is becoming almost impossible to take a definite view of the oil outlook even a week ahead. Oil shares which seemed so promising from a speculative standpoint a few weeks ago are now in the dumps.

I expect them to remain so until either there is a noticeable reduction in the United States' output of oil or there is a change of sentiment in Wall Street. While I am not prepared to prophesy, I feel that we shall not see much change in the market this side of the New Year.

A general advance in petrol prices is not improbable in the early future. It may take place in a few weeks. A development of this nature would be regarded favourably and might bring about a temporary recovery in share values, but any sustained improvement would depend largely upon a change for the better in the world's oil conditions.

Hopeful View of Tin.

DESPITE the apathy of the public towards tin shares, the people closely associated with the tin-mining industry are full of confidence concerning the future.

Lord Askwith at the meeting of the London Tin Syndicate the other day was just as optimistic as I have been on the future of tin.

Those who think differently profess to see obstacles ahead such as increased production and the possibility of substitutes for tin. Lord Askwith, however, believes that consumption will keep pace with greater output.

In support of this contention, he pointed out that consumption had increased in the last 18 years by some 80 per cent., and the 1928 figures would certainly show the previous record of 1927 to have been eclipsed.

America is a large user of tin, and any marked change there in industrial and trade conditions generally soon is reflected in the visible stocks of tin.



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By A. G. Walsh

THOSE graphic accounts of the spectacular slump on the New York Stock Exchange are interesting, but they are having a bad effect on our stock markets. Stories of fortunes made and lost, and of share values crashing down every few minutes, only tend to frighten nervous investors.

The moral of it all is that speculators should keep within their depth and exercise prudence. In a boom when prices are soaring, the temptation to make money quickly generally overcomes prudence, and some people relax all caution and plunge into the thick of the gamble.

Shares are bought without regard to intrinsic values, merits, or anything else. The fact that the market value may have risen already substantially is ignored. Then in a calmer moment the foolish speculator, who has paid 8s. for a 1s. share of some newly-established concern, probably will seek expert advice as to the wisdom of his doubtful purchase.

WHAT is taking place in New York is not likely to happen here, but the influence of the slump there will be noticeable here for a few weeks in the weakness of international securities, including American Rails. Stable British stocks and shares are unlikely to be affected directly.

Seasonal Influences.

QUITE apart from Wall Street influences, the approach of the festive season and the King's illness are exercising a restrictive influence upon business, and are, in a large measure, responsible for the subdued state of markets.

One of the features this week has been the strength of 5 per cent. War Loan. I feel convinced that by April next when the stock is full of interest, the quotation will be probably over 104.

Although interest on War loan is paid without deduction of income tax at the source, holders whose incomes are above the exemption limit must pay the tax direct. Holders, however, who are resident abroad, are exempt altogether from the tax, and that, of course, adds to the popularity of War loan as an investment for investors abroad.

Turkish Unified Loan.

THE only point of interest affecting foreign bonds is the ratification of the agreement for the payment of the interest coupons on Turkish Government Loans. Holders of Turkish Unified Loan can, therefore, present coupons to their bank for collection next week—that is, if the funds to meet the interest have been remitted from Turkey.

Good traffic figures are stimulating a demand for the ordinary stocks of the leading Argentine Railway. Despite the increased earnings, I much doubt whether the policy of the various companies will be to raise dividends above last year's level in view of the recent agitation throughout Argentina for lower tariffs. The companies already have agreed to make certain concessions in this direction.

The full accounts of the Peruvian Corporation are now available, and strengthen my belief that the company should be able to pay the full 5 per cent. dividend on the Preference stock,

which, accordingly, looks an attractive speculation around £65 per £100.

In the last few days bargain hunters have been picking up the cheaper home railway stocks. You must not assume that any change has taken place in the outlook.

It remains as obscure as ever with traffics showing badly; but, as I have remarked on previous occasions, one must take the long view with the railways and take into consideration the advantages to accrue from the road transport powers and the benefits from the de-rating scheme.

Industrials Erratic.

IN these days industrial shares appear to be left to their own devices. The few industrial shares which are marketable both in London and New York naturally will tend to fluctuate in price in accordance with conditions on Wall Street. Some remarkable fluctuations have been witnessed in the past fortnight, Canadian Marconis, for example, coming down from £6 to 35s.

It is curious that while leading gramophone shares under New York influences are flat, there still continues speculation in some of the cheaper shares. Both Metropoles and Everlites have been prominent features. I know of no reason for the rise in these two shares other than over-speculation.

After what has happened in the case of Duophones, which have come down in a few months from 89s. to 16s., I should have thought that gamblers would have given record shares a wide berth.

Financial Strength of Carreras.

LAST week I published the preliminary statement issued by Carreras which announced a 50 per cent. dividend, free of tax, and a 25 per cent. bonus in shares. The accounts have now reached me. These show that the company's profit for the year is £1,154,250 on an issued share capital of £1,425,000.

What, perhaps, interests me more than anything else is the enormous financial strength of the undertaking as disclosed in its liquid assets and stocks. After deduction of current liabilities, these items total £3,215,000. Included in this amount is the balance of the year's profit.

Even so, when the dividends have been paid and other appropriations made, the surplus liquid assets and stock will exceed the amount of the issued ordinary capital. These figures do not include the value of the factory and plant.

Nothing is said in the report about the current year's prospects, but no doubt Mr. Bernhard Baron, as he has done on previous occasions, will give his views upon the outlook at the meeting on Monday.

Crittall's Accounts.

THE Crittall report is very satisfactory, but for some reason or other, the shares have fallen back in price. Apparently in some quarters a higher dividend than 15 per cent. was expected; but it must not be forgotten that this rate, owing to the larger capital now ranking, calls for a larger distribution.

The company's activities are far-flung, and

it now has an important interest in the casement window industry of the United States. The shares, in my opinion, should rise to over £3 in the course of the next 12 months.

INQUIRIES have reached me lately as to a purchase of the ninepenny shares of the Canning Town Glass Works around 5d. or 6d. I wonder who is tipping them. Earlier this year the price was 1½d. I believe that the company is doing much better and may possibly be in a position to pay a first dividend next summer.

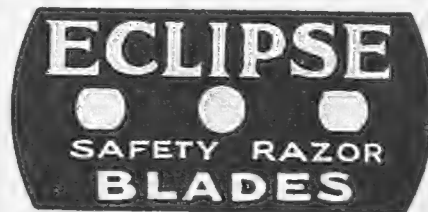
Myself, I cannot help thinking that the most that can be expected is 5 per cent., and this does not appear to be a sufficient inducement to buy the shares, even as a speculation.

Rubber Stocks Low.

BROKERS tell me that they are receiving very few orders either to buy or sell rubber shares. Quotations show little change. Confidence still continues in the future of the rubber industry, and dealers in raw rubber report that consumption is on a fairly high scale, although so far America has not sent large orders.

An encouraging aspect of the situation is that manufacturers' stocks are low. After the New Year, greater demand for crude rubber may be witnessed in order to provide for manufacturing activities in the early spring.

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Over the first hurdle in the December Handicap Hurdle race at Windsor, won by Captain Sassoon's Melrush.

A FRIEND of mine, whose interests are not unconnected with breeding, has taken me to task for my contention a fortnight ago that breeders are sufficiently recompensed at the sale-ring for the part they play in racing, and that their claim to a share of the "Tote" funds should be waived in favour of the owners. My friend bases his objections on two main lines: one, that heavy outlay is essential, and the return problematical; two, that breeding is a "key" industry, and that if it were not for the breeders there would be no racing.

On the first point I am to some extent in agreement with him. One cannot start and maintain a stud farm without capital; but that can be said of any business undertaking. I am not so sure about the problematical nature of the return; but supposing that is conceded, if business entailed no risk of loss there would be no such place as Carey Street. My contention was that the successful breeder makes a very fine thing out of racing, and I stick to it. I think he is no more entitled to expect a bonus or subsidy, call it what you like, than the proprietor of any other productive concern.

As it is, the risk of loss is not, in my opinion, comparable to that of the owner. The breeder has only to secure the right blood, and he can be sure of getting some return for his outlay when the fruit of his enterprise comes up for sale, even though fancy prices may not always be realised. But the owner may spend fortunes

WEIGHED IN

By

"Blackfriar"

in buying yearlings and may never get back a penny-piece on the racecourse.

As to my friend's second point—that if there were no breeders there would be no racing, there is something to be said for that, too. But it could be turned the other way with equal force: if there no owners there would be no breeders. The richest diamond mine would be valueless if diamonds were regarded with no more interest than pebbles on the beach. The value of a commodity is gauged, not by the supply but by the demand.

Lord D'Abernon's Hint.

The Betting Board of Control would seem to hold the same view, judging from the very significant statement which one of its members, Lord D'Abernon, made on the subject the other day. Addressing the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, he said:—

"What improves races by diminishing entrance fees, by increasing stakes, by developing the interest of the public in the sport, is definitely to the advantage of horse-breeding,

so that, apart from any direct participation in profits, horse-breeding will gain indirectly by the measures now about to be put in force."

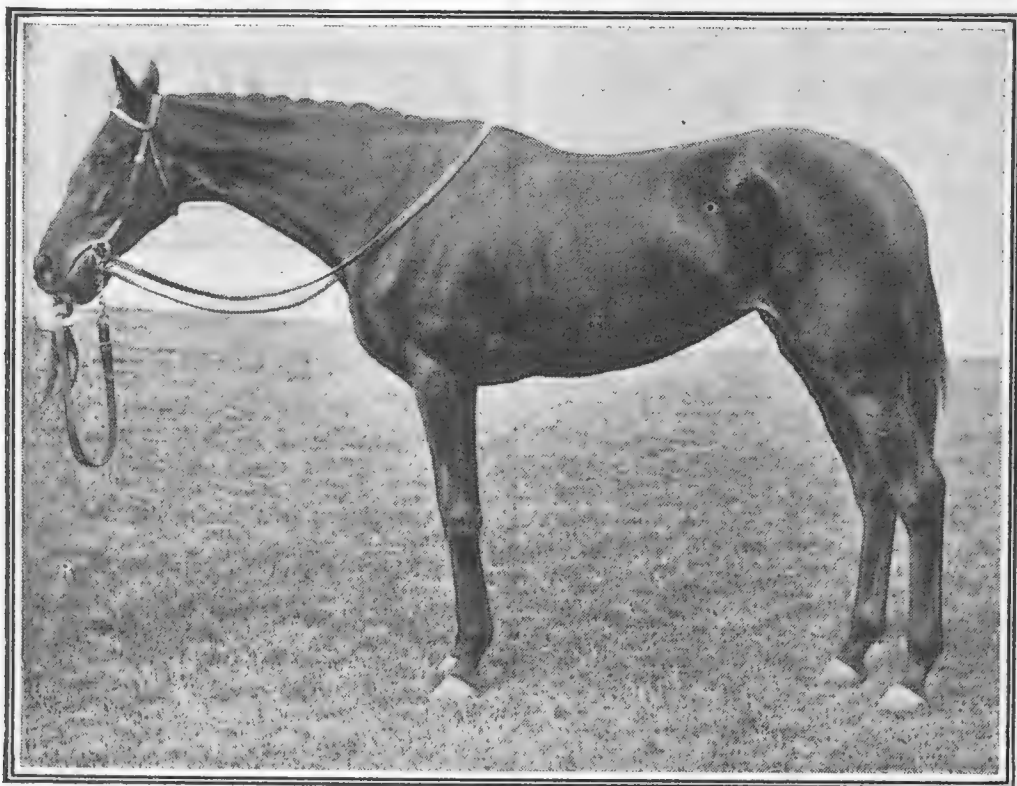
I think such a statement, made before such a body and by such an authority, makes it plain that if breeders are still looking for anything in the nature of a bonus from totalisator funds they are doomed to disappointment.

No one is better qualified to enlarge upon the financial aspects of breeding and ownership than our former Ambassador to Berlin. Since his colours first appeared on the racecourse, nearly thirty years ago, he has achieved many notable triumphs with many notable horses, and he has been for years one of our most successful breeders. Most people will recall the wonderful deeds of that beautiful mare, Diadem, who won twenty-four races, including the One Thousand Guineas of 1917, and became the greatest racing idol since Pretty Polly.

The Sale of Diadem.

Diadem proved a great success at the stud and became the dam of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Diophon, and that brilliant young sprinter Dian. In view of her splendid services in both spheres it was a little surprising that Lord D'Abernon should have seen fit to dispose of Diadem at the Newmarket December Sales. As she is in foal to Phalaris, Major Mairs may find his 10,000 gns., which was the price he gave for her, well spent.

The majority of Sir Abe Bailey's horses sold well, and I do not suppose that M. Esmond will have cause to regret paying 11,000 gns. for Bracket. This eleven-year-old mare, who won the Cesarewitch of 1920 with 7 st. 7 lb. on her three-year-old back, is covered by the most successful sire of last season—Phalaris. The gamble, of course, lies in the issue. In October, Bracket's yearling son, claiming Son-in-Law as sire, fetched 6,100 gns.



Big price for Cesarewitch winner. "Bracket" was bought for 11,000 guineas by M. Esmond at the Newmarket sales.

Week-end Selections.

LINGFIELD PARK, FRIDAY.

Cobham S., Hurdle.—Maiden Lane.
Cowden S., Steeplechase.—Fitzpiston.
Crowthurst All-Aged Hurdle—Easter

Hero.

Southern Double Handicap Steeplechase.—Richmond II.

Hever Handicap Hurdle.—Theodust.

Covert Side Handicap Steeplechase.—
Lemon Squash.

LINGFIELD PARK, SATURDAY.

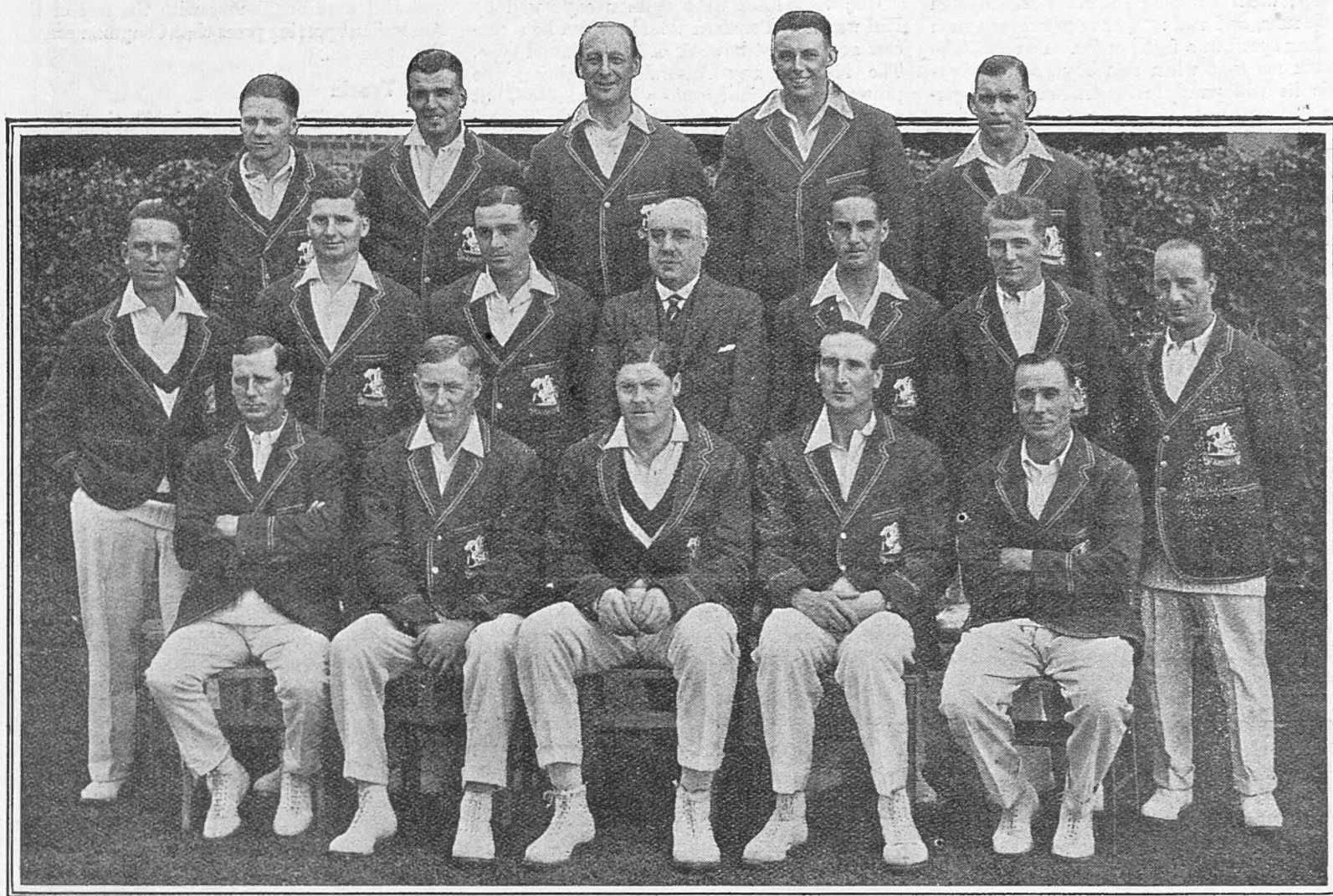
Ashdown Juvenile Hurdle.—Master Dabber.

Southern Double Handicap Steeplechase.—Newsboy.

Winter Handicap Hurdle.—Jugo.

Year's End Handicap Steeplechase.—
Lordi.

GAMES AND PASTIMES



The M.C.C. team in Australia, whose eleven won the first Test Match by the record margin of 675 runs. The tourists shown above are—Back row (left to right): Duckworth, Ames, Mead, Tate, Hendren. Middle row: Leyland, Staples, Hammond, Toone (manager), Sutcliffe, Larwood, Freeman. Front row: Tyldesley, J. C. White, A. P. F. Chapman (captain), D. R. Jardine, Hobbs.

CRICKET

By "Arbiter"

WHATEVER the result of the second Test Match now being fought out in Sydney, it is to be hoped that England's batting will not be disfigured by a repetition of the barndoor batting of Philip Mead which so rightly incensed all lovers of cricket on the fourth day of the first Test at Brisbane.

Clem Hill witheringly pilloried Mead with the apt phrase, "a waddling exhibition." Even if England had not been in such an overwhelmingly strong position, there was no justification whatever for Mead's tactics, and one can sympathise with the Brisbane barrackers who so earnestly reminded him that he was "not getting his photo taken."

Larwood.

Will Larwood repeat at Sydney his wonderful bowling at Brisbane? The question is being answered now, and it will be interesting to see whether the opinion of Clem Hill is borne out that if only Australia's opening batsmen concentrate on defence, to take the sting out of Larwood and Tate, there are going to be some grim struggles.

The opinion of the man on the spot is always much more valuable than that of some of our armchair critics writing from a distance of twelve thousand miles, and that is why I pin my faith to the judgment of a man like Warren Bardsley in the matter of the personnel of the present Australia eleven.



George Duncan, the Wentworth professional, who beat the record of 68 for the Camberley Heath course by going round in 67.

Bardsley's Opinion.

Bardsley's opinion is much more worth having, for instance, than that of the Sporting Editor of the *Melbourne Herald*, who presumes to criticise the judgment of this great Test veteran and his colleagues in sticking, at least for this critical match, to tried veterans rather than to a whole host of youngsters without any Test Match experience.

I had a letter from Bardsley a short time ago, in which he summed up the problem that Australia has to face in the terse sentence: "Our batting is strong enough to hold its own on typical hard, true, Australian wickets; but the truth is, we are at our wits' end for bowling possessing real sting."

Australia's Real Weakness.

The huge scores that England has amassed against the States and the massed strength of Australia have already proved that Bardsley has laid his finger on Australia's weak spot, and the loss of Gregory is irreparable. Look at it as one may, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Australian bowlers, during this series of Tests, are the worst that Australia has ever known.

To revert to Larwood. I imagine that one of the main reasons of his success is that the Australian batsmen have been unable to time him, owing to the fact that for the last two years they have had little practice against a fast bowler of real class.

"Blinding Speed."

Last August Bank Holiday I was discussing the prospects of Larwood making good in Aus-

tralia with Herbert Sutcliffe at Old Trafford. Sutcliffe referred to the young Notts professional's wonderful spell of bowling against Yorkshire at Bramall Lane a few weeks previously, when Larwood got six Yorkshiremen for 24 runs, and said: "I have never seen such blinding speed in a fast bowler. You can take it from me that when this boy goes to Australia he will paralyze Australia's best batsmen."

Armstrong Astray.

One of the minor distractions of the Test so far has been the extremely outspoken cables of the four great Australian veterans, Noble, Armstrong, Hill and Macartney. As prophets, Armstrong and Macartney have so far been dismal failures. Armstrong actually went the length of cabling, on the eve of the first Test, that he considered Gregory was "the weak man of his side," while Macartney cabled that the prospects for the Test Match appeared "evenly balanced." Armstrong also expressed the opinion that "there was little difference in the all-round strength of the two teams." Clem Hill and Noble have been more fortunate in their forecasts. But then Clem always has a sane judgment, which he has never allowed to be swayed by a natural wish to see Australia win. In other words, Hill is not a propagandist.

Ponsford and His Critics.

Clem was alone among the prophets in 1926

in predicting that England would regain the Ashes, and the reasons he gave then were as acute as those given on the eve of the first Test in Brisbane a fortnight ago.

One very interesting opinion expressed by Hill was that Ponsford would seldom be a success against fast bowling of the Larwood type. The idea of any Australian doubting the prowess of Ponsford seems a heresy indeed, but so far the laugh is with Hill.

Some of the distinguished cricketers who have been engaged to comment on the Tests from this side have been sadly ignorant.

The Guesses of Gilligan.

For instance, it was amusing to read Gilligan's opinion in the *Daily News* that Ryder should be displaced from the captaincy in the second Test Match. Apparently Gilligan was not aware that the Australian selectors had picked Ryder to captain the side for the first two Tests! And his suggestion that Oldfield should be the new leader must have amused the Australians, who know that Oldfield's ability behind the wicket is far from commensurate with his ability to handle men.

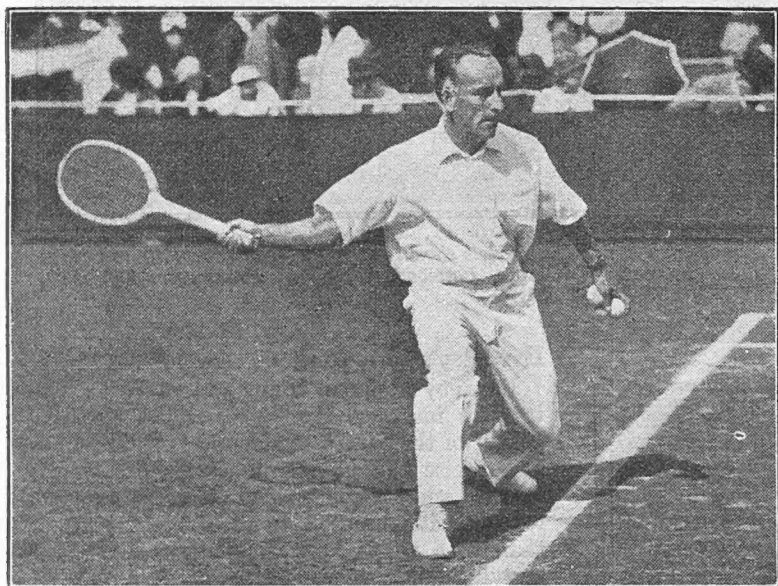
It will be found, I think, that Woodfull will sooner or later take over the command from Ryder. The young Victorian has all the qualities of leadership, and is plainly marked out to lead the next Australian eleven in England in 1930. One concludes these Test Match reflections with the hope that the rather petty faultfinding by Fender with some aspects of

the leadership of Percy Chapman will cease. The best answer to the Fender pinpricks is the result of the Brisbane Test, and the fact that great judges like Noble, Armstrong, Macartney and Hill were unanimous with the rest of the Australian sporting press that Chapman rose to the occasion.

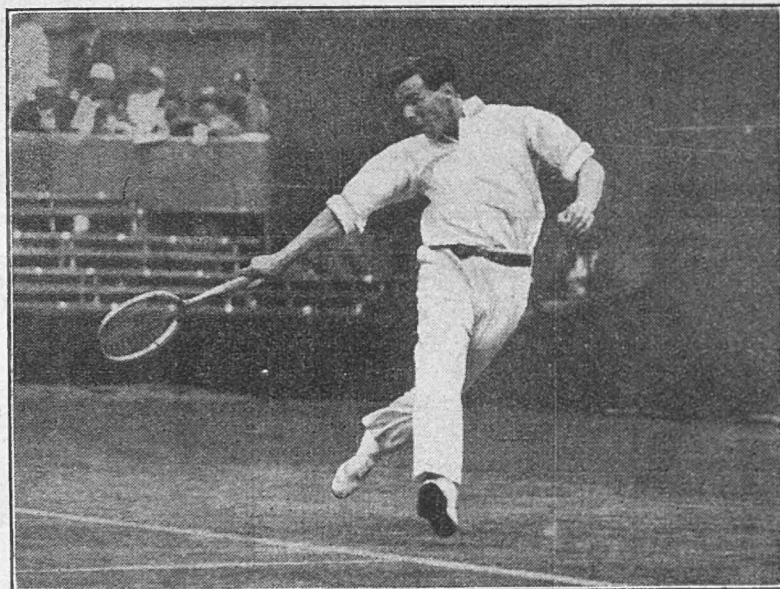
The Track.

There seems to be little doubt that Paavo Nurmi, the greatest long distance runner that the world has ever seen, is going to America to become a professional. According to an interview published in a French sporting paper last week, it is all a question of terms. If they are satisfactory, Nurmi intends to sign professional forms with either Pyle or Tex Rickard. In the meantime, he intends to attack all the American indoor records.

My memories of Nurmi always go back to a scorching July day at Colombes in 1924, when the "Running Robot" came into the Stadium a winner by nearly two minutes over a field of reeling, semi-delirious athletes in the cross-country race for the 10,000 Metres. Although the shade temperature was over 100 degs., Nurmi slipped his field, and set up such an unassailable lead that, at the end of two miles, the race was already a foregone conclusion. He trotted into the Stadium quite unconcernedly, without a sign of fatigue, and was down in the dressing room changing, a distance of some half a mile from the winning post, before the next runner appeared in sight!



The late Colonel H. G. Mayes, who died suddenly on December 5th.



J. C. Gregory, captain of the British Team who are touring Australia.

The Late A. W. Gore.

THE news of the death of A. W. Gore and then that of Colonel Mayes, four days later, came as a great shock to the lawn tennis world.

The passing of Gore severs one of the last links with the old Centre Court. Amidst its classic surroundings and on its perfect turf Gore was a good two-sixths better than anywhere else: his famous drives seemed to gain added pace. Gore was a truly wonderful fighter, and it was this quality rather than his strokes which made him at his prime one of the great players of the world. He won the championship in 1901, 1908, and 1909, and I shall never forget his historic match with Ritchie in the last-mentioned year. At one period he was two sets down and in an apparently hopeless position, yet in the end his great fighting spirit pulled him through.

By winning the All-Comers Singles in 1912, at the age of forty-four, Gore proved that lawn tennis is not exclusively a young man's game. In the final that year he beat A. H. Gobert, and

LAWN TENNIS

By F. Gordon Lowe

gave Wilding, whose colours he had previously lowered on several occasions, an excellent fight in the challenge round. In doubles he scored endless successes with his old friend Roper Barrett, these two winning the Doubles Championship together in 1909.

The Late Colonel H. G. Mayes.

The sudden death of Colonel Mayes came as a great shock to his many friends in England and on the Continent. Only the other day Mayes, fit and well, was playing in his best form for the International Club against the Red-White Club of Berlin at Queen's. He was a tremendous believer in the value of physical training and was a great authority on the subject. It seems rather ironical therefore that he who had kept himself so fit all his life should die with such tragic suddenness at the early age of forty-seven. Mayes was entirely

a singles player and a baseliner at that. His methods were never spectacular, but very sound and brainy. He seemed to get better as he grew older, and was an infinitely harder man to beat after the war than before it. His greatest successes were obtained on the Riviera, where he more than once gave Cochet a very close struggle, and during the last three years at home and abroad Mayes has, in all, won thirty-five open championships—a very fine record.

He was always ready to pass on his knowledge of the game to others, and there are very few of our leading players and juniors to whom he has not given a helping hand.

Disappointing Performances.

Our performances in the Victorian Championship at Melbourne last week should have been a good deal better. The only member of our team to do at all well was J. C. Gregory. He reached the semi-final by a good victory over Willard, and was only beaten by Crawford 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 8-6, after putting up a great fight. Crawford by the way was at his best.

WHEN a player reaches the dressing room at Twickenham on 'Varsity Match day for the first time, he has arrived at the summit of his school and university career. He may subsequently take a double first; he may even become a Vice-Chancellor. But despite the possibility of all such intellectual honours this, when all is said and done, is the "Moment." This is the acme of crisis in a Rugger player's life, which, even when looked back upon down an avenue of years, will always impart to him a slight mental thrill.

He may, of course, eventually attain a much higher honour—an international cap. He may one afternoon be changing in this bare, uncomfortable room under the West Stand, which always smells of ironmould (though nobody notices this before a game) to play for his country. He will be terribly thrilled when that moment comes, and terribly anxious to hide from staring eyes his almost limb-quaking nervousness. Nevertheless these 'Varsity Match day moments between 1.30 and 2.15 p.m. somehow transcend all other momentous hours that have so far arrived for him.

Merciless Training.

He has also reached the extreme altitude of physical fitness. Although he would not admit it at the time, he will probably never be quite so hard and fit as he is at this moment. For he has been put through a succession of gruelling games all about the country, twice and sometimes three times a week, during the last couple of months—games in which he has gone full out from kick off to "no-side" unremittingly, in order to keep his place in the team.

And all the while he has had to maintain that Rugger training discipline in the teeth of insidious and strong temptation to relax and enjoy himself. It is a merciless business, too, these preparatory games against the leading clubs. An off day, and he is dropped ruthlessly. The fellow who takes his place (and there are dozens of men itching for the chance) happens to be on the top of his form; seems, in fact, to the unfortunate watching sourly on the touch line, to be the one outstanding figure among thirty.

Censor the Press!

Or his game is fair to middling, and they leave him in for the time being. And then the damned newspaper men get busy. "The five-eighths position is quite definitely the weak link in the Cambridge chain, and it is a little difficult to understand how B. J. Penultimate retains his place, especially in view of the recent form shown by the Caius player, A. Slopail, against Major Shrapnell's Fifteen." He sees the 'Varsity skipper reading this authoritative pronouncement with his morning marmalade, being immensely impressed, and taking the requisite action forthwith. "Curse the Press; never handled a Rugger ball in their lives, any of 'em."

The Day of Days.

Then there is the awful bogey which haunts him night and day, called "crooked." Some bestial fellow will stamp on his kneecap, and he will be done in for the rest of the season, and never be sure of it again. "The Oxford captain shows sound judgment in not including Appleyard in the pack; though he seemed to be a sound hooker last season, and would doubtless have got his Blue had his old knee trouble not made him an uncertain quantity." Some Rugger playing men, especially the very-nearly-but-not-quite candidates, would welcome a rigorous dual censorship of all newspapers from October 1st to the end of November—the censors to be in residence at each 'Varsity.

RUGBY

By

Pendarves



"Jump for it!" A line-out in a recent inter-county match.

However, it is Tuesday afternoon, December 11th (a slight fog), and all bogeys, dangers and disappointments have been defeated or surmounted. The hour is at hand. The hour which he has imagined and been rather amused by in his dreams during his last year at school! Incidentally it is the day about which "one's people" have been making an inordinate amount of fuss. They are up above him in the West Stand now—heaps of 'em; all sorts of queer cousins, most of 'em of the female persuasion, whom one hadn't seen since Prep. School days and couldn't remember from Eve. Several of 'em were brought up just now out in the Car Park, and babbled things like:

"You must win; you will, won't you? I'm so excited." Christian name, too—pretty cool, that.

And they will be pointing him out, eagerly, to complete strangers in the stand when the sides appear—oh, my sainted aunt!

The dressing room clock creeps round its dial at about half its proper pace. Damned unfit, that clock; ought to be dropped. . . .

The Delirious Crowd.

At the precise moment when that forward raises his hand and moves towards the ball all the troubles, anxieties and despondencies in the world vanish. A wet duster is wiped across the slate of his mind. He ceases to think, except Ruggerly. He is conscious of a booming as of Atlantic breakers on a Cornish shore. But it is a long way off, and means nothing. To the origins of the booming it means a great deal. The sound comes from thousands of throats

which are endeavouring to pronounce the word "Ox-f-o-r-d" or "Came-b-r-i-d-g-e" with more than double the strength their vocal organs possess. Hundreds of men are also yelling technical advice to individual players, oblivious of the fact that their very definite instructions and precepts as to how this game should be played are not heard by even the spectators to right and left of them, and, if for no other reason, are therefore somewhat superfluous.

The Game's the Thing.

Thousands of people have gone Oxford mad. Thousands have got Cambridgeitis acutely—and all are in delirium. A large proportion of them have not been up at their 'Varsity, and the lores of these fastnesses are foreign to them. It doesn't matter. A game is in progress before their eyes which for speed, shock of impact, sudden change of fortune from side to side, fierceness and skill is unlike any other game played by man. The most phlegmatic, disillusioned, ignorant spectator is uplifted from the slough of self. Many men do not even know they are smoking. Women cease to be self-conscious, and shout with open, unbecoming mouths. Eighty minutes seem like eight.

But the end does come—and all too soon. And dog-tired men crowd together in dressing rooms, having won reputations; and doctrinaires crowd together in cars and railway carriages, having lost their bets. And the night falls, bringing anti-climax with it for all of us. Except for the man who has gained a Blue.

ST. ANDREWS *and the* UNIONS

By GERARD FAIRLIE

THE annual meeting of the Scottish Golf Union has just been held in Edinburgh. Three important questions were discussed: this matter of the limitation of golf balls, about which I have already remarked in these columns, the dates for the international matches of 1929 which concern Scotland, and the Scottish Amateur Championship.

Mr. R. Bruce, who has been re-elected as President of the Union, said that the Union was most disappointed at the attitude of the Royal and Ancient with regard to this matter of the proposed new golf ball. He announced that the executive of the Union had passed a resolution regretting that the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews had not consulted the British Unions in spite of the fact that they had asked, or proposed asking, the opinion of the authorities in the United States and the Dominions.

This resolution has been circulated to the other British Unions, and I have little doubt that they will feel very similarly on the matter. There is no doubt in my mind, what is more, that they have a real grievance.

This Union question is a very difficult one, and requires delicate tact to be handled

pionships, both Amateur and Open, remains with St. Andrews.

I contend that, having thus officially recognised the Unions, they should be the first to be consulted about golfing matters, if anyone is to be consulted at all.

Please do not misunderstand me, you who

he has seen fit to announce that the Club proposed to ask the opinion of various Dominion associations on the new ball. Of course, his word alone need not be taken very seriously, as presumably he was not talking in any official capacity, but statements such as these are bound to create a feeling of distrust in St.



The sixth green (top right) and the second green at St. George's Course, Sandwich.



Two views of the St. George's course at Sandwich, home of the St. George's Cup.

adequately. This tact seems to have been conspicuous by its absence on this occasion.

A Little History.

That these Unions are a thorn in the side of St. Andrews is well known. The old club, having been the one and only ruling power of the game for so long, guards its position jealously, at times too jealously. It sometimes behaves in a manner which leads one to suppose that it has not complete faith in its own ability, since it seems so shy of any criticism, even friendly and helpful criticism.

Either this or St. Andrews believes that no other person or body can know anything about golf, which is such a futile belief that the club really cannot be accused of such stupidity.

Whether wisely or not, St. Andrews recognised the British Unions some years ago, and recognised them to the extent of handing over to them the choosing of their national teams for the International matches. The Unions also, of course, have control of their National championships, and now of anything which may concern their actual golfing activities, if not golf as a whole. The control of the Cham-

may read this. I said if anyone is to be consulted at all, and I said this because I am not at all convinced that these Unions are a good thing. In fact, I rather think that I am opposed to their existence, since they make for the curse of many stupid and unimportant little championships, extra competitions and the like, which all go towards blocking up the year's golfing calendar, encouraging that loathsome being the pot hunter, and generally making friendly golf difficult. We would do a great deal better, in my opinion, with only the National Championships, the St. George's Cup at Sandwich, and the various club medals and team matches.

Also, if every time a decision has to be made the Unions have to be consulted, we are getting very near that regrettable state of affairs when the broth will be spoilt.

Tactlessness.

But if the Unions are not going to be consulted, then nobody else should be.

It has come to my knowledge that a certain not unimportant member of the executive of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has been making rather a lot of speeches lately, and

Andrews on the part of those who run the Unions, and this is the very thing that should be avoided at all costs.

St. Andrews and the Unions should work in accord, not in discord.

The St. George's Cup.

It is announced that the competition for the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup, to give it its full and magnificent title, is to be held over the Royal St. George's Club's course at Sandwich on Wednesday and Thursday, May 22nd and 23rd next year.

This is a departure from the normal; usually this most important and popular stroke play competition, virtually the amateur's medal play championship, is played for on a Saturday, and completed in the one day. The reason for this change is not difficult to understand.

Next year the Amateur Championship is to take place at Sandwich, which means that the International match between England and Scotland will take place on the Saturday before the actual championship starts, a day which otherwise would have been the obvious one on which to hold the Cup event. This Saturday is May 25th, so that the dates chosen fall in the same week. Two days have been allotted to the Cup, presumably because a large entry is expected, since the week previous to the championship always finds a large number of intending competitors practising over the course. Most of these players, if not all of them, will enter; this would crowd the course too much if the two scoring rounds had to be played in one day.

I suppose the St. George's Cup is the finest golfing trophy in the world. It is made of gold and cost the donor five hundred pounds, although nowadays it would probably cost double that amount. It was first played for in 1888, when John Ball won it. Many other famous names are to be found on the record of winners, including Hilton, Tait, Maxwell, Graham, Ouimet, and Wethered.